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OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

WILLIAM TAYLOR

OF NORWICH,

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED," "AN HISTORIC SURVEY OF GERMAN POETRY," ETC. ETC.

CONTAINING HIS

CORRESPONDENCE OF MANY YEARS WITH THE LATE

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.,

AND ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AND OTHER EMINENT LITERARY MEN.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY J. W. ROBBERDS, F.G.S.,

OF NORWICH.

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MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

WILLIAM TAYLOR, OF NORWICH.

CHAPTER I.

1803 to 1804.

SURVEY OF MR. TAYLOR'S WRITINGS IN THE IRIS, THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, THE CRITICAL REVIEW, AND THE ANNUAL REVIEW.

FROM the correspondence contained in the preceding volume, it is manifest that during the years 1803–4 William Taylor's literary employment was considerably increased. His scattered labours of that period would form a collective mass of varied erudition and talent, equal perhaps to any that the most industrious author ever produced in the same space of time. They may be classed and summarily reviewed under the following four heads: the Iris, the Monthly Magazine, the Critical Review, and the Annual Review. His motive for engaging in the former of these publications and its early success have

been already seen. Still it must be owned that his style of writing, and the general nature of his compositions were not suited to the readers of a provincial newspaper; they were addressed and adapted to minds of a higher order; they abounded in classical allusions, metaphorical illustrations, a depth of thought, an ingenuity of construction, elaborate commentaries and far-reaching developments of consequences, which could be followed by a few only out of the class for whom they were designed: hence, after the first eagerness of curiosity had been gratified, the circulation of the paper settled within limits too narrow for the advantage of the proprietors. It cannot therefore excite much surprise that the honorary editor, when he missed the proofs of that widely extended approbation to which he felt a conscious claim, and found himself disappointed in his hopes of being instrumental in the permanent and beneficial establishment of some one among his friends, should have relaxed his exertions, and that before the discontinuance of the publication was finally decided upon he should have already in a great degree relinquished his share of a superintendence which he had only undertaken as a temporary charge*. The

* Since the failure of the Iris three other equally unsuccessful attempts have been made to establish a third weekly newspaper in Norwich.

original articles supplied by him, if they had been collected at that period in a well-digested pamphlet, would have attracted considerable attention. Every interesting debate in parliament, every important event of the time, (and the renewal of the war with France in 1803 was an event rife with matter for profound reflection,) drew from him a series of acute remarks, in which, by eloquent invective or judicious reasoning, he uniformly sought to advance the cause of mind, in contradistinction to the ignorant and selfish workings of passion, interest and prejudice. At intervals he inserted also a great variety of his own poetical pieces. His versions of 'Bluebeard' and 'Cinderella' have already been brought under the notice of the reader. The most copious of these infusions of "the waters of Helicon" is a burlesque poem entitled 'Hudibras modernized,' in which, sometimes by adapting to his purpose passages in Butler's poem, and sometimes by original lines in the same strain, he converted the controversy between Horsley and Priestley into a general satire on sectarian polemics. William Taylor himself had many doubts as to the reception which it would experience; and these dictated the short introduction by which it was prefaced—"The following parody will somewhat displease both parties, neither very violently. Shall we

be thanked or censured by our readers for consenting to insert it?" The first book appeared in five successive portions between the 19th of November and 24th of December, 1803, and, in spite of its anger-deprecating prologue, brought down upon its author a severe reproof from Mrs. Barbauld, who, under the signature of "A Lover of Truth," warmly defended and eulogized Dr. Priestley. Her letter was published in the Iris, together with a reply from William Taylor, in which, after vindicating himself from the charge of misrepresentation, he announced his determination to suppress the remaining part of the poem, and concluded in the following terms addressed to the printers: —"You will avoid to set the next book, which parodies a debate on the Test Act: certain passages, such as the speech of Beaufoy, might excite in some of your readers a similar perturbation; banter which gives pain it is not my wish you should circulate."

Of a publication so ephemeral in its nature as the Iris the preserved copies are necessarily rare, and few can have access to them. The following extracts from its columns, consisting principally of passages referred to in the correspondence with Robert Southey, are intended to show the spirit in which it was conducted; and while they serve to illustrate the character of the

editor's mind, they may also assist in displaying the tone of the political feeling of those days, and in recording some traits of the great men who then adorned the senate of Britain.

From the Iris of the 5th of February, 1803.

"Lord Grenville is rated high for probity and talent; he was, however, one of that anti-jacobin triumvirate to whom the conduct of the late unfortunate war was supposed to be principally intrusted. He is especially known by attempting, in his letter to Bonaparte, to introduce a new tone into the public intercourse of Europe, and to substitute the arrogance of college-breeding for the suppleness of diplomatic dexterity. It might have been imagined that he would appear with his colleagues at the bar of the House in a mourning, penitential garb, deprecating the wrath of a disappointed, injured country, and pleading in excuse for lamentable counsels the sincere warmth of his monarchic and ecclesiastic loyalty. But if it has ever been the character of zealots to prefer their sect to their nation, it has never—to apologise for the preference.

"Time was, when the Girondist rulers of France had indirectly offered through the mouth of Condorcet the cession of Madagascar to Britain, as the reward of little more than the bare recognition of a forthcoming constitution, which, by subdividing France into separate federal states, would have paralysed her strength for future offensive warfare. The creed of antijacobinism forbade the acknowledgement of authorities originating in popular suffrage—and the opportunity was lost.

"Time was, after the taking of Valenciennes, while the Prussians were yet hesitating to secede from the coalition of sovereigns, when peace might probably have

been obtained without any other annexation than that of Avignon to the original territory of France. But the spirit of antijacobinism was still so strongly bent on the restoration of royal unrestraint, that with a sanguinary sanguineness, which the Brunswick manifesto will too long record, this opportunity was lost.

"During the negotiations of Lisle, if a very liberal confidence, bordering on personal despotism, had been conferred on the noble agent, sufficient to authorize his bold and instantaneous decision there, it is likely that an equitable peace could have been concluded prior to the victory of the war-faction in the Directory of France. But antijacobinism had still some prejudices to overcome against a peace with regicides,—still some gay hopes to gamble upon, still some court-cards in hand, still some inkling to turn up a king. This opportunity again was lost: the machine of war was mounted, the oil of finance was not sensibly deficient; it did not seem worth while, in pity to those human wretches whom its movements hourly crushed, to stop the bruising wheels and iron arms.

"The same cavalier indifference, which prevailed about the continuance or cessation of the war, prevailed about its conduct. Dodging invasions, which might provoke and could not maim, were tried at Quiberon and elsewhere, as if merely to profess our royalism and kill off our guests.

"Corsica was idly taken under our protection because it preferred a constitution with half a king to a constitution without one. It was evacuated still more idly. If retained until peace it might have been allotted to the King of Sardinia in exchange for his Savoy or Piedmont: this to men of honour was always a sufficient motive for the retention. But the eventual value of Corsica became immense; it would cheerfully have

been paid for—with Pondicherry, that flaw in the oriental jewel; or with Demerary, the sink of so much spiritedly-expended commercial capital; or with Martinique, which had learned the profit of subjection to Great Britain; or with the Cape, so admirably surveyed for the use of other landlords; or with Malta, the key that unlocks for its possessor the barrier-gate of Europe—by a sovereign who was a foreigner while Corsica was not French.

"On the continent of Europe England had but one interest,—to prevent the *northern* aggrandizement of France, the extension of the French line of *coast*. Any other form of growth might take place without detriment to us. It was our obvious policy then to secure at any price the alliance of Prussia, which could alone defend and incorporate and preserve the north,—and by the gift of Hanover (born and educated a Briton, the owner would no doubt have gloried in the sacrifice, and the country would as willingly have granted profuse millions of indemnity) to purchase a repetition of the campaign of 1787, which delivered Holland from French ascendancy. The alliances both of Prussia and Austria, as every ambassador's under-secretary knows, are incompatible; it was expedient therefore to renounce all connexion with the imperial cabinet, and if possible to incur its enmity. What was it to us if the French had dictated a peace at the gates of Vienna, and if they had usurped the whole of Italy and the Morea and Egypt? Such sprawling accessions to their dominion would have been more costly to garrison and more difficult to guard from subsequent rebellion than the compact, contiguous Delta of the Rhine. Yet the fleets of Britain and the troops of Russia could be brought to interrupt the southern progress of the French, while only feeble, after-date, ill-directed, aguish expeditions

were run aground in Holland. But Holland was merely a republic overthrown; in Italy there were two kings and the bishop of bishops to save,—of course the interests of the country were to be betrayed for the interests of the creed. How fine a force of ships and men were sent to the West Indies! Those who saw one of the earlier embarkations of the troops will long remember the glorious show; the sparkling pomp and scarlet magnificence of their attire, purchased by a profuse government from the most perfect manufactories of England,—their arms glittering in novel polish,—their movements drilled to punctual grace,—their march on board, amid Rule Britannias performed in anticipated triumph with the sonorous skill of an assembled orchestra,—tall, picked soldiers, panting for adventurous tasks, collected before the land was exhausted by recruiting, or compelled to seduce awkward labourers from productive industry,—men bounding with youth, glowing with health, stately with courage, models for a painter or a sculptor, worthy to be the patriarchs of a new Circassia,—and about what were they employed? to preserve some sugar-islands from negro insurrection *for* the French. Jealousy against liberty formed the basis of the creed of antijacobinism; it seemed therefore the wisest employment of the country's strength to keep under the revolt of slaves, without even the simple reckoning whether the insurgents were the property of our adversary or our own. If half the men buried in San Domingo—

> 'See their mournful spectres sweeping
> Ghastly o'er the hated wave—'

had been landed at New Orleans, new Talbots would have there planted successfully the ensigns of Britain, and have added to the property of the English crown

the whole course of the Missouri. The royalists of France might there have found under our sway a safe asylum, and would have hailed with willing lip Louisiana as their country. Embracing as in a belt those colonies of which we had already fostered the adolescence and conceded the emancipation, these new districts would in their turn have received our language, our industry, our arts and our laws. In our mills, Manufacture would have twisted the cotton clothing of their expansive population; in our ships, Commerce would have wafted the luxuries of Hindostan into the reach of the opulence of Mexico; for us Agriculture would have guided to and fro his plough over those immeasurable plains which the overflowings of a stream far more colossal than the Nile have fertilized for ages in vain; and within the limits of British protection the Superior lake would have been taught to pour a navigable stream into the far-sundered gulfs of Mexico, of Lawrence and of Hudson. But now,—other soldiers are embarking, who are to annex all this (a few years ago the easy conquest of Lord Grenville's pen) to the empire of Bonaparte, and who are ere long perhaps to take possession of Mexico, while their master occupies Madrid.

"In the east indeed—but the affairs of the east were not managed by the antijacobin triumvirate, but by the long experience and sound sense of Lord Melville.

"Lord Grenville thinks amiss of the negotiation of the peace. It were absurd from such a war to expect a glorious conclusion. The best chance for obtaining equitable terms would have been to intrust official situations to those persons, of eminent and European reputation for talent, who most possessed the confidence of the internal enemies to the war. These men alone could have called forth a more diffusive energy in case

of the renewal of hostilities; they would consequently have negotiated on the highest possible ground. On this occasion again it has cost the nation—Malta and the Cape probably—to gratify the persevering intolerance of antijacobinism."

From the same.

"In the preceding debate the speech of Mr. Fox is the most interesting and important; it has accordingly given rise to much animadversion, and seems to have been received with less entire approbation than its admirable skilfulness deserves.

"It has been objected that Mr. Fox plays into the hands of France by recommending a weak military establishment at home; but as none of the possessions of this country can incur a *sudden* danger from a nation without a marine, there must always be time enough to arm after demonstrations of hostility. Armament from precaution is consequently useless to our security; and by compelling the trouble and expense of counter-armament, it may irritate the adversary and thus bring on war. In a system of armed peace there is a want of dignity, of moral courage, unworthy of a great nation; it resembles the puny policy of a tyrant or an alarmist, who, conscious that he merits hatred, is constantly casing himself in armour, and snatches his very sleep with his eyes open. Besides, all armament favours ministerial influence by the patronage which it creates: with the friends of independence this again is a strong and standing objection to the measure. Nor ought the risk of military ambition (by Septimus Severus, by Bonaparte it is not small) to be incautiously overlooked in an island which can so speedily be overrun by a domestic army, and so easily kept under now that we have

barracks and garrison-towns. This risk increases as the number of officers, and forms another weighty reason against a large standing army.

"It has been objected that Mr. Fox's favourite ground of war, *national honour*, is a chivalrous, not to say frivolous, motive. Philosophers, merchants, statesmen are said to prefer the coarser pretences of utility, monopoly, or territorial aggrandisement. Yet of all questions of honour, *gentlemen* are, by the common sentiment of mankind, constituted the peculiar and exclusive judges: the appeal of war or no war on this ground is consequently made, not to the rash and greedy passions of an ill-instructed multitude, but to that refined and informed part of the community which is able to estimate all the motives of speculative ambition, and can give the verdict corresponding with such estimate in the form, 'Our honour requires it.' Other grounds of war mostly divide the public: one man values high, another low, the gain or loss of a tropical island, the destitution of royalty, or the overthrow of popular representation; but in questions of honour even those who sympathize least are commonly loud in professing their sympathy; so that a nation which takes up arms for its honour seldom fails to strike with the force of union. In wars for national advantage there is rarely an equivalent gained for the loss of men and capital; hence the abettors of such wars are usually blamed eventually by historians as improvident counsellors. But in wars for national honour triumph consists not in the event but in the warfare; the end is obtained by the struggle whether victorious or no; for the weaker of two enemies it is in the case of misfortune the most consolatory, in the case of victory the most glorious of all motives: it is at once the most prudent and the most generous ground of war. As duelling has been found

to diminish the number of quarrels, so warring for honour would probably diminish the number of wars, by impressing more strongly on ministers and senatorial demagogues the expediency of employing towards foreign powers a language habitually urbane and conciliatory. In the breach of those civilities which the public men of one country were formerly understood to owe to the public men of another, the antijacobins seem desirous of rivalling, but have not yet attained, the impertinent convention of Paris. This want of cosmopolitical politeness (if one may call it so) ought by the common consent of nations to be considered, wherever it resides, as some obstacle to the attainment of the higher situations.

"It has been objected that Mr. Fox ascribes to the French, somewhat too charitably, a disposition chiefly to commercial rivalry. Were this language merely exoteric, it would, even in this case, tend to produce the useful effect of quelling mistrust on both sides of the water: but it may well be strictly true,—be an important fact discovered by personal penetrating observation of the disposition of the French rulers, which those would-be statesmen, who had the culpable indolence not to go and study them, can have no right to controvert, but should receive with thankful reliance.

"It has been objected that Mr. Fox attacks the liberty of the press, by representing the recent clamour for war as resulting from the commercial speculations of newspaper editors. Has he then recommended the prosecution of the Morning Post or the Weekly Register? Assuredly never. But mark the operation of his theory: it describes the multitude in this country as disposed for war; the papers are said to sell the better for their martial clamour; it consequently holds out the nation in the most formidable light possible to the

French, and by representing the Government alone as pacifically inclined, it predisposes the ruling men to reciprocal confidence.

"Yet even this is not more dexterous than the subsequent allusion to the conquests of Alexander, which while it flatters at Paris consoles at London. Bonaparte delights to be alexandered up in odes and orations, but it is remembered here that the conquests of Alexander, after the short life of that dazzling hero, crumbled into separate and hostile states, the eventual property of his principal generals."

From the same.

"One wishes that Sir Sidney Smith, whose talent and experience confer a high importance on all his observations, had also given his opinion of the statistical value of Egypt,—a sediment of ooze in a trough of granite. The Delta seems to be losing by emergency its ancient fertility, and the Alexandrian mouth of the Nile to be choking up. The French, who prefer a pyramid to a market-place, invaded Egypt because it was celebrated, only to find out that it is worthless. As they covet it we grudge it; for, as M. Gentz observes, our politics are too constantly the antitype of theirs: we often forget our own interests in order to thwart their wishes. If, however, it were even thought worth while to pursue the ultimate acquisition of Egypt, it would be right to evacuate it at present: we cannot take it from the Turks, because we are restrained, as we ought to be, by a sense of justice, by a respect for international law, by principles of cosmopolitical morality. But if the French take it from the Turks we then can reconquer it, by intercepting as before the intercourse with Europe and landing sepoys at Suez. The French cannot conversely

remove troops to Hindostan from the Red Sea, because there are no forests for ship-building near the Arabian Gulf; so that their having it (to put the worst case) would not much endanger the Deccan.

From the same.

"'T was well in the Attorney-General to banter the Grenville party for talking with so much emphasis of the critical posture and unexampled danger of our situation. Mr. Fox's stately calm is alone at par with the mediocrity of the difficulty. This hysterical apprehensiveness of the antijacobins is mere affectation; in office they would leave it off, and then boast they had cured the disease they had invented. Their England, as their church, is always in danger. Mesmers in oratory, they convulse us with imaginary effluvia in order to make us call in their medicinal help; but it is surely the very quackery of alarmism thus to give drams against popular ennui and administer cantharides to the love of one's country. Like their models the exorcists they infuse the only blue-devil they can banish. Were all these men put at nurse to Mrs. Radcliffe? Their tongues falter with the very drunkenness of intimidation; their every phrase blanches the cheek and demands an aghast attitude. They hear a voice in every wind, they are electrified with incessant terrors,—each particular hair must bristle like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Let us humanely hope it is only within the walls of the House of Commons that they

'See appall'd th' unreal scene,'

and discover a shadowy hand mapping the partition of the empire and announcing the plunder of a commercial metropolis. Or are they doomed everywhere to snatch a fearful joy, to eat their very dinners with a hair-sus-

pended sword above the table, and start at empty elbow-chairs, in which their fancy places the blood-boltered form of Jacobinism studying her English grammar? They merit crowns of mimosa; they claim confidence for professing cowardice, and like the mariner's needle would tremble into place. Not Braggadocio is so pusillanimous, not Le Brun's horror so saucer-eyed. One would suppose that they had been apprenticed to painters of magic-lantern slides; above, about and underneath all is gloom in their imagination; the only prominent and glaring objects are a phantasmagoria of royal innocents smothered or witches foretelling regicide. To proclaim a crisis thus formidable is the very inversion of good-sense; it is to ring the tocsin for a puppet-show, or to make a cannonading with snowballs. Can the aspin by shaking its leaves personate the swoughing of the storm? Well may the minister, like Pope's scene-shifter,

> 'sit at ease
> 'Mid snows of paper and fierce hail of peas,
> And pleased his master's orders to perform,
> Ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.' "

From the Iris of the 26*th of February*, 1803.

"Lord Moira always deserves attention for the comprehensive information and judicious sagacity of his remarks. He seems also to appreciate well discussions of the most various topics and men of the most opposite employments. His circumspection looks everywhere for merit, and is willing to employ it. To numerous literary and benevolent, masonic and patriotic institutions and societies of the metropolis, he is known as a munificent patron and a welcome president. In quiet times his good taste has usually pursued the minute and orderly class of reforms,—the relief of insol-

vent debtors and the mitigation of penal statutes: but in times of difficulty and of danger, his boldness, his decision, his resources unfold with the occasion, and his character dilates to an almost colossal greatness. Suppose him stripped of the clustering honours of his stem, his property the prey of insurrection, his prince a fugitive, his country itself quaking to the centre, still he would assert, not merely his present rank in society, but that which Nature reserves for nobles of her own creating."

From the Iris of the 9th of April, 1803.

"Since the beginning of the antijacobin war the interior situation of France is reversed. The French were then pulling down their church, their monarchy and their nobility, and they were patronising the concatenation of democratic clubs, not merely in order by their means to disseminate and popularize, but in order to influence and overawe the decisions and volitions of the legislature. Loud impertinent attacks resounded from the French senate of those establishments in other countries most analogous to the institutions they were subverting at home. In order to excite here the greatest possible antipathy to such proceedings, it was natural for Burke and Barruel to seek out, in the writings of their jesuitic teachers, for those arguments which had of old inspired an excessive and prejudicial value for church and king, or (if the abstract be preferred to the concrete expression) for religion and order. But now that Bonaparte has restored popery in its ancient integrity, and monarchy (or the government of one) in his own person, these arguments will tend to stabilitate his institutions, to render popular his government, and to facilitate the progress of his authority from a life-long

to an hereditary, from an anonymous to a titled despotism.

"Bonaparte at every period of his being was personally an antijacobin; officers and generals had scrupled to bid the military fire on the people; *his* first step to promotion was the use of cannon and grape-shot against the multitude in the very streets of Paris. His earliest measures of power were to chase with the bayonet from their hall the representatives of the people, and to disperse all sorts of popular assemblages and confederacies. To satirize affiliated societies has passed for the panegyric of his usurpation. His religiosity was already apparent at the funeral of Pius VI., and probably recommended him to the critical preference of Sieyes. He banishes at will members of the tribunate and the directory; he governs by a sort of martial law,—mildly if he can, but howsoever he governs. The admiration of a government flourishing and successful, unchecked in its operations and seeming therefore to compass its objects more speedily and effectually, has gained something upon all ranks of people. It is for the good patriots of this day to struggle against it, to discourage all needless and useless communication with France, and to encourage an alienation from its councils and its example. The vicinity of the two countries remains and must remain; and the natural mental habits of mankind are such, that the present distemper of France is far more likely to be contagious and permanent than the old one. It is not easy to spread a passion for liberty among the people; that requires principle, self-denial, exertion, disinterest, instruction, humanity, patience, perseverance, justice. But in all evils of the opposite kind our natural inclinations are flattered; to obey accommodates the indolence, to corrupt and be corrupted the avarice and ambition of men. We are now

once more, as were our ancestors, in danger of being entangled by the example of France in the net of an hypocritical and relentless despotism. It is expedient then, as well for the preservation of our own as for the revival of Continental liberty, that the eloquence of her most strenuous defenders should once more resound through Europe from within her only remaining sanctuary, the British House of Commons. How else shall those tame, fickle Parisians be aroused to a sense of their deep degradation and their mean submission? How else shall those sublimely proud Marseillese be provoked to revenge or to follow the founders of popular freedom? How else shall the Genevans be reminded that the limits of France extend beyond the bounds which despotism had fitted to receive a conqueror with joy? How else shall maimed, trampled, fettered, insulted Switzerland be taught that independence is not only a blessing but a virtue? Try such tones on the tongues of the antijacobin sophists, conscience-struck their palsied lips would falter; they must applaud Bonaparte or betray the vilest impudence of insincerity: the antijacobin hero, the Christian hero, it is for them to worship.

"Deeply as the country has now to regret Mr. Burke's having condescended to lend his unequalled talents for producing an innovation of national opinion, a desertion of the hereditary, tried and liberal principles of our forefathers, in order to provoke us to wage with peculiar animosity an anomalous and imprudent war, it is clearly become expedient henceforth in every possible form to obliterate the impression of his numerous arguments and of his yet more impressive diction: *Gallos quoque in bello floruisse*, we have both heard and felt. The ancient boundaries of France are blotted from the map of Europe, and we may now have almost

a doubled population to encounter: we are still not to despair, but to look with some confidence to those principles which aggrandized free France as the means of diminishing despotic France.

"Where is Gerrald? Dead at the antipodes. Where O'Connor? A fugitive. They prized and trusted, perhaps too much, a liberal philosophy; they could teach the value of representative institutions, and could arm multitudes in the name of liberty: their country now wants the exiles of its own intolerance to bawl in the slack ear of France the daring declamations of their noble enthusiasm; the emulous eloquence of representative freedom is there forbidden. It will be fancied that to give a loose to such a cast of opinions, to corroborate them with the support of the executive power and with the authority of applauding parliaments, might weigh down the lighter, the popular scale, and alter the present balance of the constitution. Why so? Has it not already for more than half a century sanctioned them uninjured? If the weight of Burke did not make it a despotism, who can hope to make it a republic?"

From the Iris of the 30*th of July*, 1803.

"The disposition to arm in defence of the country increases with the belief of its being in danger. Nothing can be a stronger proof that Bonaparte means the invasion of England should be attempted than his encouragement of addresses from various parts of France, praying that he will not expose his sacred person: he will stay at home, but Augereau and Massena, who are obnoxious to him, will be sent. It is therefore a duty to concur with the utmost alacrity, imperfect as it may be, for calling into speedy action the great mass of the

people. An armed and spirited nation is more in danger of not submitting to organisation than of not accomplishing the object of its rising: bustle impedes business,—a vigour beyond the law intercepts the efficiency of the law. Let us therefore with exemplary docility acquiesce in the governmental arrangements and in the nominations of officers and guides, even when they appear (which must sometimes happen) not to be selected with sagacity; let all competitions of rank be lost in competitions of zeal; let us rise with method, with unanimity, with decision, like a great and powerful people determined to live free or die. In the cause of independence inaction is a base repose: he forfeits half his claim to property who wants the courage to protect it. Let his arms be transferred to those gallant spirits who will dare to use them; and let us swear by that Eternal Justice in whose cause we fight, that the brave patriots who survive the impending and surely glorious struggle, and that the families of those who may hereafter fall in it, shall all receive from the hands of a grateful nation an abundant recompense, their names be inscribed on the great national record of British deliverance.

"The hostile government of France, to which we vow coeval aversion, ought to learn that the plunder it has exhausted on its accoutred slaves is no earnest of future pillage. We will keep our harvest, starvelings, from your hunger; our households, robbers, from your rapacity; our women, ravishers, from your lust. The invaders must be attacked in every direction by day and by night; we must avail ourselves of the natural advantages of a country known well to us and little to them; where we cannot oppose them in full force we must constantly harass their rear and their flanks, remove the means of their subsistence, cut off their provisions

and magazines, and prevent them as much as possible from uniting and concentering their forces.

"War must now be our business, war our amusement; it must occupy early and late every hand and every mind. The gun-lock must twinkle at every wrist, the bayonet bristle from every shoulder; the goad must be shapen into a pike, and we must have shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore. The rural grove, the well-built street, must learn to echo with the din of war; every parish will seem a camp, every town a garrison. Let the moments spared from toil be passed in learning to fight for the country; let the moments spent in toil be passed in preparing for its defence. The forge should hammer only weapons, the temple become an arsenal of armour; Religion must lend her precincts to patriotism, and we must firmly trample on the grave and the fear of it. To arms! the priest, to arms! the mother must summon. No, let her sit still; her tears shall be secure: the foe shall never cross her threshold."

The following extract from the Iris of the 26th of November, 1803, is inserted as a specimen of the style and matter of 'Hudibras Modernized':—

"This Church doth wage perpetual wars
With Dissidents, like cats and curs,
People whose chief devotion lies
In odd ververse antipathies,
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
More peevish, cross and splenetic
Than dog distract or monkey sick,

That with more care keep holiday
By work than others do by play,
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to;
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worship'd God for spite,
At jar with all and with each other,
They give the Raka to a brother.
Free-will one meeting disavows,
Another nothing else allows.
Some the adult, some infants dip,
Some wet the noddle, some the hip.
Here the miraculous conception
Finds credit, there 't is a deception;
And yet the former party are not
Agreed who 't was became incarnate,
But hesitate if to believe
The Logos or the angel Yeve.
This makes the Testament his manual,
That fancies Swedenborg Immanuel.
These like St. Matthew's Gospel best,
With those Mark only stands the test;
One pares St. Luke, another snips
Away the whole Apocalypse;
A third betrays a disposition
To think St. John an imposition,
And may at last become so rude
As to uncanonize St. Jude.
Some hold imputed righteousness,
Th' atonement some, and others grace.
Yon thinks there are but few elect,
His brethren generously suspect
The universal restoration
Of all the damn'd of every nation.
And yet these differers from each other
At any time unite their pother,
And join their various twigs of birch
To lash the back of mother church;

As Scylla's dogs their yell forbear
Only their parent-womb to tear.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion
Our knight delighted in besieging;
To hate of whom by fast instinct
Of place and temper he was link'd,
As had he learn'd of Athanasius
To be to heretics ungracious."

Of the other poetical pieces which first appeared in the Iris, the most important were, after an interval of several years, republished in the Monthly Magazine, where they will gratify those, whose attention may be excited by the remarks made upon them in the foregoing correspondence and some subsequent letters.* Although William Taylor represented the labour as light, still these extracts sufficiently prove that he must have devoted to the work no inconsiderable portion of time, and that he put forth all his powers to ensure its success. Such exertions, gratuitously carried on, further illustrate that remarkable feature in his character which has been already noticed: no one could be more disinterested, more regardless of self, more prodigal of zeal for the good of others. The world does not understand such men: they

* For the 'Tale of Wonder' see vol. xxxiv. p. 234. This is the poem founded on the same legend as the 'Old Woman of Berkeley,' and mentioned in the Life of Sayers, p. lxxxii. 'Cinderella,' vol. xxxv. p. 234; 'Bluebeard,' vol. xxxviii. p. 437.

are so rare, that when met with they are mistaken, misrepresented and suspected; and it usually happens that they fare worse than the most mercenary and venal. Selfishness is so predominant a basis of human motive, that where it is least apparent it is most looked for, and supposed to be the secretly actuating principle even of self-immolative virtue. William Taylor's peculiarities of style and occasional boldness of paradox offered an inviting field for this censorious jealousy to indulge its splenetic severity; but the master-mind by which the Iris was conducted commanded the respect even of adversaries, and long after it had been discontinued the competitive efforts to which it had stimulated its rivals elevated the tone of their compositions above the usually insipid tameness and dull mediocrity of local chronicles. The liberality of his disposition is still more strikingly manifested by the fact, that those services, for which he received no pecuniary compensation, obliged him to write less than before for another work, the proprietors of which gave him an author's usual remuneration for the articles that he furnished. During the two years in which he conducted the Iris his contributions to the Monthly Magazine were very few, which can have originated in no other cause, as they increased again, immediately after the termination

of this engagement, to more than their former amount*.

The history of William Taylor's connexion with the Critical Review is given in his correspondence; it commenced in December 1803, and was terminated by the failure of the editor in the following November. In the twelve months he reviewed more than sixty leading works for this publication, being nearly a third

* In the 15th volume his principal paper is a Defence of his Treatise on the System of Berkeley, which appeared in the preceding volume, and which had been attacked by Mr. Capel Lofft. He also answered briefly an inquiry respecting the French word *Recoquillement*, and sent many detached scraps for the Portfolio of a Man of Letters, which evince the variety of his reading and the extent of his research. Among these are the following, viz.:—

On the Use of Ice as a Luxury.
On Antiquated Jacobinism.
On Johnson's Criticism of Shakspeare.
On a passage in Lord Bacon respecting the early Protestant Custom of "Prophesying."
On the Sublime and Beautiful.
On the Confection of the Acts of the Apostles.
On the French Poet Marot.
On the Poet Sylvester.
On Gibson's Life of Camden.

The 16th volume contains his paper on the Wisdom of Solomon, of which he makes mention in his letter to Robert Southey, No. 31; also a short account of St. Valentine, and a few hints on the probability of Physicians having been the first Priests. In the year 1804, the only article which he wrote for this periodical is the short memoir of the Rev. J. Bruckner in the 18th volume.

part of its whole contents for that period; but it proved an unfortunate occupation for him, as the bankruptcy of the concern took place before he had received any portion of the price of his labours, and it appears that he was eventually paid only a sixth part of the debt of 108*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* due to him. In these criticisms he generally adhered to that middle point at which it has been already observed that he had fixed his stand,—between the meagre abstracts of his predecessors and the lengthened dissertations of later reviewers; and some of them afforded opportunity and scope for a more than usual display of his powers*.

The review of 'Thalaba' is written in honest accordance with the sentiments privately expressed in his letters to the author; the zeal of friendship is tempered by a conscientious sense of public duty. But where he feels himself justified in indulging his disposition to praise, he launches forth in strains of energetic eloquence, inspired by the interest which he took in the subject; as at page 378, where, after quoting

* In the last volume for the year 1803 there are the following articles from his pen:—

Faber's Mysteries of the Cabiri.
Southey's Thalaba.
Sayers's Poems.
Say's Political Economy.
Retzow's History of the Seven Years' War.

the passage, in which the spells of the sorceress Khawla are described, he exclaims, "Greeks! Latins! come with your Pythonesses! Where is there description like this? Edinburgh Reviewers, tamers of genius, come and vaunt couplets and habitual metres and show us an effect like this! Ghost of Boileau, scowl! We will enjoy*."

Mr. Malthus's Essay was the most noted book of its day: it afforded the daily subject of conversation in all good society, and excited more discussion than any other question which at that time divided the public mind; it was one of those books to which the readers of a Review would first turn, and which the conductor, for the credit of his work, would put into the hands

* In the first volume for 1804 he reviewed the following works:—

Malthus's Essay on the Principle of Population.
Remarks on Malthus's Essay.
Rose's Translation of Amadis de Gaul.
Southey's Translation of the same.
Steers's Fables of Æsop, versified.
Urquhart's Commentaries on Classical Learning.
Lubersac's Journal of the French Clergy in England.
Boccacio's Decamerone.
Brougham's Colonial Policy.
Card's History of the Revolutions of Russia.
Dr. Aikin's Letters on English Poetry.
Bayley's Poems.
Klopstock's Works.
Royou's History of the Lower Empire.
The Military Mentor.

of his ablest writer. That William Taylor was selected for that purpose in so early a stage of his connexion with the Critical, proves the estimation in which his abilities were held, after the very first trial of their powers. His critique was a calm and argumentative reply to Mr. Malthus's leading principles, stating concisely but clearly his grounds of dissent, and written in the temper and spirit of his 37th letter to Robert Southey. With respect to the increase of the numbers of mankind, he endeavoured to show that it is not progressive in a geometrical ratio, but that "the tendency to reproduction diminishes with the density of populousness; and this wise law is enforced with the most exquisite benevolence by nature. There is no instance on record of two successive generations multiplying with equal rapidity." On the production of human food he contended that "in the pastoral state the growth of subsistence notoriously outstrips that of consumption; so that at Goree and Buenos Ayres cattle are killed for their hides and tallow and the carcases abandoned to the vultures;" and that "so long as there is waste land on the surface of the earth it is plain that the means of subsistence can outstrip the utmost efforts of population; it can increase in a ratio still more rapid." He also combated forcibly the position that agriculture is more profitable to a state than com-

merce, against which he opposed some strong facts.

"Rome, which has been the most stable of all nations, always depended on foreign supplies of food: Sicily, Egypt were alternately the granaries of Rome, and Italy was chiefly cultivated to feed cows and horses. Egypt, Lombardy, Flanders have been remarkably agricultural; they have all been the seats of independent sovereignties and have all quickly passed away. The agriculture of Spain was once carried to great perfection, but the price of produce having fallen, in consequence of colonial agriculture, below what the state of rental required, this source of prosperity decayed during a short cycle of plenty. France is but beginning to be agricultural; yet it may safely be prophesied, that as her manufactures decline, the market for produce becoming less, her dole-lands (for during the revolution all wastes and commons were distributed to specific owners) will again be suffered to wilder into sheep-walks wherever they require a troublesome or costly cultivation. Agriculture is an ephemeral, a dependent source of prosperity: a Babylon can grow up in a Mesopotamia of shepherds before the plough is invented, but husbandry cannot dispose of any surplus produce until industry have first built her cities of commerce and manufacture and provided the consumer with an income to offer at market. Our author is historically as well as theoretically mistaken in proclaiming agriculture to be a more permanent source of prosperity than commerce. . . . . Agriculture has everywhere been the consequence of a contiguous market resulting from commercial industry. Manufactures precede husbandry. The oldest countries are the best cultivated. Norfolk, where the worsted manufactures began, has little waste-land, poor as its soil is. Lan-

cashire, where the cotton manufactures are recent, has comparatively little inclosure. The peat-bogs of Ireland will not be improved until the rise of large towns shall furnish to the farmer such customers as may replace to him the expense necessary for rendering them productive."

The strictures on the two translations of 'Amadis of Gaul' conclude with the following remarks:—

"The mythologic records of our heroic ages will be found to conceal some historic facts, to preserve many ethic peculiarities of our forefathers, and to form the only mine out of which future epic poets may hope to draw a fable adapted for European celebrity and interest. The story-books of chivalry are the sole common-stock of heroic exploit, to which every modern nation has in turn devoted its attention. Unknown heroes do not interest. Achievements must be associated in the memory with great names and famous places in order to make an impression of reality on the imagination. Illusion, such as an epic poet or a dramatist needs, cannot be superinduced through the medium of fictitious personages, here unknown to narrative or song, such as Sir Guyon, or Artegal, or the Orphan of China. All works of arts have been most successful which connect their own celebrity with that of some previously distinguished event. The poet should not make his hero famous, but take him because he has become so. Let us prepare then for the artist his necessary road, by recalling to popular attention those *gestes* of our forefathers which the patriotism of the antiquary, which the fancy of the poet, has insatiably fed on so long. These heroic romances are far worthier to amuse the reading world than the mawkish novels in which it

professes to delight. In some propitious hour they will fall into the hands of young Genius meditating enterprize, and they will, here too, inspire the efforts of an Ariosto or a Wieland."

There are reflections from the clear wells of nature and truth, which come upon us with such acceptableness of impression and readiness of conviction, that we think they are not new to us, although we cannot remember where we have ever met with them before. The account of Urquhart's Commentaries is introduced by observations of this kind :—

"Our delight in Shakspeare and Milton connects us by sympathy with our countrymen; our predilection for Homer and Virgil, with the educated public of the world. It is of great importance to the facilitation of human intercourse, to the consentaneity of general opinion, and to the constriction of intellectual attachments, that a few writers should by universal agreement be universally read; that the brighter allusions of their fancy, the keener expressions of their feelings, the bolder inferences of their reason, and the main outline of their moral ideas, should be a stock of information common to the whole refined public. There is thus a road to the hearts and breasts of the excellent everywhere; an eloquence of the world which domesticates in all places the stranger who can exert it, which is heard from any place to the utmost confines of civilized society, which elevates the citizen into the patriot, and expands the patriot into the cosmopolite. The fewer there are of these universal classics the more convenient, because so much the less preparatory labour is essential to all the literati. But

if the study of the selecter classics were to be entirely laid aside, the ruling minds of each nation could produce little effect in any other community. Each country would gradually insulate itself within the sphere of its own productions and of its innate bigotries. Careless of foreign opinion it would observe justice, at most, toward inhabitants. The barbarous mistrust of robbers and pirates would supersede the allurements of reciprocal commerce and the obligations of international law. It is useful therefore as well as pleasing to recall frequently to the general attention the literary heroes of Rome and Greece,—those ever-burning lamps of the temple of humanised society."

One more extract from this volume—the concluding passage in the reviewal of Royou's History of the Lower Empire—may furnish an instructive lesson to some zealots of the present day, if zeal like theirs can condescend to be instructed, and a warning to the wielders of those powers of temporal government, which hierarchical ambition has ever aspired covertly to control, insidiously to direct, or daringly to usurp:—

"The great lesson which the reigns of the Byzantine princes are adapted to teach and to enforce, is the importance of a total abstinence in the magistrate from theological interference and dogmatism. Let him strictly respect the political equality of religious sects, and not unlock the gates of advancement to the select or the alternate favourites of controversy. Whatever implies in the magistrate an opinion ought to be shunned as a badge of partiality and a harbinger of injustice. For

want of this precaution the Constantinopolitan crown became the football of patriarchs and priests, and was tossed to new dynasties and upstarts, not for the imperial virtues of military excellence or legislative wisdom, but for preaching to seditious attroopments about the fractions of the Trinity, or heading the statuaries in riots of the iconoclasts. The emperors who lent an ear to the alarms and apprehensions of their clergy became eventually the puppets of their patriarchs, and sullied their hands in the innocent blood of the zealous but ignorant pupils of fanaticism. Their empire weakened by division, their sway reviled by the persecuted with hereditary obstinacy of discontent, the intolerant sovereigns have all descended with unfavourable tinges to posterity, and miss their natural chance for a lenient civility of estimate. A real feebleness of mind is however implied in the magistrate's anxiety about symbolic formulas; so true is the observation of an historian of our own times,—*religiosa dissidia vix unquam nisi sub imbecili imperio floruisse deprehendes.*"

The copious list given in the note* would fur-

* In the second volume of the Critical Review for 1804 the following thirty-two articles were written by William Taylor:—

Turner's Vindication of the Genuineness of the Ancient British Poems of Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen and Merchin.

Churchill's Poetical Works.

Poesie Liriche di Lancippo Eginéo.

Wharton's Fables.

Render's Analysis of the German Language.

Carey's Pleasures of Nature.

Syr Reginalde; with Tales and other Poems, by William Herbert and E. W. Brayley.

Tennant's Indian Recreations.

Eyre's Observations made at Paris.

Maclean's Excursion in France.

nish extracts as strongly characteristic of the author as those already given, but the indiscriminate introduction of such passages would expand this biography into an unwieldy and inconvenient form; the temptation must therefore be not too freely indulged. William Taylor's mannerism was entirely that of style; in his matter there was a diversity as unlimited as the range of the subjects on which he wrote. Proofs of this abound in the volume before us, where we

---

Roberts's Early History of the Cymry, or Ancient Britons.
The Poetical Register for 1802.
Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poets.
Marriott's Letters and Poems.
Lauderdale's Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth.
Gardiner's Essays.
Millar's Historical View of the English Government.
Richards's Poems.
The Historie and Life of King James the Sext.
Butler's Works.
Sayers's Nugæ Poeticæ.
Klopstock's Works.
Eberhard's German Synonomy.
Bragur.
Porny's Guerre des Dieux.
Wieland's Collective Works, vols. xxxi. to xxxvi.
Shöldebrand's Voyage Pittoresque au Cap Nord.
Spinoza's Works.
Characters of the Chief Poets of all Nations.
The Life of M. J. Schmidt.
Sabina, by C. A. Böttiger.
Fabula de Psyche et Cupidine.

find a connected series of equally acute and erudite remarks on works in the most opposite departments of science. Whether he had to investigate the solution of abstruse problems in political economy, to examine the most recondite principles of philology and the practical illustration of them in the structure of living languages, to pursue researches into the early literature of the Welsh Cymry and the obscure history of their Celtic progenitors, or to expound the canons by which the fervour of poetic inspiration is regulated, and scan with critical acumen the respective merits of those—as well foreigners as our own countrymen—who have attempted to distinguish themselves in this line of composition;—on each of these varied topics he wrote with ease to himself and advantage to others; on each he brought to bear some terse observation, some ingenious argument, or some original idea, which threw a new light around them and directed inquiry to some remoter point. In the reviewal of Tennant's 'Indian Researches' (pp. 140, 141.) there are some curious speculations on the improvement of Bengal silk, on the production of pearls, and on the possibility of navigation by means of steam. The latter passage is remarkable, being many years anterior to the invention which realized his conjecture, and which forms so important an æra in the history

of society. This "something like prophetic strain" is thus uttered:—

"Surely the steam-engine working a water-wheel might advantageously be substituted to the oar; and as the French have lately contrived to boil soup by reflecting the sun's rays from various mirrors on the bottom of the boiler, it is probable that a steam-engine could in that climate usually be kept at work all day without the expense of fuel, by means of the heat reflected from a moveable hollow hemisphere or cylinder of mirrors."

The concluding part of this suggestion may be more fanciful than solid, but it displays the activity of his mind and the alacrity of his industry in applying the hoarded spoils of his reading; nor does the fact that steam-navigation was thus recommended or predicted tend less to prove how much science may be assisted by literature, and the practical skill of the workshop be promoted by the theoretic visions of the closet. His paper on Render's 'Analysis' contains some sagacious remarks on the progress of language, which serve also to account for and vindicate his own habitual use of neologisms:—

"In the dark ages," he says (pp. 59–61), "when only a few monks could read and write, literature had little effect on the multitude; so that the Anglo-Saxon authors might have flourished and faded, like exotics in a parlour, without scattering odours in the winter-gale or tempting forth a single blossom in the orchard. The

different European nations are now arrived at that stage of culture in which the language of books dictates to conversation. The influence, and perhaps the number of readers, exceeds the influence and number of mere speakers. Instead of endeavouring to write as is spoken, men endeavour to speak as is written: the anomalous in inflexion, the mistaken in idiom, the inconsistent in spelling is consequently expiring; and languages are becoming what Monboddo maintains the Greek to have been,—creatures of philosophy and inventions of logical criticism. It is for each nation carefully to examine its own dialect and to engraft those improvements of which it is capable; it will else be left behind in the general progress of the arts of expression. The German and the French languages have in our times undergone a prodigious change in their grammatical laws by the concert of authors and the voluntary imitation of the people. Analogies which once passed for harsh have been familiarized and extended; and words are minted by the hundred in every convenient mould or die."

The concise estimate of Butler's Works (p. 467.) is worthy of being transcribed for its own merits, but more particularly as proceeding from a pen which had so recently parodied that author's principal poem:—

"Butler would not suffer by severe abridgement; although we are far from maintaining that he ought not to be preserved entire. He had much learning, considerable wit, and little fancy; which is possessing the attributes of a poet in the inversely-desirable proportion. His works abound more with good sense than with good lines, and owe to the matter, not to the form, what power of amusing they retain; but of this matter

there is always too much: like dilute liquids, it palls on the taste, and spills its mawkish exuberance above, about and underneath the pots provided for its reception. Let any man only draw his pen across all those passages in 'Hudibras' which are wholly useless to the narrative, and which contain no valuable thought, no picturesque description, and no posture-masteries of diction, and he will have obliterated the greater half of the poem. Butler's best works are his prose works; the *Characters,* though rather literary than ethic, are more stimulant than those of Theophrastus."

In the first of the papers mentioned in the note*, William Taylor's conversancy with foreign literature opened to him sources of information respecting the history of the poem, which enabled him to correct errors and supply deficiencies in the account given of it by Walter Scott. In discussing these points, he conducted the argument with an urbanity, and complimented the editor

* The following articles in the third volume for 1804 are the last which he at this time contributed to the Critical Review:—

Sir Tristram, edited by Walter Scott from the Auchinleck MS.

Mitford's Principles of Harmony in Language.

Herbert's Translations.

Bower's Life of Beattie.

La Navigation, a Poem by Esmenard.

Radel's Loves of Pancharis and Zoroas.

Erotopsie, or a Coup d'œil of Erotic Poetry, by the same Author.

Wieland's Works, vol. xxxii.

Eichhorn's Weltgeschichte. (History of the World.)

Schlichtegroll's Necrology for 1798.

on his share of the work with a candour, strictly comporting with the early courtesies which they had interchanged. As this publication came out at a time when the name of Walter Scott had yet to become illustrious, these praises were no faint echo of the public voice; and it may not be uninteresting to see the terms in which the reviewer noticed this pluming effort of a mind which was afterwards to soar so high in fame:—

"From whatever quarter we derive the romances of chivalry, it is highly desirable that they should speedily be snatched from the precarious custody of mouldering manuscripts, and perpetuated by the printing-press. The philologer, the poet and the antiquary have much, the historian, the statesman and the philosopher have some profit to expect from attending to these infantine lispings of the epic muse. They serve to endear by association those indigenous spots and ancient halls, the supposed scenes of celebrated events; they respect the stock of fablery, out of which may best be derived the substance of future epopœias; they illustrate the manners of remote ages, record the intermarriages of eminent families, and attach pedigrees, as it were, to the gods; they nourish and preserve a complacence in courage, generosity, independence; and by aggrandizing our forefathers, invigorate our own emulation. Those romances of chivalry which concern Charlemagne and his twelve peers may reasonably be left to the care of French antiquaries; but those which respect British champions, such as Arthur and his knights, Guy of Warwick, Bevis of Southampton, Harold of Arden, ought surely to find a British editor. We should think it most advisable to reprint at full length the ancient poems, provided with

the requisite interpretation or glossary, and enlivened by numerous notes, such as those here attached to the several cantos of 'Sir Tristram.' We feel grateful to Mr. Scott for having set the example of so interesting a republication, and for having set it so well. The attention with which this book is executed does much honour to his erudition, his industry and his taste. A preliminary dissertation compiles very curious particulars (1) of the poet, (2) of the romance, and (3) of the manuscript he protects. We have already given, however, on some of the points in discussion, especially those of the second subdivision, a different opinion. A conclusion, abridged from the French metrical romance, is supplied both in prose and rhyme by the ambidexterity of Mr. Scott's pen. To the poem, which is not very intelligible, a sufficient glossary has been provided; and elucidatory notes have been appended, which are drawn up with propriety and research, but which might more conveniently have been arranged at the end of the several cantos. An abstract of two ancient fragments of French metrical romances on the subject of Sir Trystan, existing in Mr. Dance's manuscript, also occurs; it was communicated by Mr. George Ellis, the hope of poetic archæology."

Mitford's 'Enquiry' allowed a large scope to William Taylor's philological propensities, and opened to them a new track: his investigation of it is too long to extract and too connected to abbreviate. The same may be said of his reviewal of Eichhorn's 'Universal History,' which led him into a learned dissertation, with a view to reconcile the discrepancies between the Jewish records,

Josephus and Herodotus, respecting some of the Babylonian monarchs.

"This," he contended, "would be effected by admitting that Nebuchadnezzar was a designation of the kings of Babylon, worn by Cyrus, and communicated to Cambyses on his association to the empire; so that the Nabuchodonosor of Josephus and his Cyrus are one; and the Nebuchadnezzar of Jeremiah is one with the Cambyses of Herodotus. The designation, name or title, Nebuchadnezzar, may be derived from the Persic *Nayb Khezra*, the Nabob Chosroes, or from the Medic *Nebu cadne tsar*, Cœlo dignus Princeps."

In the account of Bower's 'Life of Beattie' we find another of those brief and summary surveys of an author's productions, in which so much good sense and sound criticism are compressed into the space of a few lines:—

"Dr. Beattie had rather taste than genius, and belongs to those classes of the literati who have regularly acquired by pains-taking a competency of reputation, not to those who have in the lottery of nature drawn the prize, superior intellect. His poetry is polished and elegant and moral; it willingly expatiates in description, and interests by a plaintive sensibility; it abounds with needless delineations, recollected terms and commonplaces; it wants force and originality. His prose style is simple and perspicuous, but neither neat nor precise. He leans to the prudent management of those ordinary writers, who avoid drawing attention to their phrases by anything remarkable in diction, from a secret feeling that any attention would detect their barrenness of thought. Like thin ice, they only pass for strong when skimmed over with unimpressive rapidity."

It now remains to inspect the portion of the Annual Review executed during this period by William Taylor. To this work he contributed so largely that a mere outline of his labours is all that can be attempted. For the first volume he supplied seventy-six articles of various length and interest, but constituting a full fifth part of nearly a thousand closely-printed large octavo pages. Under the head of voyages and travels, he reviewed Collins's 'Account of New South Wales'; and with the exception of Nos. 8, 9, 10, 71 and 72, he wrote the entire third chapter, which comprises seventy-seven publications on 'History, Politics and Statistics.' To these are to be added Pinkerton's 'Modern Geography,' Teschemacher's 'Tables of Exchanges,' and Boardman's 'System of Book-Keeping.' The statistical information which gives so distinct and marked a character to these pages, and to which Robert Southey in some of his letters refers with such pointed approbation, was at that time a new feature in William Taylor's mind: his early commercial pursuits had no doubt prepared and predisposed him for that particular line of study, but his attention seems to have been subsequently more closely riveted to it by an acquaintance, to which his friendship with Robert Southey introduced him, with Mr. Rickman, then, as till the close of his life, the highly-

respected clerk of the House of Commons. The parliamentary reports and other papers which he received from this gentleman, their conversations when they met in London, and their occasional correspondence, supplied him with a mass of details which he combined and wrought up with his own peculiar knack of application, and from which he drew conclusions, often full of sound instruction, but always calculated to rouse and excite others to reflection*. From these

* Mr. Rickman, in the course of their correspondence, often expressed his high sense of William Taylor's writings on these questions. The following extract from one of his letters, dated the 20th January, 1804, is a gratifying testimonial from so well-qualified a judge, and will excite a general regret that his advice was not followed:—"I remember, when Southey was here, that you mentioned to him something about an intention you had formed of enlightening the public on the subject of taxation, which collaterally must include many other considerations of policy and statistics. Lately I heard by some accident that you had taken the task of examining books on these subjects for Mr. Aikin's Review, and I am glad to see, on perusing the volume, that you have done so much in it; certainly a very useful application of your leisure. Finding that you have thought so much about things so little or so erroneously thought of, I cannot but feel eager that you should pursue the subject with more consistency and continuity than the reflections of a reviewer admit of; and though order and method in treating any subject are rather laborious preliminaries, yet their utility pays it well. There are several points besides taxation most necessary to be fearlessly explained at present, and an octavo, which would not be forgotten by posterity, might be exceedingly well-filled. I dare say you think so; and after that presumption of mine I should go on to ask,

sources and the writings of Adam Smith he early derived many of those principles with respect to the poor-laws and other subjects connected with them, which later writers on political economy have advocated and urged, and which the statesmen of the present day have concurred in adopting and carrying out into practice: but that warmth of benevolence with which he met a fellow-creature in every act of social intercourse, whether private or public, here imbued all his writings, animated all his theories, directed all his plans. The cold politician, the cautious and calculating man of the world, here stops short, and hesitates to pursue the indicated track: his object was to instruct the poor in such knowledge as would be useful to improve their habits and advance them in the scale of society. In reviewing the 'Reports of the Society for bettering the Condition and increasing the Comforts of the Poor,' he introduced many important suggestions. In this spirit he proposed (p. 425.)—

"to station among them a class of teachers, who might receive from some metropolitan society, and promulgate in their halls of meeting, information favourable to the physical and economical amelioration of the families of

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who is so fit in this shape to benefit England as yourself? So many circumstances may preclude the power of doing this in numberless individuals, that I think the mantle is fairly on your shoulder."

the poor. It is desirable for every little cluster of villages to possess a man who sets the example of the domestic virtues and of skill in the household arts of life; who dispenses willingly instruction to the unlearned; whose heart renders him an acquaintance of the poor, and whose head of the rich; who delights in the discovery of obscure merit, and in insuring its natural reward; a scatterer of those better alms of counsel and recommendation, which help not for the moment only, but for life; a mediator of benevolence, a confidant of remorse, a healer of human ills, a consoler of adversity, an angel of hope even to the dying. To teach the art of living wisely, as far as respects this world, is probably more within the competence of the established than of the methodist clergy; but it is perhaps to country surgeons that one ought preferably to look. Men of accomplished medical educations cannot at present afford to settle in the country; they could not repay themselves the capital vested in their qualifications. Of course the health of the people suffers from the ignorance of rural practitioners. If a salary, with the annexed condition of promulgating useful information with regular publicity, were allowed by government to country-surgeons,—to one, suppose, in every hundred, —the expense of an accomplished education with a view to country residence might safely be incurred. The loss of health from ignorance is very considerable, especially in the poorer classes; and there would be no injustice in levying a slight per centage on the tithe in behalf of a class of public instructors, a sort of medical establishment, who would assist the clergy in a branch of teaching for which their education does not adapt them."

This proposition may be condemned as vi-

sionary, or cried down as a sacrilegious encroachment upon the rights and property of the church, but of the benevolence by which it was suggested there can be no doubt; and it is very questionable whether any system of general education can be rendered complete without some similar scheme for imparting advice and instruction to adults. The truth of the following observations, extracted from the reviewal of Collins's 'New South Wales' (p. 31.), has been slowly admitted, and its influence is seen in the new regulations for the banishment of offenders, and the facilities afforded for the emigration of a better and more industrious class:—

"After the perusal of this most valuable and micrological information, it will probably be thought doubtful whether criminal population forms the cheapest raw material of settlement or colonization. If the expense necessary to transport, to protect and to educate anew grown felons was employed in patronizing the voluntary removal of adventurous paupers, it is likely that agriculture and the simpler arts would be more speedily introduced and more skilfully practised, than if persons unused to such occupations are by military superintendence compelled to attempt them, and after seven or fourteen years of involuntary apprenticeship are suffered to withdraw their incipient utility. The facility of acquiring wealth is said to be great in New South Wales. This is a temptation strong enough to produce the wanderings of frugal industry, were not the expense of the migration so heavy. Examples of prudence and good conduct, docility to instruction, sleight in the mechanic

arts, reverence for property,—these are the elements of nascent civilization and durable prosperity: but thrift-spending and intemperance and indolence, which characterize almost all convicts, can only tend to render their own maintenance a perpetual burden, and the children they rear an unproductive anarchic mob. The savages of nature are, however, still more indisciplinable than those who wilder back into savageism from the nurseries of cultivated society."

William Taylor's political articles in this volume are written in the same spirit as those which appeared in the Iris. At page 367 he thus reprehends an attempt in Belsham's 'Remarks on the Peace of Amiens' to palliate the tyrannical acts of Bonaparte:—

"We cannot approve these daring forms of justification. It is surely not of useful tendency to ascribe all sorts of virtue to the successful; to embellish a Septimius Severus into a Scipio, or to saint the criminality of a Constantine. Titus, by prosecuting libellers and rewarding flatterers, has descended to posterity as a benefactor of mankind, and has buried the memory of his Syrian enormities under the chiseled marble of expensive panegyric. It is better to render praise inseparable from virtue, and to make desert the condition of immortality."

The introductory part of his reviewal of Pinkerton's 'Modern Geography' (p. 437) presents a condensed history of that science, abounding in so much originality of thought, such stores of information, and so discriminating an ingenuity

in the use of them, that it may be selected as a faithful and admirable transcript of the author's mind:—

"Geography bears to history the relation which space bears to time. The one is occupied with all the contemporary, the other with all the successive phænomena of nations. The one introduces us to the living world and teaches the arts of intercourse with men, the other leads us by torchlight into catacombs and proses over the pedigree of carcases. The one is all eye, ear, hand, instructing us every instant about important realities, the other is memory or dream rehearsing ideal transactions. Nor is geography alone superior in the intensity, it is also in the diffusiveness of its utility. Here and there a statesman or a general borrows from history some precedent of legislation or some plan of a campaign; but the travels of opulence, which polish rulers into philanthropy, and the speculations of commerce, which distribute plenty among myriads, apply to geography for their road-book and their chart. Public opinion scarcely confers on the geographer his due share of gratitude and reputation. What the historian records preserves its value undiminished: hence the pursuers of fame willingly apply in that line of literature their provident industry. But the geographer must renew for each generation his perishable toil. From every new travel, from every new voyage, he draws something to interpolate in his system: war ploughs up the landmarks he had mapped; death dethrones the sovereign he had characterized; plague thins the population he had enumerated; commerce forsakes the emporium he had indicated; learning retires from the university he had extolled; fashion abandons the health-wells he had advertised; earthquake mars the city he had described;

usurpation expatriates the liberty he had praised; every annual register, every newspaper even, urges the alteration of pages,—how can he hope for more than a metonic cycle of celebrity? He ought then to find in the warmth and multiplicity of his applause an indemnity for the probable want of its perpetuity.

"From this unfair scantiness of praise it has no doubt arisen that so few eminent writers have appeared in the geographical department. In the Bereshith, in the Ezechiel of the Jews, some displays of topographical knowledge occur, derived perhaps from a Babylonian record contemporary with the new distribution of the Persian provinces by Darius, the son of Hystaspes. But Herodotus is the earliest writer of moment whose accounts have descended to us entire. His work is rather a tour than a history, which incorporates chronological facts because they were obtained by local inquiry; it contains information respecting the interior of Africa, obtained apparently from merchants of Cyrene, which modern curiosity has not yet corrected or superseded. No assistance had then been derived from astronomical observation to ascertain the distance and bearings of places; he infers their nearness or remoteness from the ground crossed or the time spent in the journey. The sphericity of the earth, if already discovered by Chaldean astronomers and taught in the school of Thales, appears unknown to Herodotus. To Anaximander, the pupil of Thales, is ascribed the invention of maps; notice occurs of one (Herodot. v. 49.), perhaps of his constructing, engraved on a copper-plate, in the possession of Aristagoras of Miletos. Some fragments of instruction have also been derived from Hanno of Carthage, Scylax of Carya, Pytheas of Massilia (who first applied the length of solar shadows to the estimation of the latitude), and from Aristotle.

"The conduct of Alexander furnished occupation and instruction to geographers. He disturbed the boundaries of the whole civilized world; he extinguished the liberty of Athens, the commerce of Tyre, the magnificence of Persepolis; his armies brought home the names of many Asian cities, which they found inhabited and left in ruins. Dicæarchus began the new compilations which these changes had rendered requisite. Eratosthenes, a mathematician and philosopher, collected the foregoing accounts, corrected them by his own observations, and proceeded to ascertain the circumference of the earth by the actual measurement of some degrees. Hipparchus improved the mathematical, Artemidorus the historical knowledge of the earth, but without injuring or rivalling the reputation of Eratosthenes.

"What Alexander had performed for geography in the east, Julius Cæsar repeated in the west: he desolated and surveyed vast provinces before unknown. During the peaceful reign of Augustus, the official inquiries of Rome explored what remained indefinite of its dominion. The commerce of Alexandria contributed its experience of the coasts of Libya and Asia. India was visited by sea. The north-west coasts of Europe and of the Euxine were approached by garrisons and by ships. Many a periplus, many an itinerary was published. Of these helps, at the beginning of the Christian æra, Strabo availed himself. Judicious and informed, he has stated within convenient limits what it was most interesting to record of the known condition of countries; but he indulges in some digressions which taste would have shunned, and, like a land-surveyor, seems more troubled about the length of his chain than the soil of his field. His comparison of Rome with Athens is in many respects now applicable to London and Paris. Pliny deserves high praise for accu-

racy and extent of information; but Marinus of Tyre, by introducing the practice of assigning to each place its specific longitude and latitude, may be considered as the father of geographical precision. Ptolemy of Alexandria corrected and completed the labours of Marinus, and reduced the overrated measures to a narrower and more probable scale; combining, in rare and convenient alliance, descriptive and mathematical skill, he became and remained the canonical geographer of the ancients. Agathodæmon may have somewhat improved his maps, but in general his successors could only abridge, transcribe and praise.

"In modern times, D'Anville as a mathematical, and Büsching as a descriptive geographer, have obtained the highest praise. D'Anville is properly a map-maker: his excellent memoirs have for their object, not to detail the past or present state of the inhabitants of a country, but to ascertain the position and boundaries and alternate denominations of its cities and provinces and rivers. With all his learning and all his sagacity, he is perhaps too much the antiquary, and wastes more industry in ascertaining the latitude and longitude of a forsaken ruin than of a frequented mart. He estimates importance by celebrity, and prefers investigating the site and bearing of towns and highways whereon desolation has sown the wall-flower and the thistle, to tracing the course of streams or the trend of coasts of which commerce fears the shoaliness or covets the navigation. Büsching is properly a topographer. His subdivided schedules of contents enumerate the Mennonite chapels and half-dozen militia-men of every German principality, trace the bounds of their parish-sovereignties, and note whether the presiding justicer be entitled a prince, a baronet, or an esquire; but, like our county-historians, he stifles attention beneath innumerable insignificant

sand-grains of information, and forgets over barrows and grave-stones, among charters and pedigrees, the objective utility of his survey. Mr. Pinkerton has a sounder glance and a juster sense of proportion. He views the earth neither through the telescope of antiquarianism nor the microscope of topography, but with the observing eye of a philosopher. It is not in celebrity or triviality, but in availability that he places importance. He has executed his vast survey with a selection of research which D'Anville, with a comprehension which Büsching, might envy."

Tytler's 'Elements of General History,' and Turner's 'History of the Anglo-Saxons,' afforded William Taylor opportunities for dissertations on some favourite topics, in which he displayed his usual ability, although some of his positions are not perhaps strictly defensible*. In the reviewal

* The distinction made (p. 263) between the Gaelic and Cimbric "waves of population" is by no means clear. The languages of the Gael and the Cymry are as radically alike as those of England and the lowland Scotch. There is no trace in the Roman historians of any British tribe designated as Cimbri, nor does any such appear to have existed till the period when the indigenous Celtic races, retiring before the Saxon invaders, formed a general league for mutual defence, and merged their separate clan appellations in one common name. The Cimmerioi of geography were in every instance small communities settled at a *Kymmer*, or meeting of waters; the Cimmerioi, Cimbri and Cymry of history—who were separated by intervals of five or six hundred years—were each of them an alliance of Celtic tribes, forming a *Kymry*, or gathering of strength. In the cases of the two first the name expired with the dissolution of the league; it was never a generic term till the diminished numbers of the Britons, con-

of Peuchet's 'Dictionnaire Universel de la Géographie Commerçante' there are some sallies of lively humour, which may serve as a favourable specimen of his writing in that strain:—

"The French are very fond of abecedarian instruction. Everything assumes with them the form of a dictionary: from an encyclopedia to a catalogue of rimes, the alphabetic is their fashionable classification. They are for distributing everything into such segments as the 119th psalm. Like the toast-master at an ordinary, who after Miss A. calls for Miss B., and exacts an account of her attributes with "apt alliteration's artful aid," even the metaphysician with them disdains the association of analogy, and seeks for his categories in the horn-book. Cadmus is their Aristotle: anatomical systems are composed as an acrostic, and the skeleton of a course of medical comments is given, not in first lines, but in first letters. Criticism, like an Anglo-Saxon code, exhausts the vocabulary of one letter at a time. The philologist places the progress of language in its abbreviation into the inchoative elements; and, like the illuminator of a manuscript, blazons in his pasigraphy only the capital of the paragraph; he declines, conjugates, parses by annexations in alphabetic order. The chris-cross row is become the key not merely to the porch but to the veiled sanctuary of science. Every treatise, like the spectre in the Apocalypse, is labelled Alpha and Omega. The whole currency of mind must be marked with the bank-bill no-

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fined within the narrow limits of Wales and Strathclwyd, and unable to resume their former distinctive appellations, perpetuated in the traditions of the bards the title of their confederation as a national name.

menclature of Abraham Newland. The gamut has been transmuted into letters, with the preservation of a natural arrangement; the symbolic quantities of mathematicians are conveniently replaced by *a*, *b*, *c*; but it is surely the anagram of order to reduce philosophy, like the dethroned Dionysius, to turn abecedarian for a maintenance."

To the second volume of this Review, William Taylor contributed nearly in the same proportion as to the first. The third section, comprehending sixty-three works on history, politics and statistics, was again entirely written by him with the exception of Nos. 13, 17, 21, 22, 42 to 47, 52, 57 and 61. The article on Turner's 'Vindication of the Welsh Poems,' which he had previously reviewed for the Critical, was also furnished by him, as well as those on Astle's 'Origin of Writing,' Pegge's 'Anecdotes of the English Language,' Soulavie's 'Castle of the Tuileries,' and Montefiore's 'Commercial Dictionary.' Some of the best papers on general politics which first appeared in the 'Iris' are transferred to these pages, when the subject led him into a similar strain of commentary or argument; and they are well worthy of being thus preserved in a publication of a more enduring character. Turner, Pinkerton, and other writers on obscure portions of early history, whose works were here brought under his consideration, led

him again over ground which it has already been seen that he took delight in exploring. He was not a believer in the high antiquity which some philosophers have assigned to civilized man, or in the existence, at indefinitely remote periods, of large empires which have left no vestige of their influence or wreck of their works; he was, on the contrary, convinced that the human mind progressively advances, and that every solid improvement becomes a part of our social system, dovetailed into its framework and inseparable from its structure. He was also persuaded that all our earliest records are based on a groundwork of fact, however distorted by the superstitions and imperfect knowledge of the ages in which they were composed, and that by patient scrutiny and severe study the hidden truth may be brought to light. These opinions dictated the following remarks on Mr. Pinkerton's hypothesis of a "primæval Scythic empire" (page 224):—

"The oldest historians are the best authorities for the oldest events, and they know nothing of this Scythic empire. These oldest historians are the Jewish writers and Herodotus, by a diligent and critical comparison of whom, all that can be known of very ancient history must be inferred. Certain theologians have rendered it probable that the Pentateuch was reduced to its present form in the family of Hilkiah, and was probably completed by Jeremiah, at the time of his return to Jeru-

salem under Cyrus, with the new name or title of Sheshbazzar. The account of the creation, of the deluge, and of the building of the tower of Babel, appear to be Babylonian documents, first obtained during the captivity; but the history of Abraham seems to be an original account contemporary with that patriarch, which had been preserved by his descendants in the land of Goshen and brought from Egypt by Moses. Many documents contemporary with Moses appear to be transcribed with entire fidelity, especially those inserted in the book of Numbers. In the Exodus there are symptoms of epic embellishment; and there are directions for the priesthood which cannot have originated in the wilderness, but imply a long-established worship and a curious progress in the arts of manufacture. In the Leviticus again there is a great deal of legislation, which must have been subsequent to the conquest of Canaan. These circumstances do not invalidate, they corroborate the historical importance of the Jewish Scriptures, and encourage the antiquary to lean on them with confidence as satisfactory testimonies of fact. The earliest sketch of the distribution of the primæval nations is that contained in the tenth chapter of Genesis. It is geography in the form of genealogy, as Bochart, Schlötzer and Michaelis have evinced; as if we were to say, London is the son of Middlesex, the son of England; or as Ferishta does say, Dekkan is the son of Hind, the son of Asia,—meaning that Dekkan is a subdivision of Hindostan, which is a subdivision of Asia. Now this tenth chapter of Genesis contains no traces of the Scythic empire in question, although it enumerates all the nations or tribes eventually comprehended under the sway of Cyrus and Darius Hystaspes. The first state of all nations is anarchic: each family submits to its own patriarch. It requires conquest to consolidate scattered vil-

lages under a common commander. Now Herodotus pointedly states Dejoces to have first combined the Medes, as the writer in Genesis states Nimrod to have first combined Babylon and the contiguous villages in Shinar. These petty exploits could not be still to perform, if there had already been an empire in that district. Among savages in the hunter-state every family has its separate language; the consociation of tribes for plunder or defence renders many words common to a whole district; at length a common sovereign and metropolis popularizes a common dialect. These nations are expressly stated to have differed widely in language from each other and therefore to be separate: of course they had never yet submitted to a common sway. Languages are confluent, not diffluent; the doctrine of an original language is opposed by the observations of all who have travelled among the savage nations, and is contradicted by the universal analogy of experience. Indeed Mr. Pinkerton's Scythic empire must be banished, with Baillie's astronomical Liberians, among the reveries of irrational philosophy."

The military fever was at its height in this country during the year 1804, and although William Taylor, in the first impulses of indignant defiance, had strenuously urged his fellow-citizens to arm, and had even contemplated enrolling himself as a volunteer, still, when he saw the warlike spirit so universally predominant, he began to be seriously apprehensive of a great change in the English character, and that the genius of the people would be permanently diverted from the pursuits of commerce to those

of aggressive ambition; he therefore availed himself of every opportunity to avert this danger, by pointing out the advantages of peace and the blessings of wealth acquired by industry. In his review of Coote's 'History of England,' he adverted briefly to this subject, concluding in the following words (p. 230):—

"We value tranquillity the less, and those talents which it evolves, because historians neglect to record and appreciate their exertion. The art of amusing the peace of the civilized is one of the arts of preserving it. From the insipid feasts of the Æthiopians Jupiter returns to meddle in the wars of men; but had he found there Juno girded with her cestus, Greek and Trojan might longer have been at rest."

But in reviewing Montefiore's Dictionary he entered into a long comparison of the respective influence and importance of the military and mercantile classes. The whole article is worth preserving, being full of useful lessons, equally instructive now as then. One short extract will serve to show the spirit in which it was written, and must conclude this outline of William Taylor's periodical labours (p. 692):—

"Poets and historians, by applauding military exploits, which mostly consist in employing a hundred men to beat ninety, have given a *ton* and a reputation to soldiering, which prompts nations to the most destructive and rebarbarizing actions which bodies of men can commit. Let the army take its natural place,

as the basis, not the pinnacle, of civilized society. To productive industry, on the contrary, public opinion assigns an inferior rank and a secondary value; yet where are we to seek the chosen nests of human happiness and culture but in the cities of the industrious and the commercial? To Tyre, Corinth, Athens and Alexandria, not to the Sparta or the early Rome of the ancient world, we turn for the diffusion of ease and the condensation of magnificence, or for the far-fetched refinements of sensual and intellectual luxury. It is to Barcelona, to Florence, to Venice, that the modern world is indebted for the revival of the civilizing arts and the restoration of literary inquiry; it is to Lisbon, to Amsterdam, to London, that the remotest shores of earth owe their novel concatenation and their prospering intercourse. Nor is commerce less favourable in detail to the best interests of society than on the collective scale of estimation. Commercial men can afford to make early and disinterested marriages: they must put to hazard so much more than a wife's dower, that it is less important to their prosperity to wed a fortune than to wed a capital unincumbered with settlements and jointures. What is the consequence?—that the most accomplished and meritorious women in the country are everywhere the wives of merchants, the women who are selected, not for their property but their properties. The domestic happiness and interior elegance which result are obvious: whoever compares the families of our city-gentlemen with those of our country-gentlemen, must be struck with the far superior character of the former."

This summary of William Taylor's literary pursuits in the years 1803–4 affords ample proof of his uncommon industry. His own writings

during that period, if collected, would fill at least five octavo volumes; but even these were but the smallest portion of his labours, for they indicate at the same time an extent of reading beyond any that we find recorded in the diaries of our most indefatigable men of letters. His reviews show, not only that he had studied attentively most of the works that came under his censorship, but that he was also well acquainted with what others had written on the same subjects; while his frequent allusions, illustrations and facts can only have been supplied by a most copious and almost unlimited mass of collateral reading. Many of his papers abound in references, direct and indirect, to authors, whose fruits he serves up with all the freshness and aptitude that denote recent culling. The performance of these tasks was the result of a most methodical distribution of his time: he rose early, and his studies usually engaged his undivided attention till noon, when it was his almost daily practice at all seasons to bathe in the river, at a subscription bath-house constructed on the bank of the stream near its entrance into the city. After this he invariably exercised himself by walking, for which purpose he always selected a road on the western side of Norwich, leading to the bridge over the Wensum at Hellesdon. For a public thoroughfare in the vicinity of a large popu-

lation, this was a comparatively unfrequented and retired way: it passed through a quiet rural district, affording agreeable prospects over the narrow valley, where the bright river winds through a lawn of meadows, bounded on the south by the hamlet of Heigham, and on the north by a range of bolder slopes, on which the village of Hellesdon is situated; at one end the view is closed by distant glimpses of the city, surmounted by its ancient castle, and at the other the dark line of Costessey woods skirts the horizon: on this road he was seen almost every day for many years between the hours of one and three. Professing to be no admirer of natural scenery, and to take his chief delight in "towered cities and the busy hum of men," he was once asked why he always made choice of so secluded and solitary a walk. The quaint reason which he assigned for his preference was, that on this road no fit of indolence could at any time shorten his allotted term of exercise, as there were no means of crossing the river at any nearer point, and he was therefore compelled to go round by the bridge, which was about three miles distant from his residence in Surrey Street. Indeed it must be owned that he never seemed to regard the objects around him, but pursued his course in deep mental abstraction, conversing the while most animatedly with himself. There was some-

thing singular too in his appearance: his dress was a complete suit of brown, with silk stockings of the same colour; in this quaker-like attire, with a full cambric frill protruding from his waistcoat, and armed with a most capacious umbrella in defiance of the storm, "muttering his wayward fancies he would rove," and fixed the astonished gaze and curious attention of the few passengers whom he met. Sometimes he extended his walk to the adjacent village of Drayton, where on a gentle eminence stood the mouldering walls of an ancient structure, on whose origin even tradition has no fable, and which is now only known by the name of Drayton Lodge. These ruins suggested to him the following imitation of an Italian sonnet by Crescembini, which he inserted in an early number of the 'Iris':—

"I asked of Time,—'Who reared yon towery hall,
Which thou art levelling with its native soil?'
He answered not, but spurned the crumbling wall,
And sprang on sounding wing to further spoil.
I asked of Fame,—'Thou, who canst tell of all
That man achieves by wit, or force, or toil—'
She too stands mute, th' unpointing fingers fall,
From the vain search her wandered eyes recoil.
I entered. In the vault Oblivion stood,
Stopping with weeds the rifts where sunbeams shine;
From stone to stone the giant-spectre strode.
'Canst thou reveal,' I asked, 'with what design—'
A voice of thunder fills the dim abode,—
'Whose it has been, I care not,—now 't is mine.'"

From these rambles he always returned punctually at three o'clock, and devoted the remainder of the day to the pleasures of society. He rarely dined alone, either entertaining a small company at his own table, or "sharing the feast" at that of one of his friends. His conversational powers were now in their fullest vigour; the diffidence of youth was past, and the prolixity of age was not come on: no pedantic attempts at studied eloquence dimmed or deflected their brightness; their course was free and natural, their flow lively and sparkling, and the motes of fancy that fluttered in the beam threw a prismatic halo round the sober form on which learning directed the light to fall.

These qualities made him everywhere an acceptable companion, and aided his generous hospitality and love of social intercourse to awaken corresponding dispositions in others. Beside his almost daily dinner engagements, there were various clubs and societies which he regularly attended. Among these may be noticed the Conversation-party,—a small and select meeting of both sexes, intended, as the name denotes, to imitate on an inferior scale the Conversazione of Italy; but as the parties were brought together expressly to talk, the true English dislike to be agreeable on compulsion frequently tied their tongues, and the

evening would often have been dull if William Taylor's colloquial resources had not enlivened the hour. Still even he was not always at his ease on these occasions: although punctiliously polite to females, he seemed to feel that his habits of study and usual train of thinking were not calculated to make him an adept in gallantry. Sometimes his amusing anecdotes and lively descriptions were eminently successful, and when these failed he would read passages from some new and popular work: he read well, but poetry with a peculiar tone, adopting the foreign *cantilena* as far as the accentuation of our language and the taste of his audience would permit.

Another society of which he was at this time a member was called the Foreign Club. It was composed of a few young men who had recently been abroad, and who met at stated times to converse in different languages and provide themselves with French and German periodicals. They were all by many years younger than William Taylor, and scarcely expected that he would become one among them; but their plan accorded so entirely with his most cherished predilections, and afforded likewise so favourable an opportunity of encouraging the cultivation of foreign literature, that he at once expressed a wish to join the club. The superiority to which

age and talent would have given him so undeniable a claim, was never in the slightest degree assumed, but he always entered with the utmost blandness of manner into all the humours and pursuits of his companions, and while among them seemed himself to become a young man again.

CHAPTER II.

1805 to 1806.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. SOUTHEY. MONTHLY MAGAZINE. ANNUAL REVIEW.

At the close of the year 1804, William Taylor lost at once the occupation afforded him by the Iris and the Critical Review; but the habit of close application had been formed, and it will be seen that his release from these engagements benefited the other periodicals for which he wrote. On these subjects much information will be found in his correspondence with Robert Southey, to which it is now time to revert.

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 40.)

"Norwich, January 3, 1805.

"My dear Friend,

"I hoped ere this to have received of Longman a printed copy of your 'Madoc,' and to have begun my new-year's letter with the for once probable wish,—*Viva Vmd. mil años*; but you seem determined to observe all the rules of art, and to keep it till 't is nine years old. Henry writes me word that he has got his name

entered at Cambridge and intends to keep terms there. This determination appears to me rash and unwise: travelling three times a year from Edinburgh to Cambridge will be an additional expense, and his absences from Edinburgh will interrupt his attention there, which is in the proper train. He is well thought of and distinguished among the students of medicine for minding his business, but at Cambridge nobody heeds medicine; his emulation will fling him into the pursuits of the place, and he will set about being a mathematician or a classic,—very good things, but not very essential or conducive to advancement in his profession. For any provincial situation, there is not the slightest use in having kept terms at Cambridge: at London, indeed, a man cannot become a fellow of the College of Physicians without an English degree, but he can become a licentiate with an Edinburgh degree. The exclusion from London practice falls only on those who have not studied three years, and is a bye-law to prevent certain quacks, who suddenly purchase degrees, from practising. To be a licentiate, which an Edinburgh student can be, is all that is necessary to enable Henry in London to start with the regular chances of success. I wish you to inquire among your medical acquaintance, as I have done among mine.

"You see the 'Iris' is done with. I gain freedom by it, but not much, for it had ceased nearly to busy me. K * * * sold it to the rival printers, which he had the power of doing. We ought to have kept it in our hands. Another printer would have bought the 'Iris' and her toilet implements, if he could have had a few days to call upon friends and borrow a little capital. If I had not been bare of cash, I would have spent £50 or £100 a-year about it for a year or two, and then the paper would have struck root and have wanted no more watering.

"Do you know that the Robinsons and Hamilton have failed, that my draft upon the latter for Critical Review copy has been returned unpaid, that Philips has purchased the concern under I know not what conditions, and that this Review is expected to turn anti-Pittite, &c.? I am about to write to A. Aikin to return for *softening* my account of Lord Archibald Hamilton: though I shun severity to individuals, I am bitterer than I approve toward parties: if he prints as I have sent it, he may have a prosecution for libel to defend. You have not seen the Antijacobin, which is nibbling at me. I wish they would attempt an answer to the 'Appeal to the People against Bonaparte': about European politics I feel strong.

"Dr. Sayers has just received from the printer

the last proof of his 'Miscellanies Antiquarian, &c.'

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 42.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, January 6, 1805.

"What you tell me of Harry surprises and somewhat provokes me. He has said nothing to me about his intentions, knowing that whenever he talked of Cambridge I always spoke of it in reply as a thing altogether out of the question. I shall write and ask him what he has done.

"We shall miss the 'Iris,' though we have long missed you in it, and had, if my guess be right, the Morning Chronicle paragraphs in your stead. I also am a loser by Hamilton. My friend Duppa is a heavier loser by the Robinsons,—the whole profit upon two editions of his account of the French at Rome. I thought it possible that the Review would be sold with all its debts; but since Philips has bought it, there is no hope for creditors who are no longer contributors.

"The delay of 'Madoc' is not mine: it rests chiefly with the carriers between this place and Edinburgh, who keep my parcels weeks upon the road instead of days. My work has long been

over: there are about six sheets of notes to print —a fortnight's work; another fortnight to carry the sheets to London; allow as much more for the obstetrical work of folding, stitching, &c.; so that I fear you will not receive your copy till February be far advanced.

"You *are* strong upon European politics, and with all my heart and soul do I wish that you would put forth your strength in some efficient way. Such a pamphlet as you could with a week's work bring forth, would produce more immediate effects than all those articles in the Review, which will do little till some thirty or forty years after you and I are both gone to visit our friends of the days before us. Then some political Peter Bayley will pick out all the golden threads with which you have embroidered such worthless canvass, to lace his own waistcoat. You will be a mine to any literary poacher who has just sense enough to know what is good and put it together. You see what notice the Berlin politician has excited; are you not sure and certain, that both in knowledge and in imagination he is very much your inferior? The Antijacobin crepitations never reach me: I see no Review but the Monthly, which is not worth seeing; no newspaper but the Whitehaven; no new books but the *Annuals*,—a good name for such deciduous productions; no society but an old

East Indian general, with whom I, once in a month or so, play a rubber of whist. Am I the better or the worse for growing alone like a single oak? Growing be sure I am, striking my roots deeper, and spreading out wider branches.

"I have had some unpleasant intelligence of my brother Tom: he has been brought to a court-martial for neglect of duty, disobedience of orders, and contempt of his captain. The two first charges were not proved; the last was, and he has been by sentence dismissed the ship. The fact proved was, that when the captain accused him of the faults which could not be proved on the trial, he replied, 'I beg your pardon, sir, I must contradict you.' So much for martial justice! Tom is waiting at Barbadoes in expectation of another appointment, which it is probable Commodore Hood will give him, as he told him to wait, if he thought proper, till the minutes of the court-martial were sent him, he having only seen the sentence as yet. Tom breakfasted with him the day on which he wrote, which looks well; and it is not unlikely the Commodore may be disposed to befriend him, remembering that if his brother had not fallen he would not have wanted a friend. I am vexed of course; but as Tom has been sinned against rather than sinning, it is that sort of vexation which is most bearable; and I should not forget to state that this affair

prevented him from going to cut out the Lily, for he was under arrest, and the lieutenant who went in his place was killed,—a fearful escape!

"If 'Madoc' sell well, I shall move, and, to help on the operation, mean to set about raising extraordinary supplies as soon as the Annual work is over. The want of libraries here is very prejudicial to all my pursuits. God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 41.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, March 7, 1805.

"I am glad to find that Henry's projects were more rational than I supposed, and am sorry to have occasioned by my misunderstanding a correspondence which I suspect has given him pain; but as it may lead to our saying the whole pro and con on this subject, it will not be useless. I do not know what you do with yourself next vacation. Your removes concern me only inasmuch as they affect Henry's having a house and home. If you hitch to Richmond, I suppose he will accompany you into the south. My father is not very fond of long stayers, and I have more than once been obliged to interrupt the visits of friends of mine. I dare not therefore talk of Henry's coming to Surrey Street for more than a couple of months; but these he might select at

his convenience, and use our house as head-quarters, whence to visit his other Norfolk friends for intervals. If you remain in Cumberland, I suppose he will hardly think a visit to Norfolk worth the expense, particularly as after graduation he would probably choose to make a stay of investigation here.

"The Critical Review is got into wrong hands: Philips has been outbid, and it is now conducted by a Mr. Hunt, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He is said to be a preferment-hunter, orthodox in church and state, positive, obstinate and untractable. I have declined applying to continue attached to the concern, and have ordered back all the manuscripts in Hamilton's hands, under whose bankruptcy I have had to prove £108. 11*s.* 6*d.* I had no idea that my account much exceeded the forty pounds which I drew in advance at Michaelmas, and which draft came back unpaid. So that I am now like a fish out of water, without literary work to do for any quarter whatever. Where shall I review 'Madoc'? Hamilton blabs to me, that Mr. Hunt reviewed your 'Metrical Tales' himself: I had solicited the job before we exploded.

"Mr. Thomas Southey's case is rather that of his officer's than of his own misconduct; it will attract, I hope, an honourable and useful attention toward him.

"I believe I shall now set about a 'Sketch of the Life and Writings of Lessing.' It was a project of Coleridge's, never begun I suspect. A volume of 'Lives of the German Poets' I shall one day put together, and employ my reviewals of Wieland, Klopstock, &c., as the tail-pieces to the biographies. This of Lessing will be manuscript in store, or more probably will appear progressively in the Monthly Magazine. I have been reading many things of Bishop Hall's lately for the first time,—the 'Characters,' &c. Do you know that his prose puts me in mind of my own? Our Chancery suit is again postponed to next November.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 43.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, March 9, 1805.

"Thank you for what you say about Harry at the vacation, and thank you as truly as if your invitation were needful. We stay here the summer, and here he may come if he pleases: I suppose he likes Keswick well enough to repeat his visit. He has a wish to write a 'History of the Crusades,' which I encourage in him as a worthy and adequate object; and, if the inclination continue in him, shall set him to learn Ara-

bic for the purpose, which he is young enough to do. He will not, I think, object to *begin* the language. The subject is happily chosen for his chivalrous feelings, and for its own splendour and exceeding importance.

"Pray you do not mention Tom again by the title of Mr. I have uncles of the name of Mister, but no brother; and if ever you and Tom should meet under my roof, as by God's blessing I hope you may, he will meet you with a very un-Misterlike sort of feeling, as his brother Harry's best friend; and you would leave him with a great liking for a man who has all the good parts of a sailor without the bad ones, and enough of the costume without the pedantry. I love Tom dearly. We are near enough of an age to have all brotherly recollections of boyhood, and to have had our first serious feelings in common,—to have partaken of family distress, when Harry was too young to know anything about it; so that as far as regards all my earliest life and remembrances, Tom is to me the best of my family. I do not think that ever human being had a more affectionate heart. If he lives, he is now on the road to promotion.

"Coleridge never began his 'Life of Lessing.' He made very ample collections for the introduction, which would have been a history of German literature,—*very ample*, for I have seen

them; but concerning Lessing nothing was ever written, and in all probability never will. He has certainly given up the intention altogether.

"Review 'Madoc' in the Annual. I was in hopes you would have done it in the Critical also. We have talked here of the facility of writing satire defensively, if need were,—only talked, and without the slightest intention of so doing; but if such retaliation were ever provoked from me, and Mr. Hunt should be one of the aggressors, what a happy motto would the old song furnish, '*a hunting we will go*!' I hope by this time you have received 'Madoc.'

"Would I could send you to another Review! for you like the work; and much as I dislike reviews for the mischief they inevitably do, yet as they will continue to exist, it is of consequence to occupy the post. Are any of the new ones worth entering into? You have only to offer, and they will jump at such a prize. Your anecdote of St. Cuthbert and the gout should be sent to my friend Kinglake, who, I suspect, will cure ninety-nine patients by the practice and kill the hundredth. He writes abominably ill, but is a man of sterling sense in all things.

"I am historifying *totis viribus*, and should any circumstances bring or send my uncle to England, should in all likelihood put my first volume to press next winter. *Me judice*, I am a

good poet, but a better historian; because though I read other poets and am humbled, I read other historians with a very different feeling. They who have talents want industry or virtue; they who have industry want talents. One writes like a French sensualist, another like a Scotch scoundrel, calculating how to make the most per sheet with the least expense of labour; one like a slave, another like a fool. Now I know myself to be free from these staminal defects, and feel that where the subject deserves it I write with a poet's feeling, without the slightest affectation of style or ornament, going always straightforward to the meaning by the shortest road. My golden rule is to relate *everything* as briefly, as perspicuously, as rememberably as possible. I begin, however, to feel my brain budding for poetry, having lain fallow since November, and if I could afford to do it, should willingly finish 'Kehama'; but being, like Shakspeare's apothecary, lean, and obliged to do what I do not like, my ways and means lead me another way, and I am prosing, not altogether against my will, and yet not with my will.

"Poor Wordsworth is almost heart-broken by the loss of his brother in the Abergavenny,—his best and favourite brother. I have been twice over with him, and never witnessed such affliction as his and his sister's. Will you not come

up to us before we quit the country that you may see him?—if for no other motive; for soberly and solemnly I do believe, that of all the present generation he will leave behind him the most durable and valuable memorials: this I say knowingly of what he has written, hardly expecting credit even from you.

"What proportion of your debt from Hamilton do you recover? I know not what my own is,—perhaps as much more than I expected as yours has proved, and therefore ask to know whether it be worth while to make any inquiry concerning it. I love Milton too well to like Bishop Hall; the style of the latter is less pregnant than yours. I have just read Walter Scott's poem with great delight: his phraseology is sometimes polluted with modern barbarisms, and sometimes obscure from a sort of unnatural syntax which he seems to like; but it is a delightful poem, and I am ashamed to think that I should speak of its faults, which are so infinitesimally little in comparison with its beauties. His conception of story is singularly happy in this as in his ballads; of character there is as much as such limits would admit. His images are often good, and sometimes, though rarely, quite excellent. I half envy him one about the foam of a turbid torrent in the first canto.

"Longman is instructed to send you 'Madoc.'

You cannot wish to see the book more than I do to know how you like it, for I have many qualms of doubt about it. God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 42.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, April 5, 1805.

"Yesterday at eleven o'clock the waggoner brought me a copy of 'Madoc.' I was going on foot to dine in the country, at Coltishall, but I could not pluck myself from the book, and staid at home the whole day. I did get my dinner just after the death of the Snake-God, but I returned to my book soon and finished it early in the evening. It is one of the great intellectual luxuries of my life, which I shall always remember, so to have spent yesterday. I am satisfied with 'Madoc': I expected much, and am not disappointed. I put the 'Iliad' and the 'Jerusalem Delivered' above 'Madoc,' the 'Pharsalia' and the 'Lusiad' below 'Madoc'; it approaches closely in rank and character and quality to the 'Odyssey,' and is to sit in the peers with the 'Æneid,' the 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Messiah,' with a newer but not less well-earned patent of nobility. I miss mythology, but it was here impracticable; and the wisest possible structure of

fable has been adopted. For scenes of tender pathos, there is no poem equal to 'Madoc': you would certainly do well to make tragedies. The successive meetings with the scattered members of the family are all admirable, especially with Llewellyn. What will I find fault with? The lyric passages sung by the bards, by Madoc, &c., should have been in the irregular metre of 'Thalaba,' and would then have assumed a more Pindaric style of flight. The concluding lines of the first part,

'No nobler crew fill'd that heroic bark,' &c.,

are disparaging, and disturb the illusion. The impression of reality excited by Madoc's story is precisely its advantage over the poetic legends of former times. Nobody believes a word of the Argonautics, or of Virgil; but one believes 'Madoc' as one believes an historical play of Shakspeare. Nor is it safe to allude to 'Amadis and Oriana,' until their story is immortalized by some poet. You risk to outlive the intelligibility of the allusion; it is as bad as Milton's 'Albracca.' The scene of the future poem about Amadis must be laid in Scotland, and the poet cannot put Oriana in *Roman* thrall. The attachment of Queen Erillyab to Madoc during his first stay is credible; her son was a boy and her emotions Didonic: but if she lives, as she is stated to do, on sisterly terms with Madoc, her

moral enthusiasm or worship must abate with familiarity, and she will certainly, when the case of collision comes, side with her son in preference. I should be for coarsening her attachment, as more probable in savage nature than the sentiment imputed. The manners are hardly *mixed* enough: almost everybody is a real hero, with very fine feelings, notions and sentiments; and this, whether he is a white or a red man, an educated bard or a runaway savage. There are some painters (Barry is one), who having accustomed themselves, while students at Rome, to copy the antique statues frequently, are continually introducing into modern English figures the features and attitudes of the Apollo or the Laocoon, &c. Is there not in your ethic drawing a mannerism of this sort?—a perpetual tendency to copy a favourite ideal perfection, of which the absence of selfishness and warm sensibility constitute the contour and colouring?

"On Thursday sennight I wrote to Arthur Aikin to inquire if there was time to review 'Madoc' in this year's 'Annual.' I have not heard from him since. I do not know what Hamilton is to pay; I hear three shillings and fourpence in the pound.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 44.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, April 9, 1805.

"There is that moral mannerism which you have detected: Thalaba is a male Joan of Arc; and Mr. Barbauld thought Joan of Arc was modelled upon the Socinian Christ. He was mistaken. Early admiration, almost adoration of Leonidas, early principles of stoicism derived from the habitual study of Epictetus, and the French Revolution at its height when I was just eighteen,—by these my mind was moulded.

"But are not the characters in 'Madoc' those which the circumstances would form? My Aztecas have not a jot more heroism than the two Mexicans who grappled with Cortes on the terrace of the palace, to precipitate themselves with him,—nor than some score of other American Indian heroes, whom you may recollect in Spanish history. Disinterestedness, ardent affection, contempt of life and love of glory, are the virtues peculiar to, or predominant in, men above barbarism and not yet arrived at civilization, when they happen to be made of good materials. I could find out historical likenesses enough to justify Connocotzan and his successor. Tlalala has more of the savage in him—Ocelopan yet more—Amalakta is all savage—the differences are of disposition. Neolin is the common mix-

ture of rogue and madman, to be found in all ages from Zerdasht to Richard Brothers, with the courage and presence of mind of Mohammed. Tezozomoc is an Indian St. Dunstan or St. Domingo. The rest are all common characters, except Erillyab. Her character I had at first conceived very differently, meaning to make her of a yielding nature, governed by her son, against her own better judgement, and after his death resigning the power in confession of her own weakness. What she now is, grew up as I wrote. Once my design was to kill Amalakta by her hand, and this also was altered when I came to the execution; whether for the better or not, I am still doubtful.

"In classing 'Madoc in Wales' with the historical plays of Shakspeare, you bestow the highest praise, and what I feel to be the most appropriate. It has the historical verisimilitude, and the dramatic truth. The other part, which is *sui generis*, you over- and underrate. It is below Milton and Homer,—infinitely below both, for both are unapproachably above my strength of wing; it is below Tasso in splendour and in structure of fable, above him in originality, and equal in feeling even to Spenser. With the others I will not admit comparison. Virgil and Camoens are language-masters of the first order,—nothing more; and the Messiah,—pardon me if I say,

that of what you admire in that poem at least nine-tenths appear to me bubble and bladder and tympany,—just what I should produce for a mock heroic, and could produce with facility: there is one uniform substitution of *bulk* for *sublimity*.

"What you say of Erillyab's abated veneration, you will see on re-perusal is erroneous, the time from his return to the death of her son being not many days. Once I thought, as you advise, of marrying them; but Erillyab is at least eight-and-thirty,—too old to produce an heir. First of all I designed Llaian for his wife, but at last I felt it preserved his character better to let the line of kings proceed from Malinal and Goervyl. Caradoc and Senona were suffered to remain for the sake of the ladies; yet perhaps I should not have relaxed my sentence of extermination had it not been for the incident of the harp and Tlalala. The language is, I hope, pure English undefiled, always straightforward to the point; the style certainly my own, as much as is the bee's honey, for I read too little English poetry to catch the manner of any predecessor; it savours more of chronicles and romances, Spanish as well as English. I now think the second part wants similies in all its land-battles, and, if I continue to think so, will pour in learning enough, and bedeck it with diamonds from Golconda and

gold from Ophir, with topazes from Brazil and amber from Scandinavia, the furs and feathers of the wild Indian, and the woven hair of the voluptuous Orientalist. You see I have recovered my state of desertion, and think at least as well of my poem and myself as anybody else is likely to do.

"Longman calls for a third edition of 'Joan of Arc.' I am squeezing out the whey, and shall cut out unsparingly. I have not much to add, though much might be added, had I the history of that period by Godefroy, and time to go through Monstrelet, and no worthier employment, and none more urgent. To weed out as many of its faults as I can, is a work of duty as well as of gratitude, for what it has done for me. You say you miss machinery, which surprises me: I hoped the snake, the ventriloquism, the priestcraft at Patamba, and the earthquake so timed as to appear a judicial visitation of vengeance, would have had the effect of machinery, without the absurdity, which is to me intolerable, except in romance; there it is of the essence of the fable, and you shall have your fill in 'Kehama.' I repent the size of the book, and am not pleased with the price; one half the edition is thereby condemned to be furniture in noblemen's libraries, and the other to collect dust on the publisher's shelves. I ought to have relied enough

upon myself to have known, that it no more needed a quarto page to get into notice, than I need a cocked-hat to get into company. Next time I will try a five-shilling plan, and print for the people. I think of Pelayo, the restorer of Spain; have thought of the Trojan Brutus, of Egbert, Athelstan, and your Edmund Ironsides; now this moment, for the first time, think of the Barons and King John. Oh, for an English subject! If we had beaten the Spaniards in 1588 by land instead of sea, that had been the story.

"It would be well if I *could* write tragedy—the true chrysopoetic vein. There are plans by me, and one opening scene, but I never had courage to proceed; and the sense of fear, and the disgust at the thought of trimming it to the taste of a green-room critic, have deterred me. Besides, if I know my own strength, it is in narrative; and dramatic parts introduced into narrative are widely different from the drama. Yet, if I had any well-founded hope that Mr. Kemble would be propitious, or that Master Helisabad (the true name of the young Roscius, as somebody has very wittily discovered, corrupted into Betty) would be my magnus Apollo and study a part, I would bring my stomach to it.

"The 'Iris' is wanting for Lord Melville's sake. Poor Tom is in the thick of the danger. He wrote to me on the 19th of February, saying he

had sent prizes in, which would enable him to remit a bill for 1000*l.*, little thinking that the French were then among the islands, and in all probability will sweep away the foundation-stones of his fortune, even should he himself escape.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 45.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, August 20, 1805.

"You have rescued me from ——, whose criticasterisms have long annoyed me. I thank you as much for what he has left undone as for what you have done. I assent to about half of what you say,—to the sink of interest when there ought to have been a swell, and to the want of ornamental patches. I dissent from the charge of levelness of manner, which seems to be less applicable to 'Madoc' than to any long poem that ever was written. In my judgement the manner always accommodates itself to the matter, rising and falling with the subject.

"The alterations which I feel disposed to make are these: to give all the odes in lyrical measures, to make Erillyab put Amalakta to death with her own hand, and so get rid of the last part of that attack upon the women, which is very bad, and to invent a new catastrophe in place of the two last *sections*, which shall throw

the interest still upon Madoc instead of transferring it to Yakedtluton: this will not be easy, but it must be done. Lastly, if it be possible, I will give up the lake, because it too forcibly reminds the reader of Mexico and Cortes. The subject will always be a bad one, but still the poem is worth any pains that I can bestow upon it. I must write another upon some subject chosen more maturely. England affords no story; I go therefore to Spain or Portugal, if possible. At present, Pelayo is my favourite personage. I hesitate between his history (which offers admirable characters ready made, in Florinda, Count Julian, the renegade Archbishop, and Rodrigo in his hermit-state), between the Deluge, and lastly Mohammed. Him I should regard philosophically, and take Ali for the hero; but against this there seems an insuperable objection, that no wish for the successful event can be raised, or attempted to be raised. Con over these stories and tell me your thoughts.

"You and I continue to be the Gog and Magog of the Annual Review, and a pretty rabble they are who come in our train. Take away our articles and the scientific ones (which upon the maxim of *omne ignotum*, &c., I suppose to be good), and nothing remains but dullness and meanness,—praise which is water-gruel, and censure which is sour small-beer. Wordsworth,

who admires and reverences the intellectual power and the knowledge which you everywhere and always display, and who wishes to see you here as much as I do, frets over your barbarisms of language, which I labour to excuse, because there is no cure for them.

"Burnett is coming back from Poland, and will make his way immediately to me. I have a long letter, from which it appears that he leaves the Count for some unexplained reasons: possibly he has been looking out for a Polish wife; at least something of this kind may very reasonably be inferred. He talks of his complaint, and suspects adhesion of the diaphragm or schirrous liver, from no other symptoms than because he loves drinking and does not love employment. He will bring home with him some German, and we will try to get out of him a book about Poland, to get him some money; but I fear sadly that there will be very little found in him for the purpose, and that he will be just as helpless as ever. He means to put himself under my care, and I will labour to teach him reviewing, and to keep him in good spirits.

"I look with a poacher's eye at your account of Lessing, and want its conclusion, because 'Nathan' lies on my 'Annual' shelf. Harry is dancing at Carlisle; he talks of writing. I want a stir made about the sailors. Government is

indemnifying the merchants whose property suffered in Spain, by giving them all the Spanish prizes taken before a certain day. By this Tom loses 2000*l.* I am trying to get Stuart to take up the matter in the Courier; and if the newspapers can be set well to work, it seems a plan out of which the ministry might be shamed or persuaded. God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 43.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, Aug. 26, 1805.

"I blush to begin a letter to you, as I have been quiet too long; but I have been writing to everybody else about you and your 'Madoc' these six months. The levelness of manner you in fact admit, by pleading guilty to the want of ornamental patches: the observation was not solitary. Dr. Sayers confirmed, if he did not suggest the remark. Euripides makes his drunken Hercules ludicrous, and Shakspeare makes Prince Henry so: this is pushing inequality of manner to excess. We reviewers want splendid passages to bring out, and are accustomed to have our words taken for the quality of what will not be extracted. I felt at a loss for convenient extracts, and would have consulted you, had I not drawn up the article for A. Aikin in

haste, with the hope of saving a year by providing it in time for the last Annual. The Monthly Magazine article is an epitome of the more formal one so transmitted. Suppose you ask Arthur to send it down to you; make your own commentaries paragraph by paragraph, and transmit the annotated manuscript to me for re-transcription. I shall willingly find only agreed faults, and willingly bear hard only on what you intend to alter. Mere puff produces no effect; a critique must be abusive enough to pass for sincere. But I am so delighted with 'Madoc,' as to wish to assert for it the highest practicable rank. I shall omit anything without regret; I cannot undertake to insert anything, but you might, through Mr. May surely, get a counter-plea inserted in the Monthly Review; and your friend Wordsworth is at hand to write it. He is a critic after your own heart, not, like me, barbarized by German theories into the dislike of Latin, French and the derivative English art.

"You talk of a new edition of 'Joan of Arc;' if you intend prolonging the notes, you will perhaps want the third volume of *Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale.* If you have not a more contiguous copy, you may order mine whither you please. The story of Pelayo is too superficially known to me for criticism. I have a good opinion of 'Noah,' and

beg you will read a theological paper of mine, *On the Readings and Writings of Jude*, before you sit down to work. The history of Enoch, the prophet of the Deluge, is there given from De Sacy's epitome of the book included in the Abyssinian, and omitted in our canon of Scripture.

"The voyage of Ohthere is a fit subject for a short English odyssey. You know it from the translation in Barrington's 'Miscellanies,' if not from the Saxon narrative.

"In Lessing's 'Letters on Modern Literature,' he criticizes a German 'History of Portugal,' by George Christian Gebauer, 4to, Leipzig, 1759. There are some out-of-the-way remarks, for it was Lessing's delight to teach his grandmother to suck eggs; and whether he meddled with history, or theology, or antiquities, or criticism, always to display originality of research, always to call to order the professed inquirer. Ignorant of half what the subjects of his dissection knew, he always detects some defective investigation which they might have carried further, and always finds means to quote something which they had left unread. You must read this 32nd Letter, it has 34 pages. I wish you may induce Burnett to undertake a short history of Poland. He will easily excel Mr. Card, who has made just such a history of Russia as our diplomatists

think it suffices to have read. He can plunder the 'Universal History;' he recollects enough of his theology to be new and liberal about the Socinian reformation and the dissident party. I can lend him the two German pamphlets which I employed to make the reviewal of 'Mayo' seem to imply historical information, and with so very new a view of the concluding paroxysm, he may pass for a profound historian. When a country is recently dead, the time is exactly come to compose its biography. It was devoured, like the sibyl's cake, by three throats.

"I ought to write to Henry. He knows how fitful a correspondent I am; how I hate to sit down to make a letter; how pesteringly I can scribble when there is business to agitate.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 46.)

"Keswick, Sept. 2, 1805.

"Harry and the women are at a ball. I have swallowed a solitary meal and am writing after supper, a thing which I never did half a dozen times in my life. You seem to have mistaken my meaning. Do not suppose that I am not quite satisfied with the *quantum*, and quite gratified with the *quomodo* of your praise,—that I like

mere praise, or that I dislike all censure; all I wish is, that you and I should not differ about what the faults are. I perceive a want of jewelry, which is remediable; a bad story, which is incurable; clumsy butchery in the section Goervyl; and a catastrophe, which transfers the reader's interest from the hero to the enemy, both faults which I will eradicate. I do not perceive the levelness of manner; on the contrary, I think the diversity greater than in any other such poem; that, 1. many parts are in a loose dramatic verse; 2. some in a high declamatory tone; 3. some of a sober steady elevation; 4. others mere verse without poetry, aiming at nothing more than to carry on the tale with as little loss of time as possible; and 5. others, the fewest of course and the best, where either the personages or the poet are under the influence of passion. I have figured them to specify instances. 1. The book about Bangor; the scene with Geogan; the first introduction of Neolin. 2. The festival of the dead. 3. The opening of the Gorsedd; the opening of the second part after the first paragraph. 4. Cadwaller's narrative, and most of the narrated narrations, *i. e.* when anybody tells a story. The last class need not be enumerated, for they lie in single sentences chiefly. The scene with Llewellyn is the finest passage in the whole.

"Now levelness of manner I think the characteristic of Leonidas and of Virgil, the one never rising and the other never dismounting from his stilts. I do not think the language or habit of thought and expression anyway Spenserian, though I love Spenser above all other poets, and have him in my heart of hearts.

"Having said thus much, you will perceive what my animadversions would be on your critique, which I should like to see and animadvert upon. If you will desire King Arthur (I have a wicked way of giving nicknames) to send it by twopenny post to Rickman, St. Stephen's Court, New Palace Yard, he will frank it here, and I will then frank it back. Could you suppose that I should interpolate anything for insertion?

"The next thing in your letter is, that I could through Mr. May get into the Monthly. By what means? for this is as dark as Erebus, or as Maurice's 'Indian Antiquities,' to me. Explain this to me, and I will write to John May *quàm citissimè*; or if you be assured of it, write to him to save time, and Wordsworth will gladly do the thing, and find fault as honestly as possible.

"'Joan of Arc' is almost out of the press, else I should have been very glad of your book. Perhaps I am not sorry that you did not offer a

temptation to my conscience at the expense of my time.

"For 'Noah,' you will see how acceptable your advice is, when I tell you that the book of Enoch has been for the very purpose a desideratum with me for five years, and that I mean at Edinburgh, if possible, to get sight of the fragment which Bruce translated.

"I never saw Ohthere's voyage, but will as soon as I can. There is a good thing in Saxo Grammaticus, of the voyage of Thorkill, wherein much of the 'Odyssey' is parodied and some of the romances forestalled.

"When Coleridge returns he shall read Lessing's letter to me. When I have learned German, I will read everything in that language relative to Portugal myself. It is my plan, when peace comes, to go for a year into Holland to learn Dutch and buy books, &c., and there to make a book of memorandums to pay the extra expenses. German will then be easily added by an easy removal of residence. I shall eat herrings, drink Rhenish, and be very happy.

"Did I ever send you my dreams about the Deluge? for I dreamt much about it when on my voyage home from Lisbon. The subject has been long my favourite, because I believe it quite enough to touch it reverently. Enoch and the Talmuds would furnish glorious notes, and help

a grand machinery; my philosophy should be Burnett's, with the help of Whiston's comet. Where is your paper on Jude? Whether this Deluge scheme ever ripen or not, I design to get as much rabbinical learning as can be got without Hebrew,—a language of which I have totally forgotten the very little I ever knew. I have a notion that the oriental tinge of our early romances came to us from the Jews, not the Arabians. This hint was thrown out in the review of Ledwick last year, and it pleased me to see that Ellis has had the same thought. Concerning the intercourse between Europe and the East kept up by European Jews and Moors, I have some facts to advance in my history.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 44.)

"Norwich, October 14, 1805.

"My dear Friend,

"Yours of the 2nd September is before me. I wrote to A. Aikin as you suggest, to forward the manuscript through Rickman, and suppose you have received it and cross-barred it where necessary. You seem to scruple *interpolation*: insert then mere hints for me to expand and overlook. One thing will have displeased you:

the levelness of manner is more rudely expressed in the long critique than in the short one; for 'Madoc' is said, in the language of Quintilian, to be written *æquali quadam mediocritate.* My enthusiasm for the poem transcends that of my neighbours, many of whom call it heavy. I tell them that an enduring book never pleases entirely at first, and that a more eager popularity, like that of the 'Minstrel's Lay,' would be symptomatic of transiency. Mr. Smith, who is writing me a frank, complains of the systematic ruggedness of the versification; many of the lines which are prose might, by slight transpositions of the words, be made into verse.

"My reason for supposing that Mr. May has some personal acquaintances among the managers of the Monthly Review is this: when I ceased writing for the Critical, he mentioned to me that if I wished for more employment of that kind he could probably introduce me to the Monthly; I answered, that having myself dissolved the connexion there, I could not become an applicant. I heard nothing more about it.

"The paper concerning Jude occurs in the Monthly Magazine, XI. p. 18: it contains all that can be come at about the book of Enoch. By-the-bye, I suspect your 'Domdaniel' to be a mis-spelling for the abyss Dondael, which is mentioned in the book of Enoch. I made the

translation from De Sacy the more diffuse and complete, because I had at that time lent you my Bodmer's 'Noah,' and thought you might one day want to surround the vine-planter of Ararat with a more racy and autochthonous machinery than his Miltonic angelry. You observed to me in your last letter that you and I are the Gog and Magog of the Annual Review: it will do more good to observe such things to Arthur Aikin. His sister, who has been in Norwich, and who by-the-bye is an entertaining woman, was boasting that above twelve writers are employed about the Annual: interest is made to include more and more, and the share of each will lessen; and unless Arthur be taught to know bad work from good, he will lessen the shares of his better contributors, and dish up yet more of that hasty-pudding, which stuffs without stimulating, and involves in one homogeneous pulp of insipidity foods which might separately have delighted.

"Mr. Smith says Coleridge is making a fortune in his present situation, or at least that any one but a poet would make one in it. How amusing, that the author of 'Fire, Famine and Slaughter' should be a commissary fattening under War and Pitt!

"In the preface to the German translation of 'Sir Lybius,' or *Le beau disconnu*, it is said that

that romance exists in the language of the Jews. This circumstance I mentioned some years ago in the Monthly; it corroborates Ellis's notion and yours, that through the Jews may have travelled an oriental tinge into chivalrous literature.

"Schiller's 'Bride of Messina' I have just been reading. The scene is laid in modern times, but the chorusses sing odes as full of the fates and furies as if Sophocles had made them. The plot is a story of two hostile brothers who fall in love with the same woman, and that woman their sister; the one brother kills the other and then kills himself in atonement. The distress of the mother and that of the intended bride supply a scene or two in the last act worthy of Schiller. I think epic poetry was more adapted for Schiller's efforts than the drama: his characters are heroic, colossal, sublime in virtue and in vice, but they have no ease, no little traits of nature; they explain themselves, but they never betray themselves. Not only his descriptive power, but his descriptive imagination is of the highest kind; his words stamp his idea in characters of fire, and his idea is grand, is simple, is adapted. Happy the painter who can array such scenery! He is the gothic Æschylus.

"I intended writing to Henry under this cover,

but shall not have time before the post hour. I have nothing to say and yet wish to write. There is a proverb of Odin's, 'Never suffer the grass to grow on the path to the house of your friend,' and something of this is a duty in correspondence.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 47.)

"Keswick, October 22, 1805.

"My dear Friend,

"The vision of Joan of Arc is now, by Longman's desire, appended to the poem. There is the gap occasioned by its removal to be filled up: will you let me supply it in part by placing your tale of the 'Berkeley Witch' with my own? Most people will be as much pleased as I am to see how differently the same subject can be treated.

"Your reviewal is not yet arrived: that in the Edinburgh you will have seen. I have been at Edinburgh and there seen Jeffrey. When he was invited to meet me, he very properly sent me the sheets, that I might see him or not, according to my own feelings: this was what he could not well avoid, but it was not the less gentlemanlike. I met him in good humour, being by God's blessing of a happy temper: having

seen him, it were impossible to be angry with anything so diminutive. We talked about the question of taste on which we are at issue. He is a mere child upon that subject: I never met with a man whom it was so easy to check-mate.

"My uncle says of your Monthly Magazine reviewal, that he thinks it well-founded in almost all its parts. When the long article comes I will quietly sit down and examine myself, and tell you as fairly what are the faults of the poem as if it were not my own. With my first leisure I shall think of some other subject; but, alas! a world of work is before me. After this year I shall give up reviewing,—more original and congenial labour will pay as well. King Arthur will easily supply my place at the Round Table to his own satisfaction, but his readers will miss me; for I shall not affect to appear ignorant, that of all his merry-men you and I are the Lancelot and Tristram, the men of proof. I read your articles with pleasure, and have no patience with the insipidity or the pertness which occurs in all the rest.

"Mr. Smith's news of Coleridge is very inaccurate. He holds the place of public secretary till the person to whom the reversion was given comes to relieve him, for which he is waiting with miserable impatience. The salary which he receives is only half, half being paid as trea-

surer, an office of which he would not take charge. The utmost amount may be £500 a year, for which he gives up the whole of his time, having literally no leisure to do anything except write memorials home respecting Egypt and Mediterranean politics.

"The Scotch society disappointed me, as it needs must do a man who loves conversation instead of discussion. Of the three faculties of the mind, they seem exclusively to value judgement. They have nothing to teach, and a great deal more to learn than I should choose to be at the trouble of instructing them in. I had happily an admirable companion in my schoolfellow Elmsley, or I should have hungered and thirsted for my folios. But I must speak of other things. You have probably seen Harry by this time; at least whether you have or not, there should be no secrets between him and you: he has fallen into an affection common to people of his age. How he and the lady and the lady's friends may settle their affairs, Heaven knows; all that I have to do with it is this,—to fix my residence wherever he may commence his practice, if it ends in a marriage, that my home may be his till he can get one of his own. Here then is a chance of my domesticating in Norwich some twelvemonths hence. I have never seen the lady, and should be apt to think her a little too novelish

(it is a better word than romantic) and a little too fond of indulging herself in violent feelings; but these things wear off. After all it is likely enough that the whole may terminate as suddenly as it began. You will find Harry nearly as you would wish to find him. Perseverance he wants; and in spite of all I have done and am doing, I must freely confess that it is a family failing, for I only get through what I like, and have never been able to learn any language grammatically since I left school. He is in good odour at Edinburgh, and well may be so, for among Scotch metaphysicians he may pass for learned. As far as I can judge he seems to have chosen his associates well,—to have culled the shining men for his acquaintance, the good ones for his friends.

"I passed three days with Walter Scott, an amusing and highly estimable man. You see the whole extent of his powers in the 'Minstrel's Lay,' of which your opinion seems to accord with mine,—a very amusing poem; it excites a novel-like interest, but you *discover* nothing on after perusal. Scott bears a great part in the Edinburgh Review, but does not review well. He is editing Dryden,—very carelessly; the printer has only one of the late common editions to work from, which has never been collated, and is left to make conjectural emendations.

This I learned from Ballantyne himself in his printing-office.

"I have undertaken to supply Dr. Aikin with the literary biography of Spain and Portugal for the remainder of his Dictionary: it is a pity he did not apply to me sooner. This, my last campaign in the Review, and a certain prose work, of which Henry will tell you in secret, will keep me hard at work during the winter. How 'Madoc' sells I have not heard, save that half were sold in about two months; the rest of course must creep off slowly. But I hear that 'Thalaba' is quickening his pace, and think it not unlikely that I may have the task of correcting that added to my labours. Write to me about your 'Witch,' and if you will let me print it, I will find all the fault I can with it first.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 45.)

"Norwich, October 28, 1805.

"My dear Friend,

"What can bring Henry into this neighbourhood now? his place is surely Edinburgh; however, that I shall hear when he comes. Your letter has filled me with guesses. It

would be wiser for Henry to marry where he is to settle than elsewhere, as the family connexions of a woman often facilitate a man's employment; but such slight considerations are easily overpoised by personal talents of soul or gold.

"Nobody can be more completely convinced than I am of the decided superiority of the 'Old Woman of Berkeley' to the 'Tale of Wonder': on this account I wish your vanity to relinquish the pointed triumph of a juxtaposition. You shall have your own way, but I prefer their dwelling at a distance. My 'Tale of Wonder,' as I told you the first time you came to Norwich, was written at the same time as a ballad of Dr. Sayers on the same subject: he found up the story in Olaus Magnus. I did not show you the ballad; it was then in common metre, in quatrains: I have since interpolated a third or fourth line in every stanza, and they are rime-lines. My chief complacency in the poem results from the art and skill with which the new splines are fitted in, so that you can hardly detect anywhere the superfluous line which formed no part of the original conception. I shall be glad of your local criticisms whenever you are in the humour to make them. The 'Old Woman of Berkeley' is unquestionably the best original English ballad extant.

"My opinion of the 'Minstrel's Lay' does

not coincide with yours: I do not think that it excites and keeps alive 'a novel-like interest.' The incidents are so purposeless, that I experience from them a succession of disappointments. The poem struck me as a rimed imitation of 'Thalaba'; as possessing similar local merits of high-wrought, luminously-coloured description; as falling into similar faults of disconnected, independent, unintelligibly successive incident; as having lyrical and eruditional merit, but neither order, climax, nor entirety of fable. There is a want of homogeneity in the manner or style, which resembles what the masons call rubbish-walling, where fragments of anciently hewn and sculptured stone are built in with modern brick-bats and the pebbles of the soil. Nor do I like stories, like Pilpay's fables, in *nests of boxes*, one within another,—a minstrel singing a story, and in that story more minstrels singing more stories.

"I have not seen the Edinburgh. Jeffrey's great merit lies in a command of example: whatever he is reviewing, a book or a simile,—whatever he is discussing, an episode or an epithet,—he can instantly find up every analogous and comparable instance in the whole treasury of ages and languages. His taste is book-made, superinduced by the theorists and by authority; not the result of feeling, nor of that art of appre-

tiation which is acquired by trying experiments in composition, and afterwards applying to others the principles employed in self-approbation or condemnation. To be a good critic, a man must have served his apprenticeship to art.

" Schiller's ' Wilhelm Tell,'—oh, why is not Coleridge at home to translate it? Except that one has two storms in one lake, rather too long, loud and providential, it is an admirable tragedy: the strictly historic drama, comprehending a whole great event in a few intensely interesting scenes,—the characters, various, discriminate, national,—it is worthy of the only competitor Shakspeare has yet had. Schiller has less ethic, but more pathetic merit than Shakspeare; his ideas are more heroic and colossal: when they quit mere nature, it is in the right direction.

" I am not surprised you think of coming with Henry to dwell awhile in Norwich; it has long been a catastrophe anticipated by my secret hopes.

" Yours,

" William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 48.)

" Keswick, November 14, 1805.

" My dear Friend,

" I have this day received your reviewal. There is nothing in it which I should wish you

to alter,—nothing but for what I feel sensible of friendship and proud of such praise. What I have to say therefore is merely to explain.

"Your objection to the introduction is just: I never thought of an imaginary convocation while writing the lines. The English of 'Come, listen to my lay,' was 'Please to buy my book.' The repetition at the end was to give it a rondeau form, which in a sonnet or anything of like length has to my ear a very delightful effect.

"Section 1.—Madoc's signals had not been perceived:—

> 'I could not see his banner, for the night
> Closed in so fast around her.'

Urien was only down on a forlorn hope. This is not worth correcting. I may have meant this and not made it evident.

"2. The hymn is in strict costume. Always the first song was in praise of the king's exploits, the second a hymn to Deity.

"The faults of the voyage are confessed: there is too little for its importance, quite enough in every other point of view.

"'The finger of chance should never be employed in producing a catastrophe.' True: I do not consider the victory as produced by the illness of Coanocotzin; all I wanted was to keep him out of the battle, as he was to make

his appearance in another. Here also the intention is not sufficiently developed.

"Welsh hospitality and endless relationships account enough for the friendship with Cyveilioc. The truth is he married Madoc's sister, but I had too many brothers and sisters already.

"Caradoc's ode concludes with the wretched one; because, though an anti-climax, it referred to himself and lay deepest with him.

'He who loves
His country, and who feels his country's shame,'

explains why the man, who was proud of his country, should emigrate.

"The Welsh do not rescue Madoc, neither do they enter the city during the religious games of slaughter; they go to his rescue and he is delivered. This may be as briefly expressed without any misapprehension of the fable; but it is of no consequence.

"It is very well perhaps to say so; but if you really think that the tone of 'Madoc' has been pitched in consequence of the criticisms on 'Thalaba,' or that those criticisms have in any degree affected my opinions or practice, you are mistaken. The difference of style between the two poems is precisely what, to my feelings, the difference of character required. The one I regarded as a work of imagination, the other as of a higher order, in which imagination was to be

subordinate to thought and feeling; the one was meant to embody the most poetical parts of Islam, the other designed as a dramatic representation of human character. By the blessing of God, you will see my Hippogryff touch at Hindostan, fly back to Scandinavia, and then carry me among the fire-worshipers of Istakhar: you will see him take a peep at the Jews, a flight to Japan, and an excursion among the saints and martyrs of Catholicism. Only let me live long enough and earn leisure enough, and I will do for each of these mythologies what I have done for the Mohammedan. But still such things are more easily produced than 'Madoc': a common magician can make snow-people, but flesh and blood must be the work of a Demiurgos. Wordsworth agrees with you in recommending lyrical measure for the odes; on the other hand, Wynn deprecates it. I do not allow so much to his opinion as to yours; but my own is doubtful at present, and laziness may squat herself down in his scale.

"You might notice the attack upon the woman as ill managed and worse written than any other part of the poem; you might blame the want of all similies; you might raise a smile at the uglyography of the names and yet defend their euphony.

"You have said something about your 'Tale

of Wonder,' which, if I thought anybody else would say it, would give me real concern: that my 'Old Woman' is the best ballad of the two, I never should affect to doubt; but were there any legitimate ground for comparison, I never should have wished to place them together. My wish was, to show how very differently the same subject may be treated; how the same plant varies under different circumstances of climate and culture. Mine is the ballad of a ballad-maker, believing the whole superstition, and thereby making even the grotesque terrible; yours that of a poet, decorating a known fable, laughing behind a masque of fear. Mine has no invention, not an atom, yet wants none,—it is the legend in verse; yours a story of your own, and the thought of the bottomless grave of novel and excellent valuè. I will far rather forgo the pleasure it really would give me to see it on good paper and in fair types, than suffer you to suspect me of something whereof I should be most deeply ashamed, were I capable of the feeling imputed.

"The faults I find are precisely what you justly attribute to the 'Minstrel's Lay.' 'Slow be your noiseless way,' I would write, 'And slowly take your way.' I love the natural flow of language always, particularly in story-telling; so I would have, 'For squat upon the pall,'—

'There sits a fiend,' &c.: the syntax is easier and sooner comprehended, and two epithets of no value weeded out. The stanza beginning

'Although thy cross have scared me sore'

I would omit, and I would not make the devil sleepy. Last but one, better thus?

'But none but heathen souls shall you
In your damn'd den confine.'

I would call it the 'Irish Witch,' or anything but that undistinguishing name of Matthew Lewis's.

"I regret the failure of the 'Anthology,' because it opened your stores. Has King Arthur put the 'Metrical Tales' into your hands? they are fairly entitled to a place in the volume. The new 'Joan of Arc' is so infamously misprinted, that I shall desire Longman to put all my London printing for the future into Richard Taylor's hands. God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 49.)

"Keswick, December 10, 1805.

"My dear Friend,

"Your reviewal is gone back to King Arthur: there was nothing which I could feel any wish to interline. Something, however, Wordsworth thought might be added, as instances of that impassioned character of sound, and emphatic position of words, which cannot be displayed in its

full beauty without the help of metre. The instances he marked are these :—

'Uplifts the snake his head retorted; high
He lifts it over Madoc.'—p. 251.

'On he came
Straight to the sound, and curl'd around the Priest
His mighty folds innocuous, overtopping
His human height.'—p. 237.

'Their tapers gleam'd
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
Open.'—p. 161.

'Cyveiliac stood before them,—in his pride
Stood up the poet-prince of Mathrafal.
His hands were on the harp, his eyes were closed,
His head, as if in reverence to receive
The inspiration, bent. Anon he raised
His glowing countenance and brighter eye,
And swept with passionate hand the ringing harp.'

"If you can inweave these instances in such a way as may seem best, it will be the sort of praise that is useful. I know the versification to be elaborate, and am very much deceived if it does not generally vary itself well to suit the subject.

"In April I shall probably go to London: is there any likelihood of meeting you there? If not, I will certainly make Norwich on my way, either going or returning; and this is a pledged promise. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, you know what is the only alternative.

"I have set Burnett to work, and really believe upon something which he can do,—to

exhibit specimens of English prose in chronological arrangement, which Longman will doubtless print for him at my recommendation. You need not be told how utterly ignorant he is of the subject, but enough can be done for him with little trouble to teach him in the course of the task. So I have kept him here for this purpose, and he is now hard at work, extracting from such authors as can be mustered among Coleridge's books and mine. Lamb will help him in London. Perhaps you will lend him a little assistance,—tell him what to select from your favourite authors, as you would mark extracts in a reviewal, and throw out in a letter such sayings as he may graft into a brief biographical notice. I can give him specimens of about twenty writers, some of them scarce ones, direct him to many others, and make out a tolerably complete list of the whole. Having got the book printed, we can review it for him and get him a name with the booksellers and with the world. He is exceedingly well pleased with the project, and with the prospect of acquiring some knowledge during the execution ; but the old yawniness comes on at times, and he is casting about if he can't get some of the extracts copied for him ' for nothing.' Hobbes, Harrington, Sidney, Locke, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke,—can you set him copying from these,

who are out of my beat? He will make two or three volumes to go in company with Ellis and my supplement, and may well get £100 by the sale of one edition, which is a thing certain. Poor fellow! you can hardly conceive his utter helplessness.

"Can you procure for me from Germany the 'Systema Brammanicum' of Fra Paolino de San Bartolomeo? I have sent in vain for it to Leghorn. It is needful for my 'Curse of Kehama' and for the 'Asiatic History of Portugal.' Reviewing hangs upon hand with me, and I toil on. Gifford's 'Massinger' is come in this channel, and I read it to much advantage: he is less a poet than Beaumont and Fletcher, but far more a dramatist. I have been urged on all sides to write a play, which is not my natural call, and must, I suppose, at last try at it. The perusal of Massinger has made me feel more kindly indications than I was ever visited with before. I think of taking up Llewellyn where Madoc leaves him. He, Rodri, David and Emma would be four characters sufficiently conceived in my own mind.

"We have tidings that Coleridge left Malta in September to travel home by land from Naples: of course we shall be under some anxiety till he reaches England.—Which side will Prussia turn to? Will she be content with Hanover

from France alone, or choose Hanover and Holland from England, or prefer Hanover alone for acting the pacificator, and thus get it guaranteed by both powers? It would not grieve me to see the Austrian dominions revolutioned, and it would on the other hand delight me to hear of Bonaparte's destruction; in either case the war would be to some purpose. A peace which shall do nothing but just keep the door of Janus' temple ajar is the worst of all.

"Robert Southey."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 46.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, March 18, 1808.

"Your letter of the 10th of December, and another letter also, relative to the critique on 'Madoc,' were attended to when the manuscript was by me, but it is now mislaid among my lump of scraps, and I know not where to find it. Burnett wrote me word you had advised a Polish history, and desired me to address any books that would be of use to him to his friend Charles Lamb. I immediately packed up the two volumes I had used in the Annual Review of Mayo, and directed them, as he desired, to the India House. By a most provoking peculiarity they were never received. One of the two is out of print, and both are curious.

"In old English literature I am little read,

and could not advise about his book of extracts. I do not believe he has begun either work, as he has written me more letters than I chose to answer about both projects, and wants a letter of recommendation to Johnson, which I cannot give.

"It will be inconvenient that I should leave home, but, sooner than not see you, I will go for a day or two to London. If it suited you to pass a fortnight or a month in Norwich, I should have great pleasure in your visit. Any week, any day, with or without notice, will be convenient to my mother and me.

"Do not you think it would answer to Longman and Co. to annex a 7*s*. 6*d*. Annual Review for foreign literature to the British volume? I should like to cater for such a book, and manage independently. * * * * is a cruel maimer. In Wilson's 'Egypt' I had introduced an original dissertation to prove that the Sesostris of Greek historical romance is the Joshua of the Jewish scripture. I had studied Herodotus, borrowed Diodorus Siculus, and consulted the references in the 'Universal History.' Unhappily these words occurred in the dissertation, which was no digression in a commentary on a history of Egypt: 'It is remarkable that Herodotus ascribes the passage over the Red Sea of the troops of Joshua, or Sesostris, to the use of boats.' * * * * thought this smelt of infidelity,

and put his Socinian extinguisher over the whole paragraph as piously as any Dominican, and yet these Presbyterians have the impudence to call themselves friends to free inquiry.

"I have written to Escher for the 'Systema Bramanicum,' and hope to have it for you when you come. A book which Burnett might make, and which would sell, is 'Beauties of Hume's Essays,' in which all that is infidel or indecent was omitted, and a few of the Appendices to the History interspersed. "Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 50.)

"Keswick, March 21, 1806.

"My very good Friend, but not very good Correspondent,

"Your letter has answered one which was setting off the very evening it arrived. To see you only for a day or two in London would be, like the preserved-apricot odour of the gorse blossom, a tantalizing pleasure. I will come to you. It is four years since we have seen the light of each other's countenance. Life has not many such portions, and heaven knows when we shall be within a day's journey of each other again, for in the autumn I go to Portugal, and cannot tell when I shall return. It suits me to set off in ten days, for the sake of Wordsworth's company on the road, and he cannot delay his departure.

Will it suit you if I should make my appearance on the third or fourth of April? If so, I will cross from the north road. Tell me in your answer, if there be any stage from Norwich to York or Lincoln, either of which places I should like much to make in my way for the sake of the cathedrals.

"I think so well of a foreign Annual, that I hinted it to Longman two or three years ago; and King Arthur once expressed a wish to talk it over with me fully, with a view to arranging a plan. If your scheme should be put in execution, I will furnish you with all in my department, which certainly I will not do for any other person. My seat at the Round Table is resigned, and as they will not send you the books, which would have come to me, this is a dead loss to the Review.

"Harry is to go with me to Portugal. He cannot pass a year more advantageously than in visiting another country, and he will see much of Portugal, as I shall make it my first business after the winter is over to go through the northern provinces. Burnett, I suppose, yawns over his selections, expecting a hearty shove from me when I arrive. Poor fellow! he lives like Elijah by the brook of Kedron, and one is always in fear that the miracle may stop.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor's reply (No. 47.) to this letter is little more than a leaf out of a road-book, furnishing instructions as to the best route by which to cross from the line of the great northern highway into Norfolk. It conveyed also a cordial but unsuccessful invitation to Mr. Wordsworth, to accompany his friend and fellow-traveller to Norwich. Mr. Southey remained there about a fortnight, a welcome and willing guest, eagerly and honourably received in all the most agreeable circles in the place. In the course of this visit he saw and admired the portrait of Dr. Sayers by Opie, which was a conspicuous ornament of his host's library, who requested him to allow his own to be a companion to it, and it was arranged that during his stay in London he should sit to the same artist. The possession of these two portraits was always a source of complacent gratification to William Taylor; the literary eminence of the two individuals, his friendly regard for them, and the fidelity and skill with which the painter had traced their features, were the standards by which he appreciated the intrinsic value of these efforts of art. At his death he specially disposed of them in his will, bequeathing that of Dr. Sayers to Thomas Amyot, Esq., and that of the Laureate to his brother, Dr. Henry Southey,—an appropriate distribution, by which they came

into the hands of those who inherited also his own estimation of them.

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 51.)

"London, Wednesday, April 23, 1806.

"My dear Friend,

"Had I begun to write to you sooner, I could not have told you that your picture was begun this morning, that I had sat two hours in a very fine velvet chair, and that there my portrait is, looking, Mrs. Opie says, quite alive; and, if it does, looking very unlike the original, which is but half alive. London always affected my spirits, but it never before affected my health. I breathe with difficulty, and positively hunger and thirst for fresh air. To help this on, I have so troublesome a cough, that for the last three days I have found it expedient to abstain from animal food, and drink nothing but water; and this regimen I must continue to observe.

"Today I dine in the Row. Our Fathers complain heavily of * * * *, that he undertook to bring out the book in weekly numbers, and would even have commenced it a week earlier if they had not dissuaded him; at the end of the first week he stopped, and only four numbers have been published now at the end of April, the whole volume having been repeatedly promised for March. Thus, whatever advantage might have

been derived from weekly publication, if any it were, has been completely frustrated. Item, that he the said * * * *, in contradiction to their calculations, doth so miscalculate the extent of his matter, that he hath extended the volume regularly to a size which cannot be afforded, exceeding their estimated and resolved number by full 200 pages. Item, that there is much matter which is too dull. Item, that he favoureth not sufficiently the publications of themselves the said Fathers, which they humbly conceive ought to be done by sending such articles into safe hands. The sum-total is, that a great reduction will take place in medical and philosophical articles, and that our well-beloved brother in the Review must curtail his theology.

"*Friday*.—Nicholson's Review has set out badly, and unless his name be strong enough to support it till he gets a more certain supply of better articles, it must drop. Rickman did receive your letter, and thought he had replied to it. If you saw how he is involved in business about Scotch roads and canals, you would not wonder at such an act of omission.

"Of all the Aikins I have seen only the Doctor, meeting him in the Row on Wednesday last. He pressed me much to go to Newington, which I cannot do except at the expense of a day, and a day is more than I can afford. You may per-

ceive how little I am at rest, by noticing that this, scrawl as it is, was begun two days ago. You shall have a fuller and quieter letter when I reach home. 'Madoc' is doing well in all but in the sale. If you do not know the current value of epic poetry at the present time, I can help you to a pretty just estimate. My profits upon this poem in the course of twelvemonths amount precisely to three pounds, seventeen shillings and one penny. In the same space of time Walter Scott has sold 4500 copies of his 'Lay,' and netted of course above a thousand pounds. Your reviewal will do something for the sale, and I think it likely that a small edition may go off with tolerable rapidity.

"I talked with the Pater Noster about a magazine, and they only want an editor. Were you near enough, you would be the only man. As for a Foreign Review, I did not touch upon it, as the string was not in tune.

"Dinner is ready. Excuse me for writing so late and so little. Remember me as kindly as can be to your mother. If Portugal be compelled to drive us out, as I now fully expect, I may yet hope to see her again one of these days.

"God bless you, my dear friend!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 48.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, April 27, 1806.

"I thank you for submitting to the ennui of Mr. Opie's velvet chair; but I hope Mrs. Opie now and then hands you chocolate herself, and talks to you pleasantly. I grieve to hear of your cough; you seemed to me when here in frail health, and to shiver in the breeze too feelingly. If you have any tendency to pulmonary consumption, surely you will do well to smoke tobacco regularly; it resists the hyper-oxygenation of the system. You must think of English remedies; for your visit to Portugal will evidently be interrupted by a French conquest. Dr. Reeve is here, fresh from Germany: he was in Vienna all the time the French were there, and praises their order and discipline and good conduct highly. They left the people of Austria impressed with an opinion that we seized the Spanish ships in order to come at money to bribe their court into a war, and thus the Austrians were taught to hate the English, not the French, for their sufferings. In Prussia, on the contrary, with odd perverseness, the English is the popular nation. The Germans have buried all their genius: Wieland is deaf, blind and moped; Gœthe alone remains. Good sense has not thriven; physical and metaphysical quacks have usurped the thrones of reputation. Dr. Gall

and Fichte are more talked of than Sœmmering and Martens. Eleutherism is out of fashion in the middle class; but there is that universal indifference to everything established in church and state which renders a people plastic to revolution. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria are rivals for the reputation of well-meaning insignificance. Schiller's bust is the toy of fashion.

"Oh, that our ministry would propose to the Emperor of Russia to offer a free constitution to the Germans! They would take the Prince of Denmark for their king, the princes of Saxony, Brunswick, &c., for their house of lords, and deputies from the circles, chosen by landlords, and from the imperial cities, chosen by universal suffrage, for their house of commons. The Austrian and Prussian dynasties might be left to the protection of Bonaparte and the antijacobins. An English parliament, propagating the rights of man, in concert with a German convention, would reverse the moral subjugation of Europe. Germany would be all one planet, and Italy *its* satellite.

"Your news about the 'Annual Review' is rather alarming. I wish you would come and live here, and undertake both that and the Magazine, and make them both monthly publications. To fits of effort I am enough commen-

surate to be your substitute occasionally, even if you were to winter in Portugal. Walter Scott's *great* success surprises me. I should have thought there had been in the indecypherableness of the story and in the omnifariousness of the language a barrier to popularity so diffusive. Yet he has this of prudence, that far from scorning the ordinary, he dwells on our manners, our opinions, our history, our most familiar preconceptions. Goldsmith, the most popular of the recent poets, is remarkable for saying well what it was most obvious to say. Tasso is another dealer in finished common-place, stolen everybody knows where. The far-fetched is not ware for the numerous class of readers ; a trader in glass may make a fortune, who would lose one in jewelry. Both glass and jewels are the better for polishing.

" I have been translating forty pages of Lessing's letters about Gebauer's German History of Portugal, because I had a fancy you should read them ; and now I am contriving to weave them into a critical survey of the writings of Lessing, which the Monthly Magazine expects at my hands. You will, in the second *livraison*, see them more conveniently than in the manuscript. Being apprehensive of coolness with Phillips, I willingly stuff out this 'Critical Survey' with what I shall omit in my 'Notices biographical and critical of the German Poets.' I shall inquire some day of Longman and Co. whether

they will contract with me for three volumes octavo, the first to contain my dramatic translations from the German, and the other two my reviewals and lives and short poetry.

"I am sorry you troubled Mr. Rickman to write. I was curious to know if my letter had been received, because in the note which accompanied Burnett's letter no notice of it was taken; but I have never a right to complain of delay in a correspondent. You tell me nothing of Burnett; but I presume you could only tell me what I could guess,—that his history of Poland is still to begin, and his book of extracts still to plan. You should advise him to resume the dissenting ministry; his friend Mr. Manning has the entire disposal of Filby, which is now vacant.

"From one Manning to another,—Mr. Rickman probably knows and will tell you what is become of Mr. Thomas Manning the Chinese, in whom Henry and I take much interest, in consequence of passing many days in his society at Paris. He should get attached, through our government, to the Russian embassy, which is setting off over land for China, and which has been gutting the German universities of enterprising men of science. Bactriana, Persepolis are to be seen in passing. I wish you well!

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 52.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, May 27, 1806.

"I sate five times in the velvet chair, and each time little less than three hours, though the law is satisfied with one hour in the pillory and at the gallows. Opie will perhaps complain; if he does, put him in the thirtieth chapter of the book of Proverbs, as the fifth of those things which are never satisfied. You, I hope, will like the picture, as every person who has seen it is much pleased. I cannot express to you how strongly I am displeased with Jeffrey's conduct about 'Nathan.' It was at his option to review it civilly or not, as the laws of courtesy and due decorum are not compulsory; but it was not at his option to publish the name of the translator, after the sort of language he had thought proper to use: this was a breach of confidence. I am the more angry because it is a rascally hypocritical article; when Scotch metaphysicians raise a cry for faggots, they richly deserve the fire themselves. I knew the man wrote like a coxcomb; still there was a sort of gentlemanly decorum, from which I did not think he conceived himself exempted, and this he has broken through. You have heard of the rupture between Dr. Aikin and Phillips,—the greatest piece of news since the Prussian war. It happens luckily for Longman, and I do not doubt that

his Magazine will start under the Doctor with the next new year. Phillips will rue this, though the Monthly is well-established, and must needs continue to flourish; but he will lose much of the sale among the dissenters. I shall lend a hand at the outset, and I trust have you for a fellow-labourer.

"I was exceedingly unwell in London: this, however, furnished me with a pretext for keeping within my own circle, so I saw more of my friends and less of my acquaintance than on any former visit to the metropolis. The most interesting thing which came in my way was a Welsh romance of the Round Table, a part of the Mabinogion; its title Peredur, its character as unquestionably savage as barbarous manners and want of connection can make it. I am afraid the translation of these highly curious tales will be at a stand, for, sad to say, Owen thinks of nothing now but Joanna Southcote, of whom, if you do not know much, Espriella in good time will tell you all: he has mixed up her roguery with his own Bardism, and poor Turner is applying sound reason to cure a complaint for which reason has rarely or never been found effectual. I want Turner to add a Welsh to his Saxon history, and have pressed him so to do, urging as my main argument that he possesses the requisite knowledge, which it never will be

worth any person's while to acquire for that specific purpose, and that from born Welshmen we have never anything but crude materials to hope. He has promised to think of the thing, waiting till he sees what new documents the 'Archæologia' may supply in its progress. He talks much of the difficulty of the poems, which seem, like the Hebrew, to be fairly without syntax,—leading words to which you must supply the connecting particles at discretion. Turner wants a little of the poet's and a little of the philosopher's feeling; he does not understand the value of barbarous history.

"George Ellis dined at Longman's to meet me for the first time. I liked him less than I expected, and yet my expectation was not very high; a little too much of the air of high life, a little too much of the conversationist, eyes too small, a face too long, and something in his manners which showed, or seemed to show, that it was a condescension in him to be a man of letters. This opinion may be uncharitably formed, and it is very likely that, with my inside full of fog and phlegm, as it then was, I may have seen him unfairly through a misty atmosphere; but there is certainly that something about him which would always make me greet a man with a distant bend of the body, and a smile that lay no deeper than the muscles which fashioned it,

instead of a glad eye and a ready shake of the hand. You are right in what you say about the preference of talents to integrity; but there must be a certain quantity of right thinking and good feeling about a man, and manifestly about him, to make his society desirable.

"I saw Manning several times, particularly the last evening but one before his departure, and was much impressed with a sense of the probability that we might never meet again. He has not made himself acquainted with all that has been written about China, as he ought to have done: I mentioned several books, some of them in my own possession, of which he had not heard. This is unlucky: he should have known what other people had communicated, to save himself trouble and direct his own inquiries profitably. His project is to learn the language at Canton, and then, if he cannot enter at that quarter, to try on the side of Tartary; but to have joined the Russian embassy till he had acquired the language he thought of little use. I have written to my uncle to procure him recommendations to the Portuguese at Macao, and to their missionaries at Pekin; the letters are to follow him to Canton, and may be serviceable.

"You had not read that ballad, of little or no worth, about 'St. Michael's Chair' for some time before you criticized it, or you would have seen

that Mrs. Penlake was a shrew, that her vow was made with a reference to her favourite wish, and that her husband did not jest upon her death, but simply did not affect to grieve at it. Nothing in Bishop Hatto is meant to be ludicrous: his scoff at the people whom he had burnt is the hinge of the story; rats he called them, and therefore rats eat him. All those ballads, indeed all the poems in the volume, except the two eclogues and the tale of Gualberto, were written for the Morning Post, in which I served my grand apprenticeship to the craft and mystery of verse-making; and that foolish story of Charlemagne is the *worst* written because it was the *first*, before I knew in what language ballads ought to be cast. I hit the tone accidentally in Bishop Bruno, and having hit it knew it was the right one. Neither the Monodrama nor the American Songs had any other reference to 'Madoc,' than that the subjects were supplied by reading for it. One of those songs I think a good one,—the 'Old Chikkasah'; the best images are transplanted into 'Thalaba' and 'Madoc,' but I like the rhythm and spirit of the whole well enough to let it stand. I wish you had drawn out for notice the 'Pig,' the 'Filbert,' and the 'Dancing Bear,' because there is a character of originality in them, —a sort of sportive seriousness, which is one of

my predominant moods of mind. That volume sells,—between six and seven hundred went within the year, and I received £ 22 profit: single small volumes are purchased for presents.

"If I winter in England, 'Kehama' must occupy me instead of the Annual Review. I shall send you the first part of it, interspersed with rhymes *ad libitum*, that you may tell me whether to rhyme on or not.

"Pray remember me to your mother: I do not think of you without thinking of her, and there are few persons whom I remember so often.

"You ask of Burnett: he is at his extracts, and I have made a bargain for them with Longman, which may keep him till the end of the year from starving; but whether he will complete the book, or prefer opening his mouth like a young jackdaw, in expectation that food will be put into it, Heaven knows. Pride will stand in the way of his returning to Filby, and supply the place of principle. It is the only situation for which he is fit.

"God bless you!

"Robert Southey."

"I open the letter to ask you something which I do not like to ask, and yet cannot well help asking. You know I have certain specimens in the press; that W. B. Stevens, whose poems Dr. Sayers lent me, comes in the series, and I

could not find his volume in London to put into the hands of the transcriber: will you transcribe for me any one of the Indian Odes,—whichever you like best,—and then forgive me for asking so troublesome a task? When done, direct it to G. C. Bedford, Esq., Exchequer, Westminster."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 49.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, June 3, 1806.

"I hope you get better in the pure air of Cumberland; I trembled at your cough while you were breathing city-air. Dr. Sayers too is solicitous about your health. Opie is soon to be knighted. I agree with Jeffrey in most things about 'Nathan,' and am well satisfied with his reviewal. The '*find up*' is a Norfolkism. He might have observed that the simple, idiomatic, undress, conversational tone of Lessing's blank verse is faithfully imitated; he did not know that Raspe had already translated the book into prose, and had called in his edition from a similar treatment of the original. I know not how soon I can quit Phillips to go over to the Literary Repository; not while we have pending accounts about 'Nathan.'

"For your specimens I will re-borrow and transcribe an ode or two of Stevens. You know Oldham's poetry, which was once so popular as to go through six editions and is now forgotten?

I read it because it abuses Jesuitism. There is an ode on the death of Charles Morwent, which carries the Cowley manner to higher perfection than Cowley. This ode I have abridged, by omitting the flatter passages, and transmitted it to Dr. Aikin for insertion in the Magazine. He rejects it because it is extract. Shall I send it to G. C. Bedford? it seems to me the very thing for your specimens. Here is a fragment, describing the death of a patient man :—

'So dying tapers near their fall,
When their own lustre lights their funeral,
Contract their strength into one brighter fire,
And in that blaze triumphantly expire;
So the bright globe that rules the skies,
Although he gild the air with glorious rise,
Reserves his choicest beams until he dies.

XIV.

'The sharpest pains thou didst with courage bear,
And still thy looks so unconcern'd didst wear,
Beholders seem'd more indisposed than thee,
For they were sick in effigy.
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchased firmness from its greater load.
Those shapes of torture, which to view in paint
Would make another faint,
Thou couldst endure in sharp reality,
And smile to feel what others shriek to see.

XV.

'Those Indians who their kings by torment choose,
Could ne'er thy sway refuse,
If he deserves to reign who suffers best.
Had those fierce savages thy patience view'd,

Thy claim had been confest;
They with a crown
Had paid thy fortitude,
And turn'd thy death-bed to a throne.'

"A short preface is prefixed to the manuscript, which cannot thence be detached: you will instruct your editor whether to omit it simply, or to substitute something else more in the manner of your other introductory paragraphs. I had not lately read the 'Metrical Tales.' I studiously reviewed them with harshness, thinking the arrogance of sincerity in that instance favourable to the impression of the more important matter concerning 'Madoc.' There is a most stupid misprint which calls you a lewd poet, where the manuscript says just the reverse. I do not wish I had talked about the 'Pig,' the 'Filbert,' and the 'Dancing Bear,' because they are not of a kind to escape notice; they are frequently read aloud in companies, as are the Delia elegies: comic poetry reads better aloud than serious poetry, unless it is very highly finished. Eloisa to Abelard is almost the only serious poem that is resorted to for aloud reading.

"I am glad you saw Manning, and glad you served him: he is near-sighted. Such men are mostly negligent of contiguous observations, literally and morally; they are moved in everything by a radiation from within, not by reflections

from without; they do not see enough of what is beyond their circle of ken to be aware of its existence or value. Manning, with great talent, requires twice the time of another man to make a given quantity of observation: he is fit for a mathematician, for a metaphysician, or for an archæologist. Poets make the best observers; they may become blind, but they are not born near-sighted. A tribe of nativity-casters will at last arise, who, from gaging during infancy the relative sensibility of our organs, will be able to assign us a probable horoscope.

"As to 'Kehama,' be assured that I shall advise riming, and that you will *not* take the advice, but write with or without rime, as happens to accommodate best your improvisatory method of composition. I rejoice that the 'Metrical Tales' sell, because I trust that, when the first edition is exhausted, you will reduce your three volumes of minor poems to two,—the one of ballads, the other of anomalies: there is enough of good for so much volume. As you are to stay in England another winter, I hope you will accept some more Annual Reviewing. Your articles are most interesting, but they are unconscionably long, and do a little account for Arthur's overflow of manuscript; you do not distil below proof, but you get from a pound of book more ounces of essence than another. By

putting down the carriage of my parcels I shall know what weight of work I receive, and am curious to know how much per cent. of text passes over into the reviewer's receiver.

"Phillips has made me an offer of twelve guineas the magazine-sheet for a volume of Synonymy,—six for the liberty of insertion in the Monthly, and six more for the liberty of reprinting 500 copies of the same matter in a separate volume with a proper introduction. I have rejected the proposal; but if it had come from Longman and Rees, or even if the Magazine had gone on *in statu quo*, I should probably have acceded to the project. I wish I knew enough of those Longmans to write to them about such things.

"Robson is to put in Cobbett for Honiton, says a London paper: this is like Horne Tooke's appointment by Lord Camelford. Appoint a factioneer by any other voice than the people's, and he is ruined. "Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 53.)

"Keswick, June 27, 1806.

[This letter is chiefly occupied with 350 lines of the 'Curse of Kehama,' to which the following note is appended.]

"'The Curse' wants force and appropriate

dignity, and suits a witch better than the man-almighty who is to endanger the Trimourtee and drag the gods of the Sorgon through Hell (Padalon) at his chariot-wheels. Encourage me if you can. I suspect that by rhyming only occasionally I shall please nobody, and in truth there is no reason why the rhyme should be used in one place and not in another. You, however, know how little I care for present effect. Try your own ear, and give your opinion as a representative of those who are to read it some centuries hence. You shall have another sheet of 'Kehama' as soon as I can get it copied, for which I have not time myself. I shall very likely finish it this winter, instead of reviewing. God bless you! I had more to say, but must wait another opportunity and a clear sheet of paper.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 54.)

"Keswick, July 8, 1806.

[Another extract from 'Kehama,' with the following conclusion.]

"About as much remains to be re-versified as will fill another sheet, and I shall perhaps re-versify it the sooner for the sake of sending it to you, because it expounds 'the mystery of this wonderful history,' and opens the story more skilfully than is done in any of my former poems.

Fra Paolino's book, when it arrives, will spur me on.

"The ode from Oldham is too late for the specimens, unluckily; for what we could find of him was good for little: I shall be glad if you will lay it by, to take its place in the second edition. Stevens's direct to Bedford, Exchequer, and inclose under cover to C. W. Williams Wynn, Whitehall, writing *private* in the corner. Drayton is not included in the series, which begins with James II. I like his 'Nymphopedia' much, but do not think it his only good poem, though it is, as a whole, his best.

"My articles are certainly something long, but it is well-beloved cousin's theology, and our wretched topography and antiquities, which swell the book beyond its projected size. Do you notice Mrs. Barbauld's hand in the introduction to the poetical articles? Rather than speak in tune with your reviewal of 'Madoc,' she has chosen not to mention any article at all, and writes about it and about it in what my poor mother would have called a presbyterian way.

"I am sorry you rejected Phillips's offer about the Synonyms, because the price is a good one which he offered: he is the best publisher, and, I verily believe, would sell two copies of a book where Longman sells one. I beseech you remember what I said about your statistics: throw

them into shape, and be sure they must make their fortune and do some good in the world speedily. God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 50.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, December 7, 1806.

"To Henry I transmitted all I had to say about the 'Curse of Kehama'; namely, that the description of the funeral, in the incipient Fit, is equal to Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast,' but that I think the plan has the very fault of 'Thalaba,' and busies men about what men take no interest in,—the fulfilment of destinies beyond their foresight or control. There are dreams, prophecies, oracles in the 'Oberon,' and yet the poem interests; but to go to Babylon for a caliph's daughter, and to make a Gretna-green match of it, is in the natural disposition of young men; not so to become impassive for ever and ever to the elements. Mythology should allegorize a moral or a physical cause, and, however boldly employed, should never supersede the human effort or natural contingency requisite to produce the same effect. The 'Rape of the Lock,' where all the machinery was interpolated after the narration of the adventure, is a lesson which well teaches the province of supernatural agency. It should aggrandize and embellish the action by

perpetual circumfusion, and only *seem* to stimulate and partake a bustle, which has its appropriate natural causes. Homer so uses machinery, and so does the author of Exodus; the original form of employment throws light on the theory of its expedient application. There is no occasion to give allegorical names and attributes to the Gods; yet that species of reality which makes of them persons of the poem, real heroes, choosers and causes of the things acted, is still more unfriendly to the reader's love of the Gods. Mythology is in fact a figure of speech too bold for the orator.

"Henry is certainly much improved at Edinburgh. I can detect in him no bias toward any one subject of investigation, no tendency to begin accumulating information in any peculiar department of study, so as to use it eventually for literary reputation; but I make so bad a preacher, being always obliged to hold up myself as a warning, that I must leave him to the correction I am myself incurring.

"A good book I have been reading *through* for the Annual is Ensor's 'Independent Man.' It sketches the course of education and of study which a statesman should undergo. There is sound sense in the thinking, selection in the gnomology, condensation in the style, and method in the distribution; there is much reviewal

of old books, which is oftener original than hitting, and much absence of admiration for the dead or the living; his metaphysics want clearness, his eloquence precision. Do you know anything of this Ensor? He must, I presume, be some Irish gentleman in the politics of Emmet and the revolutionists.

"The reviewer of 'Madoc' in the British Critic chooses passages for dispraise and for praise with taste, though with no friendly temper. Is your new edition to be ready for this Annual? Henry tells me you have blotted very little, which is just, if not wise. A. Aikin sent me the new edition of Milton's Prose Works. Instead of meddling with Symmonds's biography, which was almost my whole duty, I have reviewed Milton's pamphlets one by one, as if they were new publications. It is pleasant to get out of the modern shrubberies in perpetual flower, into the stately yew-hedge walks, and vased and statued terraces, and fruitful walls and marble fountains of the old school of oratory. Such things are not made without a greater expense of study and of brains than modern method requires, and yet there is a something of stiffness and inutility to censure there, and a something of aptness, grace and convenience to applaud here.

"I have been reading some new German Re-

views; but Germany is dead. Wieland, indeed, ekes out his literary being by fresh repetitions, and has sold more novels *à la Grecque* and more dialogues to his bookseller, but the thoughts and characters had been heard and seen on his theatre before. Eichhorn is deserting theology for fact, and is galloping through a compendium of modern history with a rapidity which astonishes even the printer: his new reputation will pay better and fare worse than his old one. Heeren, a man of taste and sense, has published some detached essays on political topics: when I have leisure I shall plunder one or two for the Athenæum. Paulus has not quite completed his commentary on the New Testament. This professor of theology comments the Gospels as legends, compares their structure with that of lives of saints, discusses critically the mythological ornaments, and evolves, as an historian would do, the real biography, which in his opinion was unfoundedly related supernaturally. He has sold a second edition of 1500 copies, and is become the favourite theologist of the empire. His Christianity is natural religion, his Christ an apostle of theism. There is inconvenience in the enfeeblement of sanction, there is convenience in the more liberal morality, which, with such interpreters of Scripture, the pulpits would have to recognise. I like Eichhorn better

than Paulus: there is less micrology, less tweezering at trifles, in his erudition; there is less dryness, more fancy, in his style; his mind is more comprehensive and prospective.

"There is much good sense in Roscoe's speech at the Liverpool dinner. He proposes in parliamentary reform the very step to which the adversary could now with least inconvenience accede; so in slave-trade, so in charterage. This is the grand art of obtaining piecemeal reformation. He is likely to concenter a vast mass of national confidence, to interest powerful bodies in crying him up, and to become a parliamentary chieftain of eminence. Among the new men of whom one has yet heard, he promises most.

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

The 'Iris' and Critical Review having ceased to occupy William Taylor's time, his contributions to the other periodicals with which he was connected increased both in number and importance, especially those which appeared in the Monthly Magazine*.

* During the years 1805–6 the following articles were furnished by him for that miscellany:—

Vol. XIX.—The Enquirer, No. 25. "Are ideas of sensation or ideas of abstraction the most simple?"—Further elucidation of "Who wrote the Wisdom?"—The First Part of the Life of Lessing.—The Reviewal of Madoc, in "The Half-yearly Retrospect of Domestic Literature."

Vol. XX.—A Defence of the Theory of Abstract Ideas, in

The 19th volume of that work contains a metaphysical disquisition, in which on many points he dissented from Locke, of whom he says, that "he is a perspicuous, not a precise writer; he passes for clear because he is simple, but he often makes assertions that are unproved, and sometimes that are unintelligible." In this paper one of the propositions in the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' is discussed; and in direct opposition to that authority, the writer endeavours to prove that "abstract or general ideas are the more simple, and sensible or particular ideas the more complex."

In the same volume he inserted further elucidations of 'Who wrote the Wisdom?' The original dissertation on this subject was published in the 16th volume, and the object of it, as stated

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reply to an attack made by Mr. Capel Lofft upon the Essay in the preceding volume.—The concluding part of the Life of Lessing. — Contributions to English Synonymy.—Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters.

Vol. XXI.—The first part of a Critical Survey of Lessing's Works —Remarks on Mr. Pytches's projected English Dictionary.—Contributions to English Synonymy.

Vol. XXII.—Two papers in continuation of the Survey of Lessing's Works.—A Case in Casuistry; or a Defence of Clergymen who continue in a Church from any of whose Doctrines they dissent.—Contributions to English Synonymy.—One or two articles in the Portfolio, among which that on Tea-Urns, which had previously appeared in Vol. XX., was inadvertently re-inserted.

in the letter to Robert Southey, No. 31, was to show that the founder of Christianity was himself the author of this book. It is strange that a charge of irreligion and impiety should attach to the opinion here maintained; but against such William Taylor had to defend himself, and this led him to pursue the inquiry further. The following conclusion of his argument ought to satisfy the unprejudiced (if in a matter of religious disputation such can be found) that he was prompted by no antichristian spirit in calling public attention to this question :—

"The Ecclesiasticus, therefore, was not only not anterior to the Christian æra, but was actually in the process of composition or inditement at the very time, which of all others most favours the hypothesis advanced in the dissertation 'Who wrote the Wisdom?' One may repeat then with additional confidence, and somewhat extend the original proposition, that the pupil of Sirach, the translator of the Ecclesiasticus, and the author of the Wisdom, must be one and the same Jesus with the Christ of the Gospel historians. Conducive it will surely be found to the improvement of practical conduct among men, that the two books so replete with moral instruction as the Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom should acquire the additional circulation and influence which an origin so peculiar and illustrious is likely to confer. It remains, therefore, to exhort the Protestant churches speedily to replace these all-virtuous writings among their recognised canonical scriptures; and to exhort both Catholics and Protestants so to new-model their creeds, that 'the words of their Master' may be

adapted, not only for the edification of the multitude, but for the confirmation of ecclesiastic doctrine. This, however, is the concern, not of the critic, but of the priest."

A disquisition in which learning and talent are employed to promote such ends can offend none who wish religious belief to be the animated result of inquiry and conviction, not the dull product of dictation and credulity.*

The 'Half-yearly Retrospect of Domestic Literature' was in general little more than a descriptive catalogue of all the publications that had issued from the press during the preceding six months; but in this volume space was afforded to William Taylor for more extended remarks upon 'Madoc,' which however, as he stated in his letter to Robert Southey, No. 43, were only "an epitome of the more formal article transmitted to the Annual Review."

In the 20th volume are four papers of 'Contributions to English Synonymy.' This is the modest title under which he first gave to the

* It does not appear that blasphemy, or even irreverence, was ever imputed to Dr. Adam Clarke, who, in his chronological arrangement of the Hebrew Classics, placed at the head of his list of authors the name of "Jehovah Tsebaoth, the infinitely holy and eternal Lord of Hosts," as the actual writer of the Decalogue; and concluded his bibliographical account of the work by gravely stating, "*that no edition in the original had ever been published separately.*" See 'A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature,' by Adam Clarke, A.M.: London, 1807, pp. 7–9.

world some portions of a work so replete with original information. Those which follow will be enumerated as they successively occur, reserving the comments suggested by them till they appear in their collective form, as 'English Synonyms discriminated.'

Under the head of 'Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters,' William Taylor furnished an infinite variety of short articles on the most uncommon subjects, and frequently compressing into a few lines the fruits of many an hour of laborious study. There is in all of them a raciness of matter which interests and instructs the reader. Among those contained in the 20th volume are the following: 'On Acratus, the winged Bacchus;' 'On the first Encyclopedy;' 'On the Origin of the names of Bombycene, Camlet, Diaper, and many other articles of manufacture;' 'On Marbled Soap;' 'On the Date of the First Book of Maccabees;' 'On the Epigram;' 'On Tea-Urns;' 'On Egyptian Breweries,' &c. Two of these may be quoted as samples of the research employed and the gathered spoil.

"Encyclopedy. Who first contrived these dictionaries of omniscience, which are become the cisterns of all modern knowledge? Hermannus Torrentinus of Zwol, in the Dutch province of Overyssel, printed in 1510 at Haguenau his alphabetic *Elucidarius Carminum et Historiarum.* An augmented edition was published

at Paris in 1567, entitled *Dictionarium Historicum, Geographicum, Poëticum, auctore Carolo Stephano,* which had a vast run. The success of this work occasioned Nicolas Lloyd to publish at London, in 1670, a similar dictionary in folio. At Basil, in 1677, Hoffman edited his *Lexicon Universale.* Harris's *Lexicon Technicum,* printed at London in 1704, seems to be the earliest vernacular attempt of the kind; and Chambers's Cyclopædia to be that which imposed the now appropriated denomination."

"Tea-Urns pass for a modern and British invention; their application only is new. I have seen among the findings at Pompeii, preserved in the museum at Portici, an urn containing a hollow metallic cylinder, for the insertion of a red-hot iron, in which water was thus kept boiling. The whole apparatus, in form and structure, closely resembles our own utensils. Hero, in his *Pneumatica,* describes this machine by the name *authepsa.* Cicero mentions it, in his oration for Roscius Amerinus, as of Corinthian origin. The Chinese have it not, for in Kieu Long's 'Ode on Tea' he describes a kettle on the fire."

The third volume of the Annual Review contains not less than eighty-five articles of which William Taylor was the writer, being a fifth part of the whole. Some of these are of course short, and there are also among them instances of his having reviewed a second time works of which he had previously given his opinion in the Critical Review. In these he was equally careful to avoid discrepancies and repetition; he treated the subjects differently, but with a strict adherence to

"Ecclesiastical allegiance is always conditional; it is to be had at the price of professing and patronizing the doctrines of the church, and at no other. As it provides a numerous party of ready-made subjects, it is of immense importance to upstarts and usurpers, who have usually owed their stability to becoming benefactors of the clergy. Thus Constantine among the ancients, Henry IV. among ourselves, Pepin and Bonaparte among the French, sought and found in the alliance of the church an adequate prop for an intruded dynasty. Where usurpations are frequent, the church naturally becomes a stronger authority than that represented by the sovereign. In those perturbed times, when the military chieftain of the district was continually varying or removing, the quiet multitude wisely sought for the fixed shelter of the church. Priestly power at that æra was more subservient to peace, to judicial equity, to the definition of property, to domesticity, to plenty and to public amusement, than the eternal feuds and wars of the barons and the kings. When not a nobleman could write or cypher, every village needed its notary-public and found one in the priest. The conquests of the Goths, and next of the Lombards, in Italy, taught the Romans experimentally how important it was to place the registers of marriages and the titles of property rather under the ecclesiastical than the civil magistrate, —under the party which retained the respect of every fresh conqueror, than under that which he plundered and superseded. Boethius might wish to revive the authority of the senate, and to trammel the Gothic sovereigns with a parliament of civil lawyers, but it is probable that no force feebler than that of superstition could have given any laws at all to the barbarian invaders. The tacit consent of the wise went with the progress of ecclesiastical authority. Not the virtues of the Popes,

not the confidence of the instructed in the domineering persuasion, were the causes of that power, but its real and felt expediency then and there. After a third part of the lands of Lombardy had been distributed among Gothic captains, who acknowledged no laws but those of their native pastures, what force was to call them to account for deeds of violence and rapine? It was only by giving to interdict and excommunication—the weapons of the priesthood—an artificial value, that these ignorant men of might could in any degree be subjected to the public opinion of the wise. Such experiments were first tried with success on the small scale in Italy, and were afterwards applied with a prodigious boldness to whole empires, when the Italian missionaries had established concatenated churches throughout the barbarous sovereignties of the north. The influence of the clergy may be incompatible with the higher degrees of civilization, but it is certainly favourable to the lower; and it will be found to have been progressive in Europe only while it was wanted to keep alive the very elements of literature and justice. The pursuit of uniformity of opinion, now fitly considered as an attempt no less pernicious than vain, admits of some apology in a military age, when every appeal was to the sword. The civil wars of contending sects could not then have been repressed by the strength of the magistrate, or prevented by the useful contempt of an indifferent majority. Controversy in a learned age stimulates and advertises learning; it is most in its place when it merely influences the distribution of some parish lectureships and college livings, and, without appealing to the sovereign or dividing the senate, secures from the attracted participation of the people an adequate recompense of advancement to the excellent antagonists on both sides."

The 'History of Freemasonry' revived a subject to which he had devoted considerable attention during his controversy with the Abbé Barruel, and on which further inquiry produced additional information. The long series of articles in the third chapter is distinguished by an uniform and able advocacy of principles, which either originated with him, or which he was among the earliest to adopt and inculcate, and which the force of public opinion or state necessity has subsequently compelled legislators and sovereigns to act upon. The dark periods in the history of the stem-tribes of the world he endeavoured to divest of the added obscurity in which it has been involved by the fabricators of legendary marvels, and to trace its connection with and influence upon the habits and pursuits of the civilized descendants of those remote and imperfectly known barbarians. The attention of the general historian he studied to divert from the showy and attractive narratives of war and conquest, to the progress of political science and those arts of peace which tend most to advance the improvement and happiness of man. These appeals to the better dispositions of human nature have not been without effect: during the exhaustion consequent upon years of protracted strife they have been willingly listened to, and have undoubtedly had considerable weight in

inducing ambition to allow a quarter of a century's repose to portions of our globe which had never before enjoyed such a respite from the desolating conflicts of hostile bands.

The articles which had reference to European politics,—a subject on which, as he said in one of his letters to Robert Southey, *he felt himself strong*,—were written in the same strain and spirit as that which has been extracted from the 'Iris' of April 3, 1803. He certainly took the lead in recommending the excitement of popular enthusiasm as the only means of opposing an effectual resistance to the extension of French dominion, and in urging for this purpose the offer of elective legislatures and free constitutions to the enslaved nations of Europe. In the hour of extreme danger the half-ruined potentates of the continent reluctantly and tardily adopted this course, and by insincere professions of liberality aroused their subjects to a strenuous and successful rebellion against the arbitrary authority of Bonaparte. Many of the minor states of Germany owe their representative forms of government to the feelings awakened and the pledges given at that period; and are little aware that the earliest advocate of their claims to these rights was a citizen of Norwich, who in his youth had been educated among them, and shared the fervent aspirations of their people for

a state of social regimen favourable to the full development and free exercise of every faculty of the mind. In reviewing the many pamphlets to which the struggles of party and the competing interests of powerful classes at that time gave birth, he particularly directed his attention to the question of Catholic Emancipation and the laws that restricted the importation of corn. On the former of these topics, and on the general state of Ireland, his reasonings assisted in awakening that powerful sense of moral justice and social right, before which, after a struggle of nearly thirty years, the most inveterate prejudices finally gave way: his name, indeed, was not conspicuous among the advocates of the cause, but his strictures in the Annual Review certainly contributed to prepare the overthrow of those antiquated barriers which had too long excluded the Catholics of this empire from their due position as citizens of a free state, and of which infatuated bigotry still idly dreams of reconstructing the scattered wreck. On the subject of the corn-laws he cited strong facts and used impressive arguments to show their impolicy and injurious tendency; in this, as in all other cases, preferring the interest and happiness of the many to the emoluments of a privileged class. Of his other papers in this volume, the most important are, Corry's Life of Priestley,

Witherby on the Jews, Basil Montague's Selections from the Works of Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Bishop Hall and Lord Bacon, and Scott's Dissertations.

Nearly an equal portion of the fourth volume is occupied by William Taylor's articles. They are fewer in number, but in originality and importance they are superior to most of his preceding contributions, and they extend also over a greater variety of subjects, including even some theological works. These did not properly belong to his department, and were sent to him by mistake; but so ready was his information and so alert his industry, that the reviewals were completed and sent in before the editor had discovered the error. The note exhibits the amount of his labours in this volume*.

* Chapter I.—4 & 5. Popham's and Leith's Account of Prince of Wales's Island.—7. Beaver's African Memoranda.—12. M'Callum's Travels in Trinidad.—15. Parkinson's Tour in America.—21. Boulton's Sketch of Upper Canada.—22. Sketch of the Present State of France.

Chapter II.—1. Holmes's Vetus Testamentum Græcum.—5. Inchbald on the Fall of Man.—24. Partridge's Sermons from the French.—57. Peace on Earth.

Chapter III.—1. Wilson's History of Egypt.—2. Belsham's History of Great Britain.—3. Orme's Historical Fragments of the Mogul Empire.—4. Rainsford's Account of Hayti.—5. Sir J. Sinclair's History of the Public Revenue of the British Empire.—6. Adams's Roman History.—7. The Earl of Selkirk's Present State of the Highlands of Scotland.—8. Wyvill's Political Papers.—9. Reasons why the Society of

The growing prosperity of the new settlement on Prince of Wales's Island is glowingly described in the first of these articles, which concludes thus :—

"The real lamp of Aladdin is that on the merchant's desk. All the genies, white, olive, or black, who people the atmosphere of earth, it puts in motion at the antipodes. It builds palaces in the wilderness and cities in the forest, and collects every splendour and every refinement of luxury from the fingers of subservient toil. Kings of the east are slaves of the lamp; the winds

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Friends should not vote for Members of Parliament.—10. An Attempt to rectify the Public Affairs of the Empire.—11. M'Diarmid's Enquiry into the System of National Defence.—12. Poole's Reply to Gardiner.—13. Intercepted Letters.—14. Sir James Steuart's Works.—15. The Policy and Interest of Great Britain with respect to Malta.—16. Thoughts on the Protestant Ascendency in Ireland.—17. Lemesurier's Examination of the Roman Catholic Claims.—18. Melancthon's Letter to Dr. Troy.—19. Cockburn's Dissertation on Civilization in India.—20. Asiatic Annual Register for 1802–3.—21. Commerce and Navigation of the Black Sea.—23. Defence of Monopoly.

Chapter VIII.—3. Franklin's Memoirs of G. Thomas.—16. The Life of Gellert.—19. Memoirs of Lord Nelson.

Chapter IX.—4. Herbert's Icelandic Poetry.—5. Beresford's Song of the Sun.—16. London Cries.—20. Southey's Metrical Tales.—34. Southey's Madoc.

Chapter XIII.—3. Bristed's Society of Friends.—4. Sayers's Miscellanies.—5. Peacock on Dancing.—6. Miller's Retrospect of the 18th Century.—8. Andrews's Free Disquisitions.—11. Light Reading at Leisure Hours.

Chapter XVI.—3. Luccock on Wool.

Chapter XXIV.—1. Anderson on Commerce.—2. Dubost's Merchant's Assistant.

blow and the seas roll only to work the behest of its owner."

In the account of Capt. Beaver's attempt to establish a colony on the Island of Bulama occur the following observations, the object of which has been subsequently accomplished in a climate better adapted to European habits than the tropical regions of Africa, by our permanent acquisition of the Cape of Good Hope:—

"What remains for national consideration is, the expediency of reviving a disposition to form settlements in Africa. This is the only quarter of the world in which British language and British commerce have struck no root; to which the advantage of our laws, the benefit of our protection, the civilizing influence of our manners, our intercourse, and our literature have not been extended. It is the bed of a soil which we have not attempted to cultivate; the atmosphere of a climate which we have not endeavoured to purify; the home of a barbarism which we have not sought to dissipate; the seat of a slavery which we have not taken steps to abolish. Let us try. The solid pyramids of African antiquity attest the possibility of labour in vain; let the hollow warehouses of modern industry demonstrate the possibility of labour to advantage. The first roads will only be accessible to the keel; but the next to the camel and the elephant; to fleets will succeed caravans; to a coasting-trade, internal traffic."

M'Callum's 'Travels in Trinidad' suggested to William Taylor many acute remarks and useful hints, both on the general principles of colonial policy and on the mitigation of negro-slavery.

These are embodied in his reviewal: and if the system there recommended had been tried in that island, it is probable that the experiment would have led to the abolition of slavery at an earlier period and on safer conditions, without exciting so hostile an irritation among the planters, and without exacting from the mother-country that generous but lavish pecuniary sacrifice, by which this desirable end was ultimately attained. His plan may be collected from the following passages:—

"Trinidad is a recent acquisition, thinly and variously peopled, which is soliciting from the hands of the British legislature new and purer constitutional laws. Why not make the experiment of a code more liberal to the black colonists than that which has hitherto prevailed in the West Indies?"—"As soon as the imported slave is sold by auction, let him be termed a vassal. Let the act of his being purchased by a British landowner better his condition and confer some of the privileges of freedom. By passing from the hands of the slave-merchant to those of the planter, let him become, according to the apt definition of the Roman law, *ascribed to the soil*; let him acquire a right of settlement on the estate to which he belongs; let the land which he is to cultivate be compelled to afford him a maintenance in the hour of disease and during the twilight of decrepitude."—"The right of transferring vassals from one estate to another seems incapable of limitation so long as the country is under-stocked with labourers. Whenever the number reared shall exceed the demand for labourers, the claims of negroes for maintenance on the estates to

which they belong will become burdensome, and then voluntary emancipations will abolish vassalage in the same manner as it has been dropt in modern Europe. In the meantime vassals must be saleable between the planters; because the act of sale, transferring a claim of maintenance to a different tract of land, is as necessary to authorize migration under the West Indian system of poor-laws as a parish-certificate here. Something could be done in the new constitution of Trinidad to facilitate the acquisition of a *peculium*, or individual property, by the negro vassalry. At present the blacks keep fowls and pigs, and out of savings so acquired purchase their little luxuries; but a specific price might be set on emancipation, so as to enable the industrious to buy their freedom; of this price a part should go to the state, which would thus be burdened with the maintenance of the free poor. We should find, however, as in Poland and Russia, that it would only be worth the while of skilful mechanics, such as carpenters or blacksmiths, to incur the precarious subsistence of a free labourer."

No. 22. contains some shrewd observations on the then political state of France, and a curious speculation, in the true "Taylorian"* style, on the advantages which Bonaparte might confer on that country by transferring the seat of government from Paris to Bordeaux:—

"If Bonaparte wishes for trade, ships and colonies, he must transplant his metropolis to Bordeaux. Commerce can do nothing for a town situate like Paris. It is inaccessible to shipping and inconveniently approached even by boats: the Seine is a rapid stream, and in some

* See vol. i. p. 62.

degree a torrent; in dry seasons the shoals are hardly evitable. Many advantages would attend the transfer of the seat of government: instead of the profligate population of an idle metropolis, Bordeaux would offer an orderly multitude accustomed to maritime and industrious habits; a less vigilant and intolerant police would suffice to preserve order; the prevalence of occupation would check the tendency to revolutionary fanaticism. In a commercial town public opinion operates habitually in favour of peace, of justice, of respect for property, not in favour of mutations that will supply talk. The tendency to French encroachment will eventually spend itself on Spain, and through Spain on the coast of Africa. Bordeaux is a more convenient site of sway for an empire growing in that direction, and it is securer from the approach of German or Russian armies. Paris was built while civil architecture was in its infancy: the private houses are inconvenient beyond corrigibility; no water is laid in to the apartments, no staircase is private, no room but is a thoroughfare. The loss of labour occasioned by the perverse distribution of the apartments makes the difference of a servant per family. The streets are as absurdly contrived as the houses; they are all narrow and without footways: there is no remedy but to rebuild. This re-construction might as well take place elsewhere. Paris might remain the Athens of the French empire, the seat of colleges and museums, of literature and art; but the Rome, the imperial city, should be stationed on the imperial river, open to the ocean, should have navigable access to the interior, and be the natural mart of interchange for everything domestic with everything foreign. Paris has seen its acme: demolition may awhile conceal the progress of ruin and desertion, and embellish the increasing vacancy, but commerce is become so much

more powerful a principle in the creation or annihilation of cities than the expenditure of courts, that the return of an eminent prosperity is improbable to a place so ill-situate for traffic and circulation."

The first of the papers in Chapter 2. is devoted to an essay on the book of Daniel, the object of which is to show that there were two Hebrew writers of that name, one contemporary with Darius and the other with Judas Maccabæus; that the latter composed or compiled the book which bears his name, and that considerable portions of those which are commonly assigned to Isaiah, Jeremiah and Ezekiel may more properly be ascribed to the former Daniel. The arguments adduced in support of these opinions extend to a great length, and evince a close and minute study, not only of the Scriptures themselves, but also of Josephus, Herodotus, and Michaelis, who are cited to confirm or explain them. After investigating with much learning the events of the two periods, the situations and views of the principal actors in them, the characters of the narratives in which they are recorded, and the style of the various compositions referring to them, the paper concludes thus:—

"Suppose the poems here enumerated to have been separated from the other Scriptures on grounds sufficiently convincing, they will be found to contain poetry of superior quality. This Daniel would be far the great-

est of the Hebrew bards, and worthy to have his odes inscribed on the walls of the palace of Persepolis. Nor is it unlikely that the decypherers of the arrow-head characters there engraven are actually making an addition to the circulating mass of his productions. Education and intellect of that high order which distinguish Daniel were too rare in the times of Darius to allow much range of choice in the selection of his panegyrist. Enough, we trust, has been said to prove, that the book commonly attributed to Daniel may with more probability be ranked among those which were composed about or after the times of the Maccabees, than among the older scriptures of the Jews."

It is no part of a biographer's duty to undertake the defence of opinions that may have been entertained or advocated by the subject of his memoir; but to assert for him the unrestricted right of private judgement, exercised in erudite inquiry and temperate discussion, to vindicate the integrity of his motives, to blunt the shafts of calumny and repel the assaults of persecution, are offices of friendship which justice sanctions and demands. The freedom with which William Taylor investigated the Scriptures has incurred the imputation of impiety and profaneness from many who possess neither the knowledge of those venerable writings which he studiously cultivated, nor the respect for them which he sincerely cherished. It is true that he regarded them as human productions,—his conception of the Supreme Spirit was too elevated, too reverent, to

allow him to think otherwise,—and he therefore considered them as liable, not only to the errors and imperfections from which no work of man was ever exempt, but also to the additional obscurity in which their high antiquity and transmission by manuscript through long centuries of barbarism could not fail to involve them. But he did not on that account ridicule their histories or sneer at their injunctions: his philosophy was not of the *nil admirari* school; it saw truth in everything,—often, indeed, disfigured or concealed,—and, *audax omnia perpeti*, endeavoured to hunt it out, fearless of the difficulties and dangers that beset the way. He thus looked upon the Scriptures as a treasury of important information and valuable instruction, and strove, by a clear exposition of them, to develope more fully their worth and extend more widely their usefulness. Every religion had its commencement in an age of ignorance, when the fiercest passions and most brutal sensuality were to be overawed and subdued. It was well, therefore,—nay, it was absolutely necessary,—that every priesthood should invest their oracles with a divine character, by ascribing them to a superhuman origin. But to exact on this point the same submissive credulity now from the learned as then from the unlettered is an error, which if persevered in must prove more and more injurious to religion, in

proportion as education advances and knowledge is diffused: it cannot consist with those exalted views of divine perfection which enlightened piety rejoices to contemplate. It indicates in those by whom it is enjoined rather an indolence that fears to be disturbed, and a love of power that deprecates interference, than the influence of that spirit of truth which seeks only the improvement and happiness of our race. This spirit prompted William Taylor's inquiries. His interpretations may have been erroneous, his conclusions fallacious, and his ideas visionary; if so, let them be controverted by fair argument; charges of impiety and profaneness prove nothing. He had at least the rare merit of discussing these questions without acrimony or irony, and with a calmness of temper not often witnessed in theological debate; and if not successful himself in accomplishing the work, his attempts will guide future commentators to the mode of preparing the soundest and most instructive digest of the Jewish Scriptures. Of the other papers in this chapter, No. 5. contains a curious theory of original sin and regeneration; and No. 24. a terse, but not very flattering estimate of French pulpit eloquence.

In No. 3. of Chapter 3, the following comparison of some of our principal historians is marked by that felicity of delineation and powerful exhi-

bition of contrast for which William Taylor was so distinguished, and of which instances have already been extracted from other parts of his writings:—

"Gibbon is the greatest of our historians: for appropriate learning and research, for judgement and sagacity in the conciliation of testimony and in the appreciation of character, for force of thought and stateliness of diction, he is alike admirable; the fault of his matter is the disproportion of its parts,—of his style, to narrate in abstractions. The second rank must be conceded to Hume. The author of a dissertation on the literary history of Scotland, prefixed to some recent lives of the Scottish poets, has thought fit (p. 167) to attempt the degradation of Hume below Robertson, with a zeal more honourable to his Christian than to his critical orthodoxy. Of Robertson's high merit we are amply convinced. His best history, however, is that of Charles V. Great part of the work respects the affairs of the Germans, yet he does not appear to have consulted a single one of their native vernacular writers on the subject of these affairs; he is deficient therefore in the first quality of an historian, *research*. In Thucydides, in Tacitus, in Machiavelli, one admires a strength of mind, an energy of intellect, a thinking force, which sometimes reveals itself in their burning words, sometimes in the sharpness of their personal characterizations, sometimes in the depth of their moral and political inferences and reflections: but who can find up in his commonplace book a single striking maxim extracted from the writings of Robertson? In what are our statesmen the wiser for his narration?—by the facts alone. He is deficient then in a second desirable quality of the historian, which might not inaptly be termed *thoughtfulness*. Hume also

wants research. The history of the house of Tudor was his first and his best historic effort; that of the house of Stuart is partial and not sifted; his ancient history of England is notoriously inferior to that of Milton. But Hume displays the thinker, exercises the philosopher, and instructs the statesman. Robertson's whole knowledge seems confined to his topic, Hume's to embrace every other; yet Hume is the most excellent when he draws, not from without, but from within. The style of Robertson is plain, not always clear, though often picturesque. The style of Hume is tame, but beautiful; it is far superior for purity, euphony, precision, and selection of ornament, to that of Addison, whom he imitated; it is the transparent garb of ideas shapen with the chisel of a master. Without the strength of mind or the classical learning of Gibbon and of Hume, Mr. Orme excels the former in the proportion and disposition of his matter, and the latter in inquiry and fidelity. His preliminary dissertation has been compared and preferred to the introductory book of Thucydides, to whom he is only inferior in not decorating his speeches and narrations with the inferences of a sententious wisdom. Orme is a more instructive historian than Robertson; practical men can rely on the one, not on the other. Compare the siege of Pondicherry, at the close of the first book of Orme, with the siege of Metz, in the eleventh book of Robertson; a military man will better know how to invest Pondicherry in future from Orme's accounts, but nobody can learn from Robertson how to defend or attack Metz. The use of history is to preserve the lessons of experience.

"In the characterization of individuals Hume draws his inferences from facts and observations, not from the balance of testimony; but Robertson leans wholly on the accident of testimony, and sooner than miss an op-

portunity of drawing a parade character, he gives a fictitious importance to insignificant men. Thus for Pope Marcellus II. he provides as pompous a panegyric as if this old man had been elected for his efficacy and not for his decrepitude. The character of Luther, again, is a mere repetition, and a very tedious one, of ecclesiastical puffs: his low buffoonery, and his insincere use of vulgar credulity, in asserting the apparition of the devil, and in professing to receive the Apocalypse after having denied its canonicity, when he found it could be employed as a tool against the church of Rome, are suppressed, not dishonestly, by Robertson, but from ignorance of facts, which he seldom looked for at the source. How superior is Orme's character of Dupleix (book v. year 1754), where the grounds of every panegyric are recorded, and the most exemplary and exquisite justice is shown to an enemy! Orme is superior to national prejudice, Robertson imbued even with sectarian; Orme contents himself with noticing what is peculiar, Robertson prolongs his delineation with scholastic phrases of universal applicability; Orme paints from nature, Robertson from books; Orme with the precision of portraiture, Robertson with the vague distortion of the rhetorician; Orme has too great a crowd, Robertson too thin a group of agents; Orme owes our neglect to the strangeness of his personages, Robertson our favour to the celebrity of his; Orme is growing on our interest with the empire whose origins he sketched, Robertson is fading on our interest with the dissolution of the religious and political parties which he described, but did not dare to criticize; Orme has the raciness and foliage and verdure of living history, sprung up among men and on the spot, Robertson the scar-divested stateliness of the monumental trophy."

Again in No. 4, he thus questioned the literary merit of the Abbé Raynal:—

"The introduction contains an analysis of the principal sources of intelligence consulted by the author. He calls the Abbé Raynal's work an able compilation: we think otherwise. The information it offers concerning the West Indies may be more trustworthy than that concerning the East Indies; but he who asserts after the Abbé Raynal, risks rashly, and he who inquires after him will usually find that much was narrated as true which is wholly invented and fictitious, that more was already known than his pretended diligence collected, and that his declamatory inferences are politically unwise. The Abbé Raynal's is in the literary world a dropt book: his intelligence is derivative, and his sources must all be re-consulted."

No. 5. contains, among many sound statistical observations, a curious philippic against national frugality, which it compares to a "Rumford kitchen; what it saves in coals it spends in machinery, and varies the form of waste without much affecting its amount." The ingenuity of this doctrine will always be amusing, although it was better adapted to meet with practical admirers at the period when it was written than in later times. But William Taylor was always desirous of giving fair play to every opinion, and to let every possible argument be heard in favour even of a bad cause: for this purpose he would sometimes be its advocate himself, confident, as he often said, "that the right side would

more surely preponderate after the real weight of the opposite scale had been satisfactorily ascertained."

The following remarks on emigration, in No. 7, are written in a prophetic spirit, foretokening the achievements of the present day: they will be read with interest by those whose patriotism is warmed while they behold the glory and power of their country daily advanced by the peaceful triumphs of colonization:—

"The chief cause of prosperity among the numerous classes in Great Britain is that spirit of emigration which happily is a national affection. There is no country in which so large a proportion of the people have travelled; none in which so many are constantly employed in migratory occupations, as carriers, drivers, wherry-men and sailors; none in which the tombs of the natives are so distant from their cradles. To die rich, or to die abroad, is the avowed system of commercial enterprise. Discontent with every situation which can be bettered is the meritorious profession of all ranks: a lubber, a stay-at-home, is with us a term of abuse. This is rational. He who expatriates himself confers a benefit on his remaining fellow-citizens; he bequeaths while alive to another the form of subsistence in which he was engaged; he contributes to cheapen food and to raise the wages of labour by withdrawing competition, and thus to facilitate at home early marriage and the consequent purity of domestic morals. His industry, wherever it is employed, will be exchanged for some of the productions of his mother-country, whose manufactures are sure to profit by his consumption during absence. If eminently prosperous he will return at last, and bring

back the glorious recompense of his industry; if but ordinarily successful, he will have still contributed to make the commerce, the language, and the power of Great Britain pervade the distant provinces. . . .Where the Roman conquers he inhabits, says Seneca. Where the Briton inhabits he conquers; and that is a purer praise. He seizes on the wilds of nature and adds them to his empire, by planting there the industry that will fertilize the soil and the laws that will civilize the people. His invasions are made with the pruning-hook and the plough; his levies and contributions are an interchange that is to enrich; his encampments are fairs and warehouses; the corn springs along his path, the city climbs beside his resting-place."

In No. 8. many questions relating to parliamentary reform and the principles of popular representation are freely discussed. It is a powerfully written dissertation of varied tenor, in which, while pondering on portions of the subject considered with calm and temperate reflection, we are suddenly startled by some bold proposition, as novel as it is daring. In some instances, indeed, the leaning to the democratic side is biassed by a too compliant confidence in the moderation and wisdom of the multitude,—the result of an estimable philanthropy, but neither sanctioned by history nor warranted by later experience; but, with such exceptions, its general spirit accords with the changes effected by the Reform Act of 1832. The writer of it not only foresaw some of the immediate consequences that would

attend such an alteration in the constitution of the House of Commons, but also suggested expedients for satisfying, with the least danger to the state, the craving for further change which that event could not fail to create. When he put forth these opinions there was little prospect of his philosophic views being ever realized; but having seen the result of a thirty-years' progress, we are justified in expecting that more will be accomplished. This article deserves the attention of those who are seriously bent on improving the political institutions of our country, not for the exclusive advantage of any one order, but with a due regard to the interests of the whole. Even at that time, the selfish bigotry, manifested by some of the leading advocates of the cause, called forth the following remonstrance, which may now with equal propriety be addressed to an inferior, but more numerous and still more mistaken class of its supporters:—

"It is mortifying to see these would-be reformers behaving like bishops at a council,—intolerant to every aberration from their own confined creed; and while they are complaining of the exclusive spirit of the state, themselves getting up an interior ostracism to defraud principle of its confessors and the poor of their advocates."

Nos. 16, 17, and 18. present some well-reasoned observations on Ireland, and on the

churches of Rome and of England. The following extract from the first of these, while it recites grievances, some of which have been subsequently abolished, exposes the workings of their parent-spirit, which still continues to fret under the restraints to which it has been subjected, and will probably long continue to disturb us by its overweening ambition and arrogant pretensions :—

"So long as the church of Rome and the church of Constantinople agreed in religious doctrine, their common creed had a right to the denomination of catholic, or universal; because it was, in fact, the only recognized and established form of Christian confession; but as soon as the Greek and Latin churches began to marshal under their respective patriarchs and popes and became distinct sects, the term catholic ought to have been dropt. The notorious corruption of the Nicene creed, by the insertion of the words *filioque*, began at the council of Toledo, in Spain, under King Riccaredo, in the year 589. This additional clause can be traced as already accepted by the Gallican church in 791. At the synod of Frankfort, in 794, this innovation was superinduced on Germany, and from the time of the coronation of Charlemagne it may be considered as having become the orthodox doctrine of all that portion of Christendom which recognised the spiritual supremacy of the Pope of Rome. The Roman Catholic faith, which differs from that of the ancient church by maintaining the *twofold* procession of the Holy Ghost, is therefore but a modern heresy, first established in the year 794; and has prevailed in Europe only during about half the interval that elapsed between the founda-

tion of Christianity and the Reformation. The Bishop of Orleans, Theodulfus, seems to have been the person through whose zeal the power of Charlemagne was moved to convene those councils which established this recent and double genealogy of the Spirit; he is therefore the founder of the Roman Catholic sect, the proselytes to which might fitly be termed, in ecclesiastical history, Theodulfians. About seven hundred years later than Theodulf flourished Bucer, who was consulted by Archbishop Cranmer concerning the alteration of the English church, and who appears to have defined those articles of faith which are now held sacred from the Tweed to the Channel. Ireland was first converted by the Theodulfians, and next undertaken by the Bucerists. Four-fifths of the inhabitants repeat the Shibboleth of the one sect, and half the remaining fifth of the other; about a tenth are Calvinists. The Bucerists have attempted to draw the Calvinists into their alliance, and under the common name of *Protestant* to advance a claim of *ascendancy* in Ireland. Assisted by the civil power of the British government, this arrogance has been so successful, that the tythe is collected over all the lands of Ireland for the exclusive benefit of the priests of the Bucerists. A decimal fraction of the community has contrived to confiscate for the benefit of its own peculiar priesthood one-tenth of the annual produce, which is equivalent to the fee-simple of one-sixth of the whole territory of Ireland. This has been accomplished and maintained by the forcible introduction and execution of penal laws against the celebration of mass and other innocent actions of the priests of the Theodulfians (which laws have lately been withdrawn), and by the exclusion of their laity from offices of magistracy, honour, and profit (which exclusion still subsists). Under Elizabeth, and at the instigation of the

Bucerists, one hundred and thirty priests of the Theodulfians were executed at Tyburn and elsewhere, for no other crime than the inculcation of their tenets; so extensive a destruction of priests never accompanied any other persecution, except that by the late atheistical revolutionists in France. Under Charles I., North America was stocked with the exiles of a less murderous, but not less extensive persecution. Under Charles II., two thousand Calvinist priests, who had been inveigled by the Bucerists into temporary alliance for the sake of accomplishing the Restoration, were with the most ungrateful perfidy ejected from their benefices, and had their private property, in the revenues of the church, totally confiscated, without indemnity, by an act of uniformity. What was thus done against the Calvinist clergy, was extended under William III. to their laity: Corporation and Test Acts were introduced, in order to deprive their adherents of all political influence. They yet labour under the same grievous privations as the Theodulfians. During the reigns of George I. and II., a philosophic party gave the tone to our statesmen; the spirit of the hierarchy slumbered; Ireland was tranquil and Britain happy; but the opportunity was lost of removing the legal infringements on the political equality of religious sects, and the evils of intolerance were all to be renewed during the ensuing reign. Every one recollects how much the rebellion of North America was embittered by the apprehension of being visited with episcopacy, and how much the rebellion of Ireland was occasioned by the refusal of Catholic emancipation. Two civil wars is a high price to have paid for our docility to this clergy."

In the remaining articles of this volume much valuable original matter is blended with sound

and impartial criticism. The history of dancing in the review of Peacock's work is a curious and spirited essay. One short extract may serve to show its character.

"The first Christians, in imitation of the Jews, gave balls in their churches. On the eve of great festivals, and after the close of the love-feasts, the young people danced on a stage in the choir. Scaliger thinks that the bishops were called *præsules*, à *præsiliendo*, because they set up the dance. Father Heliot has collected curious particulars of these religious or ecclesiastical balls, which were suppressed by the Council of Carthage in 397, under Pope Gregory. Since that period the idea seems to have been continually gaining ground, that the happiness of man is displeasing to the Deity, and that joyous rites may not form a part of public worship. This prejudice is injurious to the state. Quintilian recommends dancing to the orator, and Locke to the gentleman; but its most important value is to the soldier. Because the French are a people of dancers, they carry agility and skill in the military exercises further than their neighbours. In proportion as the imminence of domestic defence increases, government ought to patronize among the common people a taste for dancing. Instead of roasting oxen whole, kindling bonfires and distributing porter, a victory or a peace should be celebrated by a popular *hop*. Those cotton-mills and spinning-engines, which inflict a sedentary and unwholesome confinement on the adolescent, ought in atonement to cater for their pleasures, and to attach a dancing-master to the establishment. The subscribers to Sunday-schools should provide, after mental fatigue, bodily recreation for their pupils, and engage a dancing-usher to marshal the sports of the children. Not only

musicians, but dancers should be attached to every regiment by the Secretary at War, and stationed in every barrack, that cheap instruction in the art of dancing may everywhere be within reach. The physical education of the poor has too long and too inhumanly been neglected; we steep their youth in ceaseless azotic confinement, and rear a melancholy band of withered and distorted carcasses. Come back to our temples, ye Graces and ye Sports! joy, health and beauty are inseparable attendants of your train."

Many similar passages might be extracted, but the temptation must here be resisted: the collection and preservation of them in some permanent form would be a valuable addition to the literature of the age, and a just tribute to the reputation of the author. The introduction to the review of 'Madoc' requires, however, to be inserted, both on account of its connection with an interesting part of the correspondence with Robert Southey, and of the illustration which it affords of the writer's views of epic poetry.

"The heroic epopeia is justly considered as the most difficult achievement of poetic art, because it requires a combination of so many excellences. The descriptive poet's plasticity of style is requisite for the delineation of scenery; the dramatist's ethic and pathetic expression for the imitation of the manners; the ode-writer's splendid decorations are often wanted to enliven; and the pruning and branching of the story into a compact, proportioned, ascensive, and complete fable, is an art nearly peculiar to this sort of composition. There is in the poetic character a natural antagonism to perseve-

ring effort, which has intercepted more plans of epic composition than even a diffidence in the commensurate power. Most poets conceive vividly; they think in pictures; their ideas breathe, sound, shine, and rival in everything but duration the impressions of sensation itself. During the illumination of their fancy, they apply to the task of composition with delight. But very vivid ideas are commonly transient, as if the act of animation wearied the instruments of thought. Like the hilarity after dinner, which exhales with the vapours of the wine, so the poetic orgasm, when excited, glows but for a time, and requires frequent intervals of less stimulant, less heating, less intemperate imagery. A recurrence to trains of thought repeatedly laid aside seldom continues to interest long; they can indeed be recalled at will, but the more familiar they become the more feebly does their presence arouse attention. Hence the extreme difficulty of persevering through so vast an undertaking as an epopeia. Schiller observed that a drama ought to be completed in a summer. The very personages, which while new would excite in the mind of their creator the highest interest, are likely by degrees to come in and go out of his head without notice. When this state of indifference approaches, there is a necessary end of lively composition concerning their adventures. In the Æneid the interest flags long before the work terminates, evidently because the poet has too much of his task. Dryden projected an epic poem on the restoration of Peter, king of Castile, by Edward the Black Prince; and Pope, on the colonization of Albion by Brutus and Corineus. Both poets felt that they had executed single passages and scenes in a manner to answer the highest claims of art; but they gave up these long undertakings, as likely to outlast the spirit, the rapture, the enthusiasm of endite-

ment, and consequently to want the power of attaching the reader perpetually. The rarity of that combination of intellectual aptitudes which can produce an heroic epopeia, will be the more apparent if one considers how few such works have yet been executed. Spreading languages, as the Hebrew, have flourished and have faded, without wording one eminent narrative poem. Whole millenniums have rolled by, as from Claudian to Ariosto, without producing a distinguished epic poet. Vast nations, as the French, have been celebrated for their literary culture, and yet have failed to grow among their various specimens of eloquence a truly classical epopeia. It is therefore a fit ground for national exultation, when the literature of its language is at any time enriched with so rare and colossal an effort of workmanship, which, like the coffin of Alexander, is to encroach on the very celebrity of its hero, and to be illustrated by volumes of dissertations on shores where as yet its very dialect is unknown. To complete one of these cosmopolite classics, which pass the bounds of their native language, and are recognised throughout the reading world, is of all sources of distinction the most enduring. The fame of the lawgiver and the statesman dwindles, when the institutions which they founded or improved are overthrown; the lasting monuments of the sculptor or the architect crumble into rubbish before the cannon of warfare or the file of climate; but an Odyssey or a Lusiad will survive the nation which produced its hero, and the temples of the divinities which glitter as its machinery. Klopstock in one of his odes introduces Virgil sitting on the steps of the fane of Jupiter Feretrius, and thus addressing the Capitol: 'Thou wilt one day be a ruin, and then the companion of the storm-wind; but my Æneid ——' Nor is 'Madoc' less an heir of immortality."

CHAPTER III.

1807 to 1808.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. SOUTHEY. MONTHLY MAGAZINE. ANNUAL REVIEW. BOLINGBROKE'S VOYAGE TO THE DEMERARY.

Mr. Taylor had now entered upon his forty-second year, still prodigalizing in fugitive contributions to desultory reading the talents and information which his friends had on so many occasions urgently recommended him to apply to the permanent instruction of others. From time to time the consciousness of possessing powers equal to higher aims made him regret this misemployment of them, and projects of greater enterprize for a season occupied his mind. But the habit was not to be overcome without exertions for which he had still no adequate motives. He could appreciate in others the love of honourable distinction; and when it was once remarked in his presence, that Robert Southey's literary labours had been much less lucrative than other and easier pursuits might have proved, he replied with earnest animation, "Robert Southey has written not for money but for fame, and has

been as successful in his way as the merchant who has acquired a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds." But he himself had no ambition; he cultivated literature for its own sake; he was stimulated by whatever was new in fact, in argument, or deduction; he took pleasure in discovering the rare and revealing the hidden. The periodicals of his day were convenient receptacles for the fruits of his research or his ingenuity: his friends detected him by his style, but to the world in general his name was unknown. His peculiarities of opinion and bold inferences sometimes provoked opposition; but, behind the curtain of anonymous obscurity, his contented tranquillity was rarely disturbed by the cares and jealousies of authorial celebrity. Hence his oft-projected execution of some standard work, worthy of his abilities, was continually deferred; and when at last circumstances called his attention seriously to such an undertaking, instead of an original effort of a great mind, he collected these scattered productions of earlier years, which had no longer the charm of novelty for most of his readers, and wanted the unbroken flow of connected thought, the unity of design and pointedness of reasoning, so essential to vigorous and impressive composition. To the common order of intellects such a course may not be injurious, nor indeed to those whose

other merits have already acquired for them an imperishable renown; but William Taylor was unjust to his own reputation, when he endeavoured to raise it on so disjointed a basis. If the exhortations of friendship could have prevailed, those of Robert Southey were frequently directed to this end, and sometimes called forth transient manifestations of good intentions, never to be realized. Repeated instances of this may be found in their correspondence, which still continues to afford interesting extracts.

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 51.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, April 10, 1807.

"I begin to want to hear of you. While Henry was in England, he served as a diagonal mirror, and informed me, without direct inspection, what was going on in Westmoreland, what new ideas circulated, what new enterprizes were brooding, what men of note met at Keswick; but now it is only in the Athenæum that I get at the omniana passing in your brain, or in the Reviews at the new exploits of the Bonaparte invasions of your industry. Your 'Luisa de Carvajal' pleases Pitchford exceedingly; he likes to hear about his fellow-sectaries, their zeal and their martyrdom, and can forgive the quizzing. There is a something in this biography which I never saw so successfully accomplished before. How can I define

it? One degree of voluntary transmigration may be called the *dramatic*,—it consists in entering entirely into the spirit of the character described: this degree produces so much sympathy as to prevent appreciation. There is another degree which I would fain call the biographic, which looks enough into the inner man for his apology, and preserves enough of the externality of a spectator for a just critical estimate. It is this biographer's metempsychosis that is so well accomplished; a mere historian could not have defended a fanatic against abhorrence or contempt.

"I condole with you on the fall of ministers. Without being great men, they surpassed their successors both for talent and intention, for means and ends. Their fall endangers the two greatest of our patriotic interests, the toleration of dissent and the power of parliament. The church fights for its exclusive privileges, the king fights for a veto on the very initiation of laws; but I hope the two houses and the people will this time act in unison and restore the ancient limitations of the constitution. Oh that we had a Pym or a Milton in the House of Commons! This is exactly one of those moments of crisis, in which it depends upon the local presence of oratoric intellect to decide the victory for popular liberty or individual ascendancy. By the bye,

is your visit to Portugal at all likely to be endangered by this change? and how am I to direct to Henry? He told me, in his farewell epistle, that Mr. May would forward my answer; but it is better, surely, that I should letter-box it here.

"Why the Annual Review disappointed us on the 1st of April I have not learnt; I count much always on its arrival; for, besides the pleasure of looking for you in it, I take a childish and singular delight in seeing myself in print, and shall read again, with almost the luxury of original composition, my own account of Milton's works, and Styles on the Stage, and what not.

"I have been sending to the Athenæum a prose 'Who was Sesostris?' in which I prove him identical with Joshua; and a poemet from Ramler,—'Ino,' a monodrama. This was famously set to music by Graun: it begins in wild terror, while she is flying from Athamas; she jumps from the cliff into the sea, and then emerges with a chorus of sea-nymphs and praises Neptune for her resurrection.

"Mr. Opie, who has been at the point of death from an abdominal paralysis, which Dr. Sayers thinks may reasonably be classed with the Devonshire colic, and ascribed to the absorption of the lead vapours, to which plumbers and painters often fall victims, begins to amend. Dr. Alderson went to London, thought him in danger,

advised a change of treatment, from cathartic to strongly stimulant, and has, we hope, given a good turn to the disorder. Dr. Sayers is printing a new edition of his poems, and will then set about a new edition of his prose, including in the same volume his Dissertations and Miscellanies. The notes are inlaid with more far-fetched learning, but the text will be little altered. Can you tell me who wrote the history of the Severambians? I suppose everybody knows but myself, but I am ill versed in literary anecdote and history of single books; the book is to me curious. Wieland steals from it so often that it must have been a favourite in his library; if I had to impute the book by guess, I would fix on Maurice Ashby, the translator of Xenophon's Cyropædia, as the author.

"The invisible agents of the church-and-king party are chalking *No Popery* upon all our doors; here it will only lend zeal to our ward-elections, but in Ireland such a cry will harbinger new civil wars. I have been looking over Voltaire on Toleration, to see if it contains remedies of the mind for our moral distempers; but I think it more fortunate in its title than in its execution.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 55.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, April 13, 1807.

"Just as your letter arrived I was about to begin a Keswick Extraordinary Gazette for you. Great news from my little world!

"When the late ministry saw that out they must go, * * * thought of saving something for me out of the fire; he could only get an offer of a place in the Island of St. Lucie, worth about £600 a-year. There was no time to receive my answer, but he divined it rightly and refused. Instead, one of Lord G.'s last acts was to give me a pension of £200, to which the king 'graciously assented.' You cannot be more amused at finding me a pensioner, than I am at finding myself so. I am not, however, a richer man than before. Hitherto * * * has given me an annuity of £160, which I felt no pain in accepting from the oldest friend I have in the world, with whom my intimacy was formed before we were either of us old enough to think of differences of rank and fortune. But * * * is not a rich man for his rank; so little so, that he could not marry till he got a place; and of course I shall receive this no longer from him, now that it is no longer necessary. Of £200 the taxes have the modesty to deduct £56, and the Exchequer pays irregularly; he is in luck who has only one quarter in arrears, so

B * * tells me, who has an office there. I therefore lose £16 per year during war, and gain £4 whenever the income-tax is repealed, having the discomfort always of uncertain remittances. It is but wearing a few more grey-goose quills to the stump in the course of the year, and in the course of one year I have better hopes than I ever yet had of getting ahead, as you will presently see. The last copy of MS. for 'Espriella's Letters' sets out this night on its way to Richard Taylor.

"I have just a fortnight's close work to complete the revisal of 'Palmerin,' about which I was in fact taken in. Coleridge and Wordsworth spoke to me with admiration of the language of Palmerin of England, as the most rhythmical prose they had ever seen. I knew the original romance; and when Longman, during my last stay in London, said that Ellis had recommended him to reprint it, consented to preface and revise it, correcting the costume, so as to give it in that respect its original value. Well, the book was procured, and when I came to set about it, I found that the translator neither understood French, English, nor the story, which he was murdering. In consequence I have had full three-fourths to translate; for having put my hand to the plough, I would not turn back. By this additional labour I gain nothing, my original

agreement having been, as for 'Madoc,' to share the eventual profits. The cause of mistake seems to have been that Coleridge and Wordsworth had seen the *third* part, with which I had nothing to do: this heavy drudgery is nearly off my hands. Lastly, I have been arranging for the press the remains of Henry White, a truly admirable young man, of first-rate powers as a poet, who killed himself by incessant application, having brought on such a state of nerves by this and by Evangelicalism, that, if he had not died, he would have been probably deranged. He was at one time articled to Enfield of Nottingham, whom I suppose you know. You will be affected by his letters, and will greatly admire some of his latter poems. I tell his story plainly, and then arrange extracts from his letters in such order as to make him his own biographer. Upon his religion I can do no more than simply enter a protest against the supposition that I assent to it because I do not controvert it; for the book may probably get into an evangelical circulation, and, should that be the case, the profits will be useful to his family, for whom he has taught me to take a very great interest. This is nearly done, a few days will complete it; and when this and the 'Palmerin' are off my hands, as they will both be in three weeks (God willing), I shall be at full leisure for things of more importance. What I then devote

myself to is that branch of the Portuguese history which will come under the title of Brazil and Paraguay, and which, though it would otherwise have appeared last in the series, I publish first, as having a temporary interest, and conveying more intelligence respecting that side of South America than can be communicated by any other person in Europe, except perhaps one Frenchman, who has duplicates of most of my materials, in many instances taken from them. My uncle has for about five-and-twenty years collected materials concerning Brazil, and at his desire I offered the late administration such information as they contained. Will you believe that Lord G.'s answer was, that it related to the wrong side of South America? Talleyrand would have sent for me and my papers to Paris, and would have learnt all their contents without a minute's delay. I offered specific information respecting Brazil, its mines, &c., from indisputable documents, and it was not wanted, because our buccaneering schemes are probably directed against the other side of that continent. England has never, in our days, had a minister who looked beyond his nose. About a fourth part of the first volume is done, and I shall perhaps print it volume by volume. Two quartos are the probable extent. I might doubtless obtain five hundred guineas for the copyright; but I will not

sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. This is not all: I cannot do one thing at a time; so sure as I attempt it my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night, and, though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book, not relating to either, for half an hour after supper; and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked) a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves, as much disposed to be out of order as any man's can be. The 'Cid' is therefore my other work in hand; I want only an importation of books from Lisbon to send this to the press, and shall have full time to complete the introduction and notes while the body of the work is printing. It will supply the place of preliminaries to the 'History of Portugal,' and exhibit a complete view of the heroic age of Spain. If I am not greatly deceived, this will be one of the most interesting chivalrous pieces of history that has ever appeared. I had almost forgotten to say, that the reason why you have not received a copy of my Specimens is, that it is delayed for some cancels. Sad work has been made in it by Bedford; he has (between ourselves) played the very devil,

changed my selections, mutilated my sketches, interpolated them, superseded them with his own, and, to crown the whole, omitted so many authors, that I am obliged to make a supplementary volume. When it comes to you to be reviewed, you can find enough matter in the preface to serve you for a text: it is an outline of our poetical history. Lastly, I have to tell you, that before the change of ministry took away all my expectations, I was weary of them, and as some arrangements of Coleridge's made it necessary that I should either decide upon removing hence at a fixed time, or remaining with the house, I have chosen the latter alternative. Here then I am settled—am planting currant-trees, purchasing a little furniture, making the place decent, as far as scanty means will go, and sending for my books by sea, perfectly well contented with my lot and thankful that it has fallen in so goodly a land. I will not ask you to visit me till Harry passes his next summer here, which will perhaps be next year. But come once I trust you will. His direction is with the Rev. Herbert Hill, Lisbon. Of the Severambians I know nothing, having only often seen the title of the book in catalogues. The change of ministry is abominable, though I am an enemy to Catholic emancipation. The last men had done something, and could have done more; they were redeeming the character

which Fox had lost for them; their successors are men of tried and convicted incapacity. The opinion of a friend of ours, who knows much about St. Stephen's, is *Tantara-rara*, and from this opinion I am not disposed to differ. You will see that Don Manuel gives reasons why there must always be a want of talent in the English government, and you may smile when you read them, at thinking that it has pleased his most gracious Majesty to give me a pension. I pray you remember me very kindly to your mother: I am not without hope of seeing her again. If peace would let me, I should go to Holland to look for books about the East Indies and Brazil. Poor Opie! God bless you! "R. S."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 52.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, May 21, 1807.

"I am glad you have gotten a pension, and wish it had been double or treble. Our member, Mr. Smith, has been giving one away here, a sinecure of £200 a year, in the gift of Lord Henry Petty: it ought to have been conferred on Dr. Smith, the botanist,—a man of celebrity,—a man of letters. I shall come and see you at Keswick when I can afford it: that will not be for three or four years. My father vested, when last at Manchester, a thousand pounds of his money and a thousand pounds of mine in Huddersfield canal

shares: this has proved a most ruinous speculation, an annual drain of much more than we can lay by. In three years, we are told, the canal will be completed, and then, instead of an annual call of £160, we are taught to expect a small but progressive dividend. When this yearly outgoing of £160 ceases, I shall be able to divert my literary earnings to the purpose of journeying; while it continues, I must bury them all in the tunnel near Huddersfield. Dr. Sayers desired me to say that, if he knew how to forward it, he should willingly address you a copy of the new edition of his Poems, and that he wishes you were coming to Norwich to take it. The only new English poem is an incipient canto of Guy of Warwick, a comic epopea, never to be continued. The verbal ameliorations are industriously frequent. A great sacrifice has been made by striking wholly out the concluding chorus of Moina, and several other long passages. Dr. Sayers's self-denial in blotting so courageously, and his exquisite taste in correcting so dexterously, deserve notice and imitation. Two bad lines remain, which I would have denounced, if I had seen the proof sheet—p. 31,

> 'Thou stalkest serene through murky air,
> That veils the smouldering ocean.'

There is a Greek version of Lowth's 'Ode from Isaiah,' of which you will admire the Homeric diction. The elections hereabouts have gone

well, by which I mean, in favour of the parliamentary, and not of the royal nomination of ministers. The county sends two coalitionists. The city of Norwich turns out Fellowes for joining the king's ministry, and replaces Smith in the parliament. Yarmouth, usually an admiralty borough, sends one and one. Lynn is swayed by the old interests. I have not heard to whom Castle Rising is sold. I much rejoice in Sir Francis Burdett's success; it will untie the tongue of discontent.

"I believe I shall translate this summer some stories from Tressan, in order to make a saleable Decameron for next winter, that will pay my canal-shares; but this enterprize I shall carefully avoid to associate with my name. George Ellis, in his second volume of 'Specimens of Romances,' mentions me, p. 287, by the name of Leyden, and professes to quote my words, where he does not transcribe one line faithfully*. I hoped by this

* Mr. Ellis's quotation is from Leyden's "Preliminary Dissertation to the Complaynt of Scotland," in which W. Taylor's "Essay on the Celtic Origin of Romance, Rime and Chivalry," in the ninth volume of the Monthly Magazine, is acknowledged to be the source from which he had borrowed a large portion of his materials. This reference was overlooked or disregarded by Mr. Ellis, when he ascribed to "Mr. Leyden, an author of much research and information," the entire merit of the ingenious and learned remarks on the history of Charlemagne, for which he himself confessed that he was indebted to another, although an anonymous writer.

time to hear from Henry of his arrival at Lisbon. Your protectee, White, was clerk to my cousin, the town-clerk of Nottingham: if you wish for any information concerning him, which Mr. Coldham can procure, I am sure he would have a pleasure in communicating it. Of reading 'Espriella's Letters' and 'Palmerin of England,' I count much. I hear no more of the Mabinogion, with which Owen was to have presented us. That man has made a revolution in the antiquarian science of the country. It is a pity he should ever be ceasing to communicate the so inaccessible poems and romances of Wales.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 56.)

"My dear Friend,

"How much better a Decameron might you make yourself than you can translate from Tressan! Tressan Frenchifies and modernizes and Parisianizes everything which he touches; and though I like French cookery, yet their literary cookery absolutely nauseates me, whenever there is one serious ingredient in the mixture. It would cost you little more trouble to draw from your own well, than to rebottle water which he has distilled till it has lost all its life and freshness. Do you remember the story of Thorkill in Saxo

Grammaticus? [book 8.] I translated it ten years ago, with the view of making something out of it. You might easily dress it up into a fine tale. I wish I could see you versify some wild legends, as you versified Ellenore. Were you to make a volume of such things I would gladly repay some old Anthology debts to you, and thank you for giving me a motive to write verse, which without strong motive I am in danger of neglecting, till the habit perhaps may be lost. St. Athendio and the Devil, the Five Martyrs, King Ramiro, Garcia Fernandez, and the Incheefe Well are at your service, and I would do my best to produce something better for you, for I have stories enow to spare. Are you sure that Ellis is not really and rightly quoting Leyden, who may have given your matter in his own words? I have not the book to refer to; but you are aware, I suppose, that there is a Dr. Leyden, a very odd fish, but a man of great antiquarian knowledge and great genius, if he did but know what to do with it.

"Owen lent me, when I was last in town, a tale of King Arthur's Court, from the Mabinogion —truly Welsh and savage. If it be possible to make him get through this work, Turner will do it; but poor Owen is one of Joanna Southcote's four-and-twenty elders, to whom 'Espriella' will soon introduce you, if you are yet ignorant of this mystery of fatuity rather than iniquity. You

will find, too, an account of the Swedenborgian mythology there. If you make a Decameron, take some of their wild reveries for the creed of a tale, and let us see a Swedenborgian romance, a Manichæan one, &c. But, to return to Owen: The tale of Peridur bore no resemblance to any of the other Round Table stories, and, like both the other Mabinogions which I have seen, were of genuine Welsh growth. When the customs of chivalry became prevalent, the popular stories of all Christendom became of one character; before that time the fictions of each people had probably a national character of their own, and these Welsh tales are of that earlier stamp—Celtic Sagas.

Thank Dr. Sayers for me: Longman is always sending parcels to me, and the expectation of his book will give me a new cause for pleasurable impatience, which I always feel when one is on the way: by that means it may easily be conveyed. Tell me what of my books you have not got, that, when 'Espriella' is ready, I may direct Longman to make amends for former neglect. Remember this is a question, and requires an answer at no very remote time, for Richard Taylor has but a few sheets more to print. Of Henry White I have all the information that his own family and his own letters could supply. You will smile to find me editing Evangelical Letters; but you will be struck by the promise of excel-

lence which many of his pieces, especially of the fragments, display. Coldham and Enfield were remarkably kind to him.

"'Palmerin' will appear nearly at the same time with 'Espriella;' I am about the preface. It is not so fine a book as 'Amadis,' which I deem one of the great books of the world; but it is so unlike it, that it cannot be called the second-best. Had I known how much it was necessary to translate, I should never have undertaken it,—about a third, I guess, of the first volume, and not less than four-fifths of the last, nor than half of the second and third. My next work will be the 'Cid,' which you will find *very*, *very* curious. The age of the chronicle is not known; the whole of it, with few alterations, is to be found in the 'General Chronicle,' compiled by order of Alfonso the Tenth (El Cabio) about the year 1250. Which is the transcript, is uncertain. What is fiction must have been at least a century old before it would thus be incorporated into history. There is a metrical history of the 'Cid,' of which the date also is unascertained; but it is the oldest poem in the language, and certainly one century anterior to the Chronicle. Whatever of picture and of costume this contains and the Chronicle does not, I weave in, and also whatever is to be found upon the subject in other works of equal antiquity; and at the end of every section I give

full references. The introduction will give a summary of the history of Spain from the Gothic conquest, and the whole will form a complete picture of its heroic age, and the most curious specimen of chivalrous history in existence, as well as the oldest: it will supply the place of much introductory matter to my 'History of Portugal,' as showing the state of the peninsula at the time when that history commences, the Cid having been a contemporary with Count Henrique, the father of the kings of Portugal. I abhor the cry of No Popery with you; but I dissent from relaxing the laws against it with Erskine and with Ellenborough . . . . If I had resolution enough to set about it, I feel inklings to address an ode to the people of Liverpool, in what may be called the style damnatory. Of Harry we may soon look for news; I miss him much at this season, when he has been wont for the last three years to come with the warm weather, bear a hand at the oar in our evening parties, and give me lessons in swimming. I am angry with you for your No Popery in the 'Monthly,' and I justify the penal laws of Elizabeth and James against its priests, acknowledging at the same time the high merit of those who suffered. There was nothing else to be done: the papists burnt every heretic; we said, be papists if you like, but you shall have no priests; it was self-defence. They began

burning,—which you have kept out of sight,—and they continued it till within about thirty years, and they would begin again if they dared. I am glad to find Coleridge and Rickman agree with me in my intolerance of popery. The measure of Lord Grenville was a foolish one, which would not have satisfied the Catholics, and would have introduced a popish chaplain into every regiment and every ship in the service. I would rather have had the ministry turned out, than that they should have succeeded. But that is not the question now at issue between the king and the constitution, in which of course I go with the constitution; but if ever such a measure is likely to be carried, then I shall cry No Popery as loud as I can.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 53.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, July 31, 1807.

"From Henry I have had a letter dated Lisbon, containing an amusive account of the earthquake which marked his landing; and have seen one from Cintra to his friend Dr. Gooch, so that all our anxieties about his safety, which were beginning when your last letter came, are satisfactorily terminated. I hail the omen, which told him, that on the soil of Portugal he should find no stable resting-place for his foot. Your portrait

by Opie is arrived. It stands beside me, against the shoor of the chimney-piece, still framed in the box of conveyance. We are all delighted with it; 't is one of Opie's best likenesses, and in his best manner: to me it has the one fault of having rendered me less content with Dr. Sayers's portrait, by surpassing it in felicity of execution. You undervalue Tressan: I have translated a few of his stories, and find frequent proofs of his excellence as a narrator. There are modernisms and Parisianisms, which displease; but there is also a picturesque vividness of representation and a rapidity of chronicle worthy of a powerful poet; and the dialogue, especially when quoted, is dramatic, and has ethic costume. I find it, however, expedient to abridge as I go along, or rather to clip out several excrescent parts. Do you know whether the 'Persiles and Sigismunda' of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra is worth epitomizing? I presume it is posterior to the Don Quixote, by the preface, which is all I have yet read of it. I shall look for Thorkill when Hudson Gurney returns, who has a Saxo Grammaticus. Tales in verse I do not project to manufacture in haste; I versify slowly and by fits, and less willingly than heretofore: besides, poetry sells but for a song; and it is in order to pay for the calls of my canal-shares, without diminishing my capital, that I am at present urging myself to literary industry.

I wish you would give a new edition of your minor poems, throwing away a full third of the feebler pieces, and replacing them by the Five Martyrs and King Ramiro, and whatever you have since produced of excellent. You inquire what books of yours I have gotten: 'Joan of Arc,' 'Thalaba,' 'Madoc,' 'Amadis,' 'Espriella,' are on my shelf. The minor poems were so, but I have given them away, and am content to await a purified edition. You should make a volume of ballads or metrical tales only, including the Old Woman of Berkeley, and the former ballads, as well as those reprinted from the Anthology. I suppose I am to review 'Espriella,' but am not bound to attribute to him a real existence. I like the book very much, and doubt not it will be very popular; the mask is well made, but is now and then forgotten. Is it an error of the press that male asses are called *Edward*? here we call them Richard, *alias* Dickey. The 18th letter, on the theatre, is full of novel and impressive truth. The 32nd letter, from Oxford, says that strangers are there called *lions*; here we only call the public sights so, as in etymology bound. The account of Joanna Southcote was wholly new to me, but is made too important. The 73rd letter, on English language, will perhaps supply me with an extract, as well as that on the theatre; but if you have other predilections, speak. The book

has this grand tendency, that it transfers the alarm or cry of danger to the church, to the right quarter; and instead of teaching people to be afraid of philosophy, teaches them to be afraid of fanaticism; but of this tendency the reviewer intends to say nothing. There are points of view in which I dislike popery as violently as you can do; but I can never consent to resist it by any other weapons than those of instruction. The magistrate is to see with equal eye, deist, jew, pagan, theodulphian, bucerist and calvinist. My 'war-whoop' has been attacked in the 'Anti-jacobin' at vast length. I sent to Philips (but he deferred to publish it) one letter of reply to Dr. Watkins. If I had a good library of ecclesiastical history at my fingers' ends I would make a book in defence of that hand-bill. The church of England is less consistent, and not more merciful, than popery. George III. is another Philip the Second, notwithstanding two centuries of progressive light and humanization. Who was Arthur's seneschal? German romances call him Sir Kay, and Tressan Sir Tren. "Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 57.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, Sept. 22, 1807.

"Longman is instructed to send you a copy of 'Palmerin,' and another to Dr. Sayers, whom I

beg you will thank in my name for his Poems. The volume which he directed for Coleridge is placed in his library, but he is not here to receive it. I admire Jack the Giant-killer thoroughly; it is the best burlesque I have ever seen, because it is not overdone. Guy is not so good,—it is not apparent what he is burlesquing. Dr. Sayers, in his love of the ludicrous, reminds me of the Italian verse-romancers.

"I am almost as indignant at your No Bucerism as Dr. Watkins can be; and, were the author of those articles unknown, should exclaim with equal virulence at his utter want of candour and his wilful ignorance. It is a little too bad to quote the authority of Sanders—the Abbé Barruel of the English Reformation—in whom the lie originated that Anne Boleyn was Henry's own daughter, known by him to be so. If, however, you happen to have this book, it may be worth while to look in it and see, whether or not the opinion (still existing traditionally) that Henry committed incest with both his daughters, is to be found there; for that lie must have had some author, and none so likely as this rascal of all rascals, on whom *you* rely, though the catholics themselves have long been ashamed of his outrageous calumnies. Oh, that you should take so strange a pleasure in playing off paradoxes, creating, with chymic skill, Jack o' lanthorns of

your own for the sake of following them astray yourself! The 'Persiles' I have not read, and have not at hand. A new edition of Don Quixote is in contemplation of the booksellers, with splendid prints from Smirke's designs: it is likely that I shall, for the lucre of gain, or more truly for want than for love of money, correct the old translation, annotate it, and prefix such an account of the old knight's library as my own studies enable me to supply, with a life of Cervantes and an account of his other works.

"*Neddy*-asses is the Somersetshire word; and the term *lion* is used at Oxford as I have used it, and no where else to my knowledge. I am not sensible of anything new or striking in the letter about the theatre: it is one of the very few which were written because the subject could not properly be passed over, but to which I was not led by the wish of saying anything: the tendency of the book you rightly appreciate. I am desirous of its sale, because I wish very much to say all that I have left unsaid, which, should Espriella be encouraged to return to England and travel again, may be done in two volumes more. In those I should (I think) be able to complete the picture of society in England. I trace your Romance-reading in the Monthly Magazine portfolio; and you will find that I continue to persecute Dr. Aikin with odd things, which he utterly

abominates, and of which he suppresses everyone that he can. He beseeches more lives like D. Luisa —where are such to be found? However, I shall give him one of St. Francis, which Pitchford will not like; and one of Vieira, the Portuguese painter, abstracted from that poem which furnishes the first note to 'Madoc.' Am I not paid too little for such things? Philips gave Burnett ten guineas for his four letters upon Poland, which fall short of a sheet; and five is what the Athenæum pays for everything. I think such work is good enough to be paid by the piece.

"I go to London some time during the winter. Will any business lead you there, so that we may meet? My time will probably be early in the year. Sir Kay is the seneschal; read *Mort-Arthur*. The 'Cid' is in the press. God bless you! Remember me to your mother.

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 54.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, Dec. 22, 1807.

"It is quite a pension to be in your good graces. Longman and Co. have sent me down a 'Palmerin,' of which I have yet read no more than the preface. Dr. Sayers desires me also to thank you for a 'Palmerin.' You print as much in a year, he says, as he shall in a life; his prose works, with many additional notes, are

again in the press. He next projects to versify some tales, and will perhaps begin the experiment with 'Flores y Blancaflor.'

"I grieve to learn from Henry how much Mr. Hill and Mr. May suffer from this moral earthquake of Lisbon. You gain by it. 'T is the finest possible termination and catastrophe for your history of Portugal, and will give a rotundity to your narrative, which the dramatist or the epic poet might envy. It will also rejuvenate the people: there is a something in striking events which enlarges the minds of those who are involved in them, and who talk about them, and which prepares a more curious, a more active, a less torpid generation. I would have Henry cause himself to be mentioned to Lord Strangford, if that be possible, as one adapted to attend him to Brazil, either in the capacity of physician to the household or as private secretary to the ambassador: his habits of residence among the Portuguese peculiarly fit him for this diplomatic excursion, and he would nowhere fall into practice these five years. I cannot think why you are displeased with the No Bucerism. Do you really think that popery with her faggot is worse than protestantism with her halter? Oh, get rid of such hereditary bigotries! The catholics acted on the defensive, which is some apology for severity; they *selected* their victims, gene-

rally speaking; the protestants, if less cruel in the form of execution, were less discriminate in the application of it; they made the merciless havoc of barbarians. The Reformation did not change *doctrine* for the better. A vernacular liturgy (to which the catholics were already tending) and a married clergy were its only benefits. All the time it was an active principle in Europe, Europe was convulsed and re-barbarized by the protestant revolution. The last century was the happy æra of Europe; and then, commerce was the pivot of politics and infidelity of literature. Except in Scotland, Holland and Switzerland, the Reformation diminished civil liberty in all the protestant countries. England, Denmark, Sweden, &c., strengthened the hands of their sovereigns to support the new faith. Except in Poland, the Reformation diminished civil liberty in all the catholic countries; the catholics strengthened the hands of their sovereigns to extirpate the new heresy. With popery Europe was becoming what Italy was under the Medici: refinement and opinion were radiating from the centre of illumination. With protestantism came the ascendancy of that twilight fanaticism and barbaric discipline which taught a practical tyranny even to the free constitutions of Scotland and Geneva. The dim opinions of the edges of the world were blown about and overshadowed the realms of

day. But for the horrors of the Reformation, a religious revolution from within, beginning at the centre, emanating from the papal see, suggested by Serveto and Socini, patronized by Adrian, &c., would have taken place instead of the Reformation: and it is only by pulling down the reputation of the *old* reformation that this new and purer one can now be realized: the Calvinists alone are interested in preserving the character of protestantism. You philosophize about celibacy more to my taste than about Bucerism. Celibacy has three causes,—the physical, the moral, and the pecuniary. There are diseases and imperfections of the body, which deter from matrimony; there are opinions of the mind, as in the case of monastic orders; but the usual cause is the want of adequate means of maintenance; and I hold it better for society (as Malthus does) that this impediment should operate much, with all the promiscuous intercourse to which it gives patronage, than that every man should be struggling with difficulty and teaching a dependent venal spirit to his offspring.

"I do not know where to borrow 'Mort-Arthur;' it is not in Hudson Gurney's library; nor can I find Thorkill by your reference to 'Saxo Grammaticus.' "Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 58.)

"My dear William Taylor,

"I have long looked to hear from you, and more than once designed to write, when proof-sheets or letters which required reply have taken up the letter-writing hours; and now I am too highly excited by the news from Portugal, which involves so many of my friends, some in distress and others in ruin, to be able to write on anything but business. To the point then. Reviewing books lie round about, for which I have now no appetite, and which would materially delay me in getting ready my 'History of Brazil.' As it is, that book will be outstript by a swarm of catchpenny compilations, which will half surfeit the public; still, the less delay the better. Will you lighten me of 'Nightingale's Portraiture of Methodism,' 'Burnett's Specimens,' the new edition of 'Hollinshed,' and the two translations of the 'Inferno,' by Howard and Carey,—the last, a very meritorious one? None of these are within Harry's compass, to whom I have turned over all that are. The 'Travels' I have done, and retain two or three other books which are half-reviewed, and Wordsworth's Poems, which I am bound to do myself.

"John May loses the whole of his property; he does not lose the good heart and good spirit,

which will enable him perhaps to make a new fortune, certainly to be happy without one.

" ' Espriella ' sells well, and will, by the sale of a second edition, set me on the right side of Longman's books, and leave me ' Palmerin,' the ' Cid,' and the small edition of ' Madoc,' to look out for the next year's ways and means. Let me know if you can do these books, and I will return them to King Arthur. It is likely that you can procure them at Norwich.

" God bless you !

" Robert Southey."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 55.)

" My dear Friend, " Norwich, Dec. 30, 1807.

* * * * * " Whatever you order down to me in the way of reviewage, I shall of course execute as speedily as may be. Mr. Bolingbroke's book has so occupied and deranged me, that my own Annual task is very backward ; but as the books you name are more amusing than those in my drawer, they will attract a preference of care. ' Burnett's Specimens ' you may surely consign to Henry.

" My father has become very lame, and cannot reach the end of the street without a guide. I believe we must add to our establishment a regular man-servant, which, for people who already live beyond their income, is rather dashing. This

confinement of my father's takes away my afterteas; it is necessary to play backgammon with him, or to complete a rubber. Happily idleness and gaming are seldom unwelcome to me. My mother is as well as usual. Hudson Gurney is recovering.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 59.)

"Keswick, July 11, 1808.

"Dear William Taylor,

"Whether you or I be most to blame for a long chasm in a never very close correspondence, is more than my memory can at present reach to decide, but I suspect myself to be in fault. I have received Dr. Sayers's Disquisitions, and placed the copy which he addressed to Coleridge among his books, where, with Dr. S.'s Poems, it lies awaiting his return, which is rather more difficult to calculate than that of a comet: he is at present with Mrs. Clarkson at Bury. Make my acknowledgements for the book: I was pleased to see it had grown bulkier in its new edition. Had Middleton been now at Norwich, it is possible that you might have seen Coleridge there, for M. called upon him in London. It has been his humour for time past to think, or rather to call, the Trinity a philosphi-

cal and most important truth, and he is very much delighted with Middleton's work upon the subject. Dr. Sayers would not find him now the warm Hartleyan that he has been; Hartley was ousted by Berkeley, Berkeley by Spinoza, and Spinoza by Plato: when last I saw him, Jacob Behmen had some chance of coming in. The truth is that he plays with systems, and any nonsense will serve him for a text from which he can deduce something new and surprising. Mrs. Martin has told me some ill news from Norwich, and I suppose you have ere this lost a good man who will long be regretted. Of late I have had some interruptions in my ordinary goings-on; first, from sickness among the children, and latterly by one of my obstinate catarrhs, which effected a lodgement three weeks ago in my nose and eyes, and has not yet quitted its quarters, though it seems upon the move. You will receive the 'Cid' in the course of a month. How nobly have his countrymen justified the opinion of them which I have so often expressed, and so generally to the astonishment of those who heard me! Spain will now be free. Bonaparte has but one favour more to confer upon them,—if he makes away with the royal family, his crimes and their deliverance will then be complete. It may perhaps be possible to prune down the rotten tree of their

monarchy and make it bear good fruit; but I had rather, now that the dynasty is *felo de se*, see them bury the crown and sceptre where four roads meet, and form themselves into a federal republic, to which Portugal might accede, without any sacrifice of national pride, on equal terms.

"I am planning a poem upon Pelayo, the Restorer of Spain,—a subject which has long been in contemplation. My poetical schemes indeed were never so extensive as they are at this time, when I literally cannot afford to write a verse at any time but what is fairly won for the purpose by rising before my former hour. The cause of this has been a conversation at Bristol with Walter Savage Landor,—the Gebir, a marvellous man; it made me feel somewhat ashamed that I should not, as a poet, do all that I am capable of doing. The plain reason, I cannot afford to write poetry, has a mercenary sound with it, unless it be explained, that it is not the love of money, but the necessity of subsisting which is implied; and though I cannot prevent unjust criticisms from impeding the sale of my books, yet if they prevent me from writing altogether, and so cut off the palm-head of my future fame, that is my own fault. I will therefore go on strenuously. When a poem is completed, if I can get a fair price for it, according to the ordi-

nary trade-price of labour, well and good; if not, the MS. shall lie by and be left for my children; and I will accumulate something for them in this shape, which will produce its value after my death. And while the present unjust laws of copyright exist, I believe this will be the wisest plan which a man, who does not level himself down to the fashion of the times, can possibly pursue. I am now proceeding in these morning hours with 'Kehama,' rhyming it and introducing modes of rhyme, which give a new power in versification. This poem will be in all its parts original,—the offence, of all others, which the present generation are least willing to pardon.

"The Annual has not yet reached me. I see, however, Harry's articles in the new Medical Review, and they manifest considerable improvement and promise. By-the-bye, I was exceedingly pleased with Robert Gooch, of whom I saw much in a few meetings. I have sent Harry some Portuguese to translate and abridge for Pinkerton's Collection. What is become of your translation from Tressan? A more important question is, Why do you not put together, systematize and embody your speculations upon political economy? Of all things this is what I most wish to see from you. Lady Bedingfield, of whom you know probably some-

thing, is painting a picture from one of my poems, which is designed for me: it will come through Miss Betham, the painter and poetess, who is the largest damsel I have ever seen that is not of the race of the giants, but a clever and interesting woman, and likely to be the best poetess of her age.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 56.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, July 26, 1808.

"Thanks for your letter of the 11th July; it was welcome as a shower after a drought. I began to grow anxious for news from Keswick, and should have written to ask concerning your welfare, had not Henry stilled the mere how-do-you-do solicitudes.

"Since the receipt of your letter I have been hoping for Coleridge's appearance in Norwich. I do not write to offer him a bed, because my father's infirmities, which occupy our servants very much, have altered our hours and oblige us to retire early, and Coleridge's habits tend to an intemperate lateness; but he would agreeably diversify our dinner-parties and would not find Norwich inhospitable.

"Fox's historic work I have been reading with great delight: it is meritorious for research, and has all the attachingness of romance, to which

the bursts of oratory contribute not a little. The pathetic narrative of Argyle's fate is injured by the dramatic introduction of an imaginary penitent, who sees the hero sleeping calmly before his execution. The dissection of character, though protracted, is exquisitely anatomical. The care taken so to narrate everything that men may profit in future by this particular record of experience, is a prominent merit of the history; it is full of deep thought and fine maxims, yet the morality is rather lax. Like Michael Angelo's Torso, though a fragment, it will be the favourite study and the frequent model of the artist*. The new Unitarian canon is just arrived, and I am reading it. New trans-

* In a letter written at this period to his cousin, Mr. Dyson, he thus expressed himself on the same subject:—"Have you yet read Fox's historic work? I am delighted with it. The research of the antiquary is blended with the interest of the novelist. There are too many bursts of eloquence, yet one cannot wish away such fine pleading. The death of Argyle is a most pathetic piece of narration. The analysis of personal character—see especially that of Charles II. and that of Monmouth—is carried to greater nicety than by any preceding historian. The care taken to detect the moral of every incident, and to convert the records of experience into lessons, is admirable. The debates on the Exclusion Bill ought to have been related; and I should gladly have seen a specimen of the manner in which Fox would condense a debate. It is strange that he should be defective in parliamentary matter. Michael Angelo made the Torso, though a fragment, the chief model of his sculpture; so the future historiographer will select this fragment as the best extant specimen how history ought to be written."

lations of the Bible eminently tend to disperse the *prestige* (as the French say) of reverence: with the old words we associated those early, humble, overawing, childhood impressions, which made religion a practical driver of our course, whatever we might speculate about the birth-place of the guide: with the new words a great deal betrays itself to be solemn inanity that one had before read undetected. The preface is proper; the doctrine of devils is attacked in the notes and the doctrine of angels unaccountably retained, which is like cutting the earth in halves to cure one side of being dark. I have not received my copy of the Annual Review, but have got back almost a month's work of manuscript, which arrived too late for insertion. Since finishing for the Annual Review I have been making synonyms for the Athenæum; and having now stocked Dr. Aikin until December next, I am at liberty to splice the stories from Tressan into a book. Probably I shall carry them with me to London in November and print them there, if I can sell them for any sum certain: half-account printing never answered to me. Lady Bedingfield called here with her uncle, the poet Jerningham, to look at your portrait. I think Pitchford taught her to admire your poetry. Your plan of singing Pelayo appears to me a wiser enterprise than 'Kehama,'

of which the story cannot be made interesting however great the beauties of detail. The preface to the 'Cid' will no doubt contain some well-wishings to the Spanish patriots. I hope and trust your catarrh has ended.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 57.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, Oct. 31, 1808.

"I thank you for the 'Cid' individually; I thank you for it in the name of the English people, in the name of the Spanish people, and in the name of literature in general. It adds to our domestic stock of books another good and lasting one; it will strengthen national sympathies at present of high value to the liberties of mankind; it augments the mass of recorded experience, critically and benevolently commented; it is philosophic history in the form of cotemporary history, and unites the interest of coeval with the instruction of contemplated annalism. I will not, however, say with Corneille's Fernand,—'Sois désormais le Cid, qu'à ce grand nom tout cède.' For the first time—no, for the second time (Fox's History was offered to me by Rees), I regret being no longer an Annual Reviewer, that I might have the pleasure of pouring out my joy over a good

book, and calling on my neighbours to come and be as happy as myself. I am thinking what I should have fixed on to find fault with: I believe I would have quarrelled with your theory of Mahomet in the introduction. It is not true that the Koran contains no maxims of morality: the command to record debts in the second Sura, and the general care for pecuniary probity is one honourable instance; the inculcation of the eleemosynary virtues is another. What you say about polygamy I hold to be quite just. Have you gotten that little book of Jean de Lery, entitled '*Histoire d'un Voyage fait en la Terre du Brésil*'? if not, I will send it you. I picked it up by accident, and supposed it to be scarce because I had never seen it, but I since find in Bayle (article 'Villegagnon') the substance of it: it will supply a note for your history. I believe I shall be re-annexed to the Critical Review if it go on, having had some correspondence tending that way with Mr. Robert Fellowes, who now conducts it. He informs me that when Hunt changed the politics of the Review the sale declined, and that now the Unitarians are helping it up again. By-the-bye, do you know a good Unitarian minister to let? the Octagon is likely to lose Mr. Houghton, and will find great difficulty in replacing him. You will, I am aware, not assent to the argument of my last

Enquirer, *Was the Reformation beneficial?* You have taken the other side in an admirable reviewal of Villers in the Annual. Praising the Reformation I hold to be religious toryism, and to operate, like praising the constitution, as a ground for not reforming further. If room is to be made for Socinianism here, it must be by vilifying the Reformation and repealing the Act of Uniformity.

"A Mr. Robinson, of this neighbourhood, writes from Madrid that he went to see a patriotic opera, in one scene of which Bonaparte soliloquizes and declares his intentions with respect to Spain, which are received with hisses by the audience; demons lurk about him, by degrees surround him, and at length carry him off to purgatory in a fiery car. Next appears Ferdinand VII.; a bevy of angels dance about his steps and crown him with palms. Lastly advances George III., to whom Santiago and the Virgin Mary appear in a machine, and cause the English tune of 'God save the king' to be performed in full chorus, in which the audience joins, bowing to English officers and envoys; the king declares his horror for the French tyrant and his friendship for the Spanish patriot, and is loudly applauded.

"My correspondence has lately been active with Henry, whom I was half-inclined to per-

suade over to Bury St. Edmund's. My father continues lame, but his health improves. There is some new and some good matter in Gillies's 'History of the Ancient World from Alexander to Augustus,' especially what he says of temples being banks of deposit, and that sacrilege was practically a violation of private property. He embellishes Alexander. Yours truly,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 60.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, November 6, 1808.

"I guessed that reviewal of Jean de Lery's book in the Monthly Magazine to be yours; and sorry am I to say, that what made me think so was the way in which the facts are misrepresented. Villegagnon was a scoundrel, as you should have seen by the whole of his conduct towards Lery, and especially by his attempt to get him burnt for heresy in France. But you are blinded by your hatred of the Reformers, and even an Irish Papist is not more bigoted than you are. I shall be very much obliged to you for this book; the Latin version I have, but have wanted the French to elucidate passages that are not perfectly clear, and to compare with it throughout, for Lery was his own translator, and the two books are not exactly the same. He is a writer of unblemished character. There is only

one better book about Brazil, which is the contemporary one of Hans Stadt; and that is only better because poor Hans was a prisoner among the Tupinambas, and his narrative has all the charms of personal adventure. You have confounded *Caraibes* with *Caribes*. The Caraibes were their jugglers, homebred and not of foreign importation; and they were not sheer atheists. My history will show you all this in its true light. If you can convey the book to Longman it will reach me in his next parcel. I still want one book to satisfy my own conscience about the French expedition to the Rio Janeiro, and that is a history of the Civil Wars in France, which is attributed to Beza; every other account I have examined. For my own sake I shall be glad to hear you are reannexed to the Critical Review: one who has so many enemies among the journalists cannot afford to lose a good friend. Fellowes, I suspect, *is* hampered with * * *, whom I saw at Thetford, and then apprehended that he would hurt his own character, a thing much to be regretted. He is a very interesting man, and you would gain more by having him in society than you would lose by missing Houghton from the pulpit. What is become of Stone, the ejected clergyman? It would become the Unitarians to offer him such a bishopric as that of the Octagon. It would have vexed me if you had not

rightly appreciated that Chronicle of the Cid. The Spaniards themselves have not found out that it is one of the most curious and finest books in existence. The morality of the Koran is surely beneath notice: Mahommed enjoins mercantile honesty, and recommends hospitality to the Arabs; this he could not help doing. That introduction, had it contained half of what I know upon the subject, or anything like as much as I could have been well pleased to say, would have filled a volume; but much of the same matter will appear with equal fitness in the 'History of Brazil.' Walter Scott has abjured the Edinburgh Review: I believe my refusal to bear a part in it set the cock of his conscience crowing, upon the score of their base and cowardly peace-politics, and possibly Marmion finished his conviction. My refusal he had communicated in what phrase he pleased, before the criticism upon his own poem appeared. *Then*, and not till then, my letter was produced. I have seldom written a page so pointedly to the purpose, or with such strength. He too is longing to review the 'Cid,' who, had he but been a Scotchman, would have been the very David after his own heart; but he knows not where to find a channel for his reviewal.

"We have been trying to get a county meeting here about this cursed Convention, but in vain. Lord Lonsdale, who is omnipotent here,

'sees it in a very different light;' and it is better not to stir at all than to be beaten. However, as we cannot get our sentiments upon the subject embodied in this form, there yet remains another, which to my mind is a better; and Wordsworth is about to write a pamphlet, in which he will take up the business in its true light.

"What you say, in a former and unanswered letter, respecting 'Kehama' is very true; I perfectly agree with you, that the poem is, in its nature, out of the reach of human sympathies, and that its strangeness will prevent it from interesting nine-tenths of its readers. And yet in spite of this conviction I am proceeding, and shall proceed, God willing, to the end. This is not out of sheer pride and obstinacy, but because I have learnt to take an interest in it myself, and because I perceive that the few persons who like it at all, will like it with all their heart; and especially because, unless my preconceptions greatly deceive me, the conclusion will infinitely exceed in grandeur anything that I have ever yet produced or conceived; it is now about half done. I have not begun upon 'Pelayo,' because I have not satisfied myself exactly how it should begin. 'Thalaba' has at last reached a second edition, and is now in Ballantyne's hands, from whom I have this evening received the first proof. There

is a long piece cut off from the end of the ninth book, and some metrical and other minor improvements made; the notes printed at the end of each book, a great difference in appearance, and no very material one in reality.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 61.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, December 6, 1808.

"Coleridge, I understand, has ordered some of his prospectuses to be sent to you, relying upon me to write to you on the subject. He manages things badly: a letter from me on the blank side of one prospectus would have done without packing off to you a bundle of papers; and a few advertisements in newspapers and magazines would have done better than prospectus at all. The thing however is done, and that with so little deliberation, though not till after much delay, that some of it requires undoing; for should he have many subscribers in the country, there will be no mode of regular delivery otherwise than by post. In that case the numbers must be stamped, and stamps cover only a single sheet. Smaller type and larger paper will bring it to the same quantity of contents and the same market value. Will he go on with the undertaking, will be your first question. He can do it with little more

trouble than that of arranging and putting together fragments already in existence; and yet I will own to *you*, that I have great doubts and misgivings. I do not like the prospectus; it is too much like what it pretends to be, too fit for a letter to be proper for the public. There is an injudicious adulation, as it may almost be called, of his friends, and an overdone abasement of himself; on the whole, a want of manliness, which I cannot away with. But assuredly, if he carries it into effect, great things will be done; sounder criticism and sounder philosophy established, as well as advanced, than modern ages have seen; great truths upholden, and the axe laid at the root of those great errors, which have been for the last century held to be the very nine-and-thirty articles of philosophical faith.

"When you collect your Synonimes you would do well to mark what is the existing use of words, as well as to hunt out their primary meaning. I am much pleased that you persevere so steadily in this collection, which will form a very valuable book in itself, and be of signal utility to the compiler of a national dictionary, whenever that work shall be undertaken. I believe I shall withdraw from the Athenæum altogether. Dr. Aikin, among other rejections, has thought proper to suppress an article in the Omniana, for no other imaginable reason than that it called Pitt a bab-

bler and Bonaparte a barbarian. I do not blame him for rejecting anything which he thinks dull; but this was a curious collection of facts about the change of climate in the last fifty years, put together *more meo*, and his only objection can have been that the politics are not in accord with his own.

"What a precious article is that in defence of polygamy! The writer did not recollect that the Polyandrian system in Malabar utterly overthrows the physical assertion on which he rests, and that Christianity originated in a hot climate. The Moravian missionaries make no difficulty about the matter; they let a convert keep his wives, following St. Paul's authority, that it is unjust to put a heathen wife away against her consent, and perceiving the cruelty of giving our institutions a retroactive effect in this case. The only difference they make is, that a man under such circumstances is not appointed to any office in the church. Thus the obstacle to conversion is effectually removed, and the children, being educated Christians, naturally obey the Christian ordinances. I am writing a view and vindication of the existing Protestant Missions for an unborn Review, which has never yet been heard of, and has neither name nor existence, but will hoist the bloody flag, run alongside the Edinburgh, and engage her yard-arm and yard-arm. What wretched

work has Sidney Smith made of this subject of the missions! It were better to be a fanatic than such a buffoon as this, for fanaticism implies some feeling, some sincerity, some heart of flesh and blood.

"Wordsworth's pamphlet upon the cursed Cintra Convention will be in that strain of political morality to which Hutchinson and Milton and Sidney could have set their hands.

"My 'Brazil' goes off to press in a few days, having travelled into Herefordshire and back for revision and correction. Do not expect a splendid book: there is no splendour in the materials of which it is composed. Look for an honest one, with that pervading life and soul which nothing but free opinions and the love of God and man can give, and you will then not be disappointed. God bless you! "R. SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 58.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, Dec. 27, 1808.

"I have your letters of the 6th November and 6th December to answer. I hope you received Lery, which I sent to Longman and Co., addressed to you. I think you will come to my opinion about the Caraibes of the French and the Caribbees of the English being one and the same name and people. The sound Kharoibus was expressed by Sir Walter Raleigh with the En-

glish letters Charibes, intending the *i* to be a long and almost diphthongal sound, and to this sound the southern nations could no better approximate than by their *ai* or *aio-ēē*.—In the Critical Review I am again to labour next year: Mr. Fellowes has written to me to know what books I would have sent. I asked for the 'Chronicle of the Cid,' but found it was bespoken, or rather reviewed already. He seems to wish me to make the appendix chiefly; complains of being understocked with foreign materials, and of being overstocked with English wash, already bought of Mr. Hunt's friends, who are now to quit the concern.—Your dislike of the Edinburgh Review I do not partake; those articles about Spanish affairs have been full of good sense and good democracy and good writing. Democracy is the most people-impassioning form of government, and is therefore the most powerful principle of defence against invasion, and would have been called in by the church of Spain if our government had not corruptly interfered to royalize and thus to ruin the Spanish cause. The missionary articles I do not dislike: it would be no benefit to Hindostan to send the more insane of our Calvinists to talk nonsense there. Tennant has proved that schools, not churches, ought to be the instruments of conversion, and not a priest should be sent over at all.—We were not

surprised to learn the death of Mr. Barbauld. The character given of him in the Athenæum is exquisitely just. Disinterested and affectionate, eloquent and acute, I shall always remember him with love and admiration.—Coleridge's prospectus I have not received. What is it about? I will carry it to the Library, hand it to friends, and hang it up at the booksellers. Is it for a weekly review? Your paragraph is an ænigma to me.—Norgate tells me the new editor of the Annual is to publish by the 25th of March. —I do not quite understand the spirit of your critique on the Synonyms; if you would abuse in the Athenæum some one short article among them, I should perceive perhaps what is wanting. Criticism in detail is always profitable, and, bating the first week of irritation, always welcome to me.—We wish out of the *text* of the 'Cid' all those passages which your historic tact rejects as untrue: such is the narrative of the funeral procession. We want to have it in this differ from the mere translation of a romantic and legendary chronicle, that the epic and mythologic flourishes of the scribe should be thrown into the margin: their value is often great in teaching the ideas of the times. I wish you and yours many new and happy years.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

From many passages in these letters it appears that both the writers were contributors to the Athenæum, a new magazine commenced by Dr. Aikin in 1807 in opposition to the Monthly Magazine, with which he had ceased to be connected. In this work Robert Southey's Omniana were first circulated, as well as many of William Taylor's Synonyms, who, however, was not detached by this fresh engagement from his earlier connection with the Monthly. He furnished for that work during the years 1807–8 the articles enumerated in the note*.

In the 23rd volume occurs the inquiry, 'Who was Sesostris?' The nature and object of this

* Vol. 23.—Contributions to English Synonymy (three papers).—On the No Popery War-whoop.—Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters, among which are some very original remarks on the antiquity of the superstitious notion of good and bad days.—Continuation of the Critical Survey of Lessing's Works.—The Enquirer, 'Who was Sesostris?'

Vol. 24.—No Bucerism. [This is a reply to a fierce attack made upon his 'No Popery War-whoop' by Dr. Watkins.]—Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters, pp. 160, 263, 468.—Critical Survey of Lessing's Works.—The Legend of Bacchus and Ariadne.—Contributions to English Synonymy.

Vol. 25 contains nothing written by William Taylor.

Vol. 26.—Reflections on Colquhon's Treatise on Indigence.—The Enquirer, No. 25, 'Was the Reformation beneficial to Europe?'—Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters, pp. 142, 241, 353, 454, 554. [Most of these are from William Taylor's pen; among them is the article on Jean de Lery's book, mentioned in the correspondence with Robert Southey.]—On Mandeville and the History of the Severam-

investigation are stated by William Taylor in his letter to Robert Southey, No. 51, where he also says that he had sent it to the Athenæum. Probably the editor was apprehensive that so bold a discussion might be injurious to the tender reputation of a young periodical, and it was therefore transferred to its long-established and less timid rival.

Mr. Taylor's detached pieces under the head of the Portfolio may generally be distinguished from those of his brother-contributors by the novelty and research which characterize them. If he cites a book, it is one but little known. But most of these scraps furnished by him are hints as to the origin of common customs or the meaning of obscure expressions. It seems not improbable that they suggested to Robert Southey the first idea of his Omniana. Among the 'Extracts' in this volume some of the most original and note-worthy are, the proposition of a new geographical division of the earth into six sections, the etymology of the word *other*, and the explanation of the proverb of leading apes in hell.

Most advocates of liberality will concur with Robert Southey (see his letters, Nos. 57 and 60)

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bians.—A Memoir of Dr. Anderson.—Some parts of the 'Retrospect of Domestic Literature' in this volume were written by William Taylor; but being little more than a list of new publications, they contain nothing of particular interest.

in condemning William Taylor's attacks upon the Reformation in vol. 26. He saw only the arrogant claims to infallibility and perfection put forth by Protestants, and the leaven of intolerance and hankering after persecution which they still retained: his indignant reprobation of these made him sometimes overlook the important fact that the Reformation was the birth of public opinion. It was the first effort of a new, a mighty principle, then starting into existence; an influence before unfelt in the direction of human affairs then began to develope itself; the general mind was awakened, and, in the early consciousness of its capacities and its rights, fearlessly challenged the presiding authorities which had usurped its place and so long exercised the undisputed government of the world. That its first effort should be incomplete, was natural; that zealots should assert it to be complete, ought not to make us angry or unjust: William Taylor's discontent was the effusion of a too eager philanthropy impatiently anticipating the future.

In the Annual Review, during the same period, William Taylor continued to occupy his usual position. For the fifth volume he supplied the articles which will be found in the note*.

* Chapter 3.—History and Politics. [The whole of this chapter, consisting of forty reviewals, except No. 39.]

In the long list of the third chapter the proportion of stimulating subjects is smaller than usual. The most prominent are, Filangieri's 'Science of Legislation,' Rose's 'Examination of Mr. Pitt's Administration,' Jackson 'on the Woollen Manufacture,' Professor Millar 'on the Origin of the Distinction of Ranks,' Sir William Young's 'West-India Common-Place Book,' 'Examination of the British Neutral Trade Doctrine,' and the 'Speeches of the Right Hon. William

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Chapter 5.—Modern Languages. [The five works under this head were all reviewed by William Taylor.]

Chapter 6.—Education and School-books:—A System of Education for the Labouring People.—The Friend of Youth.

Chapter 7.—Biography:—Moore's Lives of Cardinal Alberoni and the Duke of Ripperda.—Harrison's Life of Lord Nelson. [The former of these contains some pointed and useful observations on the causes of the decline of the Spanish empire.]

Chapter 9.—Poetry:—Sotheby's Translation of Wieland's Oberon.—Herbert's Translations from the Italian, Spanish, German, &c.—Jamieson's Popular Ballads.

Chapter 10.—Plays and Dramatic Poems:—Demetrius the Impostor.

Chapter 11.—Romances and Novels:—Epicharis.—Donald.—Human Beings.

Chapter 12.—Metaphysics, Morals, &c.:—Physical and Metaphysical Enquiries.—Gambier's Introduction to the Study of Moral Evidence.—Austin's Chironomia.—Ensor's Independent Man.

Chapter 13.—Miscellanies:—Dr. Franklin's Works.—Styles's Essay on the Stage.—The Prose Works of Milton.—Dyer on the Ancient Mode of Bestowing Names.

Chapter 14.—Commerce:—Stenhouse's Tables of Interest.

Pitt.' From the striking passages which these supply, the following brief parallel between two eminent writers is worthy of being selected :—

"Professor Millar fills up that rank in English literature which the Abbé Mably asserts in France; he has commented the annals of his country with a like spirit of liberty and philanthropy, and with a sagacity less stimulant perhaps, but more ingenious. If Mably had more classical and more antiquarian reading, Millar had more attentively and generally consulted the traveller, the lawyer and the philosopher; if Mably is more splendid, Millar is more convincing; if Mably is more animating, Millar is more profound. The palm of eloquence must be conceded to the French, the olive-branch of wisdom may be arrogated for the English philosopher; yet there is something in Mably's point of view which ennobles, and in Millar's which degrades the contemplated train of event. If an innovation can speciously be referred to low interests or trivial accidents, this is the solution which the Glasgow professor will prefer, where Mably would have perceived a struggle of heroes and the operation of design."

Most of the articles in chapters 10 to 12, although short, exhibit some of their author's peculiarities, which render even trivial subjects interesting. Mr. Ensor's work, however, received a more lengthened notice, in which the following paragraphs deserve attention :—

Chapter 15.—Naval and Military Affairs :—Observations on the Use of Light Armour.

Chapter 18.—Fine Arts :—Hoare on the Arts of Design in England.—Bell on the Anatomy of Expression in Painting.

"Education, though a trite, is not an exhausted topic; we practise it well enough from the result of long and manifold experience, but we practise it as an art, not as a science, and can seldom give a definite or satisfactory reason for the received order of tuition and the established system of instruction. We see, experimentally, that a solicitous or an extraordinary education is regularly unsuccessful; but we cannot account for the fact. Nature, wiser than man, has rendered the average degree of care and toil more conducive to human excellence, than premature, industrious and ambitious efforts. But whence it is that our solicitude inverts the intended order of acquirement by rash interference or excess of precept, is still a riddle to the parent and the pedagogue.

"No topic is so important as education. It preserves knowledge, it diffuses virtue, it is the anchor of personal happiness. It involves the destiny of all the civilized classes; it is the providence which prepares the fortunes of the coming age. The only amelioration of which human society is susceptible, consists in the perpetually increasing proportion of the well-educated. No modern individual can be brought up to be more accomplished than a Xenophon or a Cicero. Our only advantage over the ancients must depend on the greater extant number of men analogously instructed, which facilitates the diffusion of public advantages. Let us then turn with earnest gratitude to the Socrates or the Crassus, who directs the studies of such illustrators of the human race; he plants the acorns of those oaks, which standing, are to be the ornament, or falling, the bulwark of the country."

The best specimens of his writing in this volume, and those which (in his letter to R. Southey,

No. 51.) he himself regarded as such, are the four in chapter 13.

The first is a brief but lively sketch of the career and writings of Franklin, whom the United States are reproached with ingratitude for not having elected their first president. But even in the cases cited to prove that "the directing intellect is a higher power than the hand that executes," it appears that the latter almost invariably secures to itself the prize of glory and the sway of authority: the energy that effects is more ostensible, and therefore more regarded, than the sagacity which contrives. It may be true that "the Moses is entitled to a pre-eminence over the Joshua, the Daniel over the Darius, the Langton over the Fitzwalter, the Franklin over the Washington, the Talleyrand over the Bonaparte;" but this very list shows how rarely the multitude is sensible of or admits the claim. William Taylor's summary of Franklin's works is just, although in some respects different from the general estimate formed of them:—

"The writings of Dr. Franklin are justly admired for a plain popularity of style, for the distinct picturesque character of idea, for humorous Socratic irony, and for the art of arguing *to the selfishness*: the reader is constantly put in mind of the *use* that will accrue to him, and such as him, from the adoption of Dr. Franklin's premises. Even a question of science is never handled

as a question of curiosity, where to evolve the truth is the disinterested end in view; it must be hooked to some petty practical purpose of private accommodation before it is held worthy of being investigated. This concatenation of the *cui bono* to every footstep is a clog to excellence: it illiberalizes science, but it seems to be the characteristic of American philosophy. The national foible is readily forgotten in Dr. Franklin when his vast efficacy is contemplated: history will class him among her great men,—among the strong minds employed in directing important events. He had perhaps more of craft than of boldness, more of prudence than of magnanimity, but he attained his ends without harshness or waste of effort: he early saw the scope of his pursuit, and proceeded toward it, step by step, with a singleness of purpose and an undeviating perseverance that rarely accompany a comprehensive mind. Indeed Dr. Franklin's range of attention and idea was but narrow. The classical, poetical, and elegant writers had employed little of his leisure; the moral sublime, the heroic delineations of the muse, seldom tinged his sentiments or actions, nor had the luxuries and refinements of social life attraction enough to encroach much on his habits of snug sufficiency. He allowed himself time to think and time to say but little; that little was always hitting; and what especially will consecrate his memory to the grateful veneration and growing applause of the remotest posterity is, that he belonged among those worthies who have assisted the people to obtain liberty, and not among those cringelings who have assisted sovereigns to extend their power."

The reviewal of Styles's 'Essay' is a powerful and animated defence of dramatic representations against an attack which is designated as

"alike hostile to public instruction, to public morality and to public happiness." It provoked from the author a very tart reply. The whole paper is worthy of attention for its attractive eloquence and weight of argument. A few extracts may commend it to a more general perusal. For the practical utility of the stage, the following is adduced among other proofs:—

"The theatre is a succedaneum for neglected education: tragedy serves instead of a lecture on history, and comedy for a school of living manners. Tragedy has this advantage over history: that by omitting in the characters it exhibits those personalities which have no influence on the action celebrated, a more heroic, public-spirited, and generally interesting delineation of human nature is engraven on the memory, and thus a tendency is generated to imitate the ideal excellence of the poet. Comedy has this advantage over real life: that by caricaturing the ridiculous and embellishing the graceful, it provides a more powerfully-operating warning and example than mere observation would have supplied. Tragedy gives the pith and marrow of the past, comedy the pith and marrow of the present, in the most condensed and most stimulant form. The love of praise is a common propensity, but the art of deserving it will hardly be attained without some frequentation of the theatre. It is there that the sentiments and actions at which a whole public sympathetically exults, are seen to produce a gush of tears or a thunder of applause; it is there that the selfish feelings learn their insignificance, and the generous their beauty. Ye feel not for others, ye care not for the public, who hold such a discipline indifferent to the evolution of the sublimest virtues. In

cases of collision between personal and general interest, the public wish must be that any one should sacrifice himself to the rest: hence the will of multitudes is naturally virtuous and philanthropic; it is only from ignorance of what is for the universal good that their praise is bestowed on hurtful conduct. A habit of deference for the instinctive sentiment of a playhouse-audience is likely to operate beneficially and to invigorate the good inclinations. Some persons grow up benevolent who are also recluse; but they will commonly be found to place merit in forwarding the ends of a sect or a party distinct from the common service of mankind; the theatre breaks in on such prejudices, and unfolds to the philanthropist the natural claims of society, the comprehensive sympathies of human nature, the feelings of unsophisticated man."

The immorality sometimes exhibited on the stage is shown to be "an objection that lies against certain plays, not against the theatre;" and an evil which, originating in an uninformed age, ceases to be formidable when discouraged where correcter notions and purer tastes prevail:—

"In Molière's time, and in the unrefined nations, it had not yet been discovered in how high a degree domestic happiness and social order depend on conjugal fidelity. It was not yet notorious, that a husband will submit to no privations and will undertake no labour, no hazard, to provide for the children of a wife whom he has suspected. It was not yet notorious, that filial as well as parental affection vanishes where its object is uncertain or infamous. The son disdains at home, without scruple, the frown of a stranger or the tears of

a harlot; the daughter forsakes, in their old age, the one parent because he is not akin, and the other because she has not a character. It was not yet calculated how short-lived is the pleasure of gallantry, how long-lived its miserable and irrevocable effect. Beauty lasts but an olympiad; the constancy of a gallant but a summer; and for this summer, were it spent in the paradise of Mahomet, without fear and without remorse, it would not be worth while to endanger, far less to fling away, thirty, forty years of mutual confidence and friendship. This, where there are no children. And where there are—mothers, if such there be, who for a moment have meditated to snap those ties asunder, how think you to buy again those endearing charities and purest pleasures of your nature, that sympathy of family affection, forbidden for ever to the hearth polluted by the adulterer? The degradation of rank, the dissolution of acquaintance, are comparatively feeble considerations. Let the comic poet, therefore, be called to a severe responsibility when he seems to dally with the holiest bonds which hold our hearts together; let the matron rise and quit the playhouse with her daughter, if her sacred presence is profaned by coarse ribaldry or systematic licentiousness. Genius can so be taught, that unless he is the slave of virtue, he must become the outcast of fame; that no works of art endure but those which advocate the enduring interests of mankind; and that the true road to permanent praise on earth is to merit the favour of a retributive Deity. By the meritorious conspiracy of exemplary characters, by the apt exertion of the social frown, any exceptionable comedies can be cried down and banished from the stage. They are not numerous and may be disused unmissed."

The prose works of Milton are examined at

considerable length, and their general character is appreciated with a critical skill which assumes a more permanent interest when employed on the standard treasures of our literature. This is, indeed, William Taylor's chief excellence as a reviewer. Other periodical writers have given us pamphlets and essays, abounding in learning and brilliant with ingenuity; but none have brought so much talent and knowledge to bear on the less ostentatious labour of teaching us to value the writings of others. This is strikingly exemplified in the ability and impartiality with which he discussed those of the literary champion of the Commonwealth.

"The national culture of Britain was founded by the Reformation. Protestantism was an appeal to the people, and was compelled to use the language of the multitude*. Until the death of Henry VIII., the Norman-English of Chaucer continued to be the court-dialect; after that period our present more vulgar English was constantly ascending into vogue. Under Elizabeth the vernacular liturgies and homilies were promulgated, which prepared a uniformity of dialect; and the translation of the Bible by the bishops of James I. gave fixity to the tongue of the new religion. Without a glossary, the writers are unintelligible who preceded the establishment of the reformed worship. Even Spenser,

* This passage displays the true spirit in which William Taylor's opinions of the Reformation were conceived, and justifies the explanation given of them at page 237.

who imitated their manner, is sinking into neglect. All our popular classics, all those authors who are still universally known to British readers, are subsequent to the ecclesiastical revolution. Shakspeare is the earliest poet, Lord Bacon the earliest prose writer, who is a student's manual in England. Third in the order of time and popularity, among our elder classics of lofty name, may be classed Milton. No preceding poet but Shakspeare, no preceding prosaist but Bacon, is acknowledged to have surpassed him either in matter or in manner. For native force, Milton is the inferior of these two men; he has combined their forms of excellence indeed, but he has not all the genius of Shakspeare, nor all the intellect of Bacon. For acquired accomplishment he is their superior; he was better read than either, and displays more ancient learning than Shakspeare and more fine literature than Bacon. In the resources, not of invention, but of adaptation he mainly excels. He knows where to transplant the expression, the sentiment, the decoration, which best suits his immediate purpose. The flowers he has to strow are numerous, beautiful and rare; but they are not home-grown, they were gathered far and near, one by one, with toil and choice. Both in his poetry and in his prose, Milton is the artist, the rhetorician, the compiler; like the garden-fountain, he pours through marble urns a shining and a copious stream; but the supply is oftener from the cistern than from the spring. Milton is an admirable rather than a lively writer; one always quits his book with approbation, not always with reluctance. His august reputation is not yet on the decline; but it is on some sides supported by religious partialities, which new variations of opinion are likely to withdraw.

"A more permanent and more generally interesting

portion of Milton's works than those which relate to ecclesiastical affairs, is the political controversy. In order to adapt his writings for a long posterity, he prefers abstract to concrete grounds of argument, and too studiously avoids allusions to the heroes of the cause in opposition to, or in behalf of which he struggles. Had he involved in his discourses a busy mention of the greater men of his age and country, had he preserved with picturesque fidelity the more striking and peculiar features of the manners and incidents of his time, patriotism would more gratefully have bent over his book, and history would more curiously have consulted and more frequently have applauded the hoards of his information. To arouse the national mind, to found a British sect of opinion, Milton ought, like Burke, to have selected native imagery and to have engrafted his argumentation on the received articles of belief of domestic parties; but he always kept in view that European public of Latinists, which the reformers had enjoyed; and by neglecting the vernacular in idea, he has missed in part the advantage of home praise and hereditary sympathy. The fact is, Milton was not much an observer. In his poems he seldom paints from nature. In his prose he plays the part of a Chrysostom or a Cicero, and endeavours to talk about everything as an ancient might have done. There is in this a something theatrical, not life-like, which gives to reality the fainter impressiveness of fiction. Questions about our church, our king, our country, which might agitate to passion the piety, the loyalty, and the patriotism, appear too much like college-declamations, waiting quietly for the criticism of Quintilian.

"Still the writings of Milton constitute a rich treasury of diction grandly embellished, of thoughts nobly conceived and of principles weightily argued. His clo-

quence, like the imitations of a musical composer, whether employed to express anger or ridicule, still vibrates within the limits of pleasure and delights by the beauty and melody of its modulations. When, from distant ages and regions, he calls in the aid of those chosen minds with whom he held habitual converse, and adduces from the poets and sages of antiquity those moral maxims with which his pages are studded, he seems to speak in the name and with the no longer mortal voice of the assembled wise and good in the elysium of the worthies. A strong sense of justice, a daring pursuit of duty, a love of the fair and good, the high consciousness how greater far than rank and wealth are the gifts of genius and virtue—such are the lofty sentiments he is able and worthy to inculcate. One rises from his book dilated as it were and purified; may it long form the manual of our youth and the canon of the patriot!

"We shall notice, one by one, the leading tracts here brought together; it would be an impiety against taste to pass them unregarded. The massy theatres and granite temples of antiquity, which survive successive demolitions and resurrections of the contiguous habitations, are examined anew by every generation of travellers with undiminished curiosity and awful impression. And shall pillars of the literary world, which have remained from age to age so majestically conspicuous, and which will attest to a remote posterity the intellectual wealth of the builder, not be viewed and reviewed by the passing critic with a like courageous vigilance and admiring solicitude?"

"The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates is the triumph of Milton's pen; one may add, of modern pamphleteering. The precedents of erudition, the illustrations of fancy, the arguments of reason, are employed with a readiness which leaves nothing to be spared. It may

be doubted if Cicero could have composed for Brutus a better defence. Maturer taste or aroused feeling here gives direction and an energy to the march of the author's mind, which forbids it to saunter in search of gay decoration or to waste words in idle entertainment. The cause of nations, the traditional morality of past and future ages, the eternal interests of human kind, are at stake, and they are weighed as in the balance of the universal Father. By the citation of those solemn apophthegms, which the poets and historians, the orators and philosophers have consecrated, a jury is impanelled from distant times and places of the collective leaders and teachers of mankind, to vote in the great cause then pending within the precincts of this country. The shades of the illustrious dead seem assembled around the genius of Britain to sanction his awful severity. This pamphlet, by substituting to the ancient doctrine of tyrannicide the modern doctrine of royal responsibility, has given security to sovereigns, and has thereby favoured the mild exercise of power. The Greeks held a private individual entitled to remove by violence a bad ruler; they defended in their schools the assassination of tyrants. Since the book of Milton, the verdict of the community has been held requisite; the right of private judgement, of personal determination, of individual decision about the fate of a monarch, has been denied even to a Brutus. We now disapprove a Cordé, who removes a Marat. We expect from the historian a resolute censure of parties, who by abrupt violence endeavour to take off an hereditary ruler; and we claim that the extinction of a monarch should always be accompanied with formalities, which may necessitate the deliberate concurrence of many men reputable among the people and responsible to posterity. 'Long bleeds the wound by which a king is slain;' we ought

therefore to deter the discontented from the repetition of such acts, without mighty motives of national expediency. That trial ought to precede punishment, however great the difficulty of apprehending the culprit, is become a maxim in the law of nations only since this treatise.

"Whether the prose or the poetry of Milton does most honour to our literature, may well be questioned. We think the prose. The Paradise Lost is rather eloquent than picturesque; it excels in expression, not in imagery, and is then finest when it approaches nearest to oratory; nor is the design or fable fortunate in its knot and solution, or progressive in its interest and splendour. But the Tenure of Kings and Magistrates, and the Defences of the English people, are all that such works can be: they discuss a mighty cause in a grand manner, and exhibit the sublimest of human spectacles, a great man taking part in a great event. The debating-schools of Greece frequently disputed whether it were best to have been Homer or Demosthenes, and the strife was renewed by every generation of sophists as an undecided proposition. Here the question is not merely between poetry and oratory, but whether a secondary rank in epopea be not inferior to the first in rhetoric."

In the two articles on the Fine Arts (chapter 18), there is much curious matter, and the subject being so different from those on which he generally wrote, the following extract will show that this also came within the range of his studies:—

"Sir Joshua Reynolds, by praising Michael Angelo at the expense of Raphael, has given a fashion in Lon-

don to the faults of that artist. The Fuselis and Flaxmans, in their drawings, caricature the expression of strength and movement, in order to attain the vague grandeur and antique freedom of his manner. Sublimity and energy are of easier acquirement than grace and beauty. Raphael had the early education of a Dutch painter: he was compelled by his father to finish up his pottery minutely. Under Pietro Perugino he had no models but in the surrounding nature, and had a master who painted with the anxious precision of an Albrecht Durer. He wrought abroad, he copied life and paid his models with his love; and thus he attained a truth of costume, a familiar humanity of form and a suavity of expression, which, without his heart and his figure, he would have wanted the opportunity of observing. He could irradiate his model at a glance with reciprocal affection. Poussin and Barry have displayed in their paintings more than the intellect of Raphael; they have shown a predilection for the beautiful as perpetual, and a recollection of the antique more incessant; yet these truly classical painters, how feebly, compared with Raphael, they stir the soul! The forms, which lie flat on their canvas, may be heroes, may be gods; but they swim before us like the images of a magic lantern, or the spectres of Elysium, without any impression of reality; while in Raphael's works every figure is humanized by means of those details, which yon copiers of wax and plaster had never observed. In the School of Athens, or in the Village on Fire, we alike feel at home and among men. Let him even call down from heaven the imagined form of that angel which scourges Heliodorus from the temple, we partake its holy indignation, we see it has a soul. That Raphael unlearnt at Rome the Dutchness of his early manner, may be admitted; but that, wherein he surpassed the artists who had stu-

died wholly at Rome, arose from early industry consecrated to the punctilious imitation of living nature."

In the sixth volume of the Annual Review there are fifty-six of William Taylor's articles *. His connection with this publication terminated here. The work itself extended only to one more volume, for which he wrote nothing. His engagement with the Athenæum was not of long duration. To the first volume he contributed only the translation of Ramler's Monodrama of Ino, and a 'Letter from a late Critical Reviewer,' in defence of some remarks on Her-

* Chapter 3.—History and Politics. Nos. 4 to 6, 14, 16 to 19, 21 to 28, 70 to 86, and 88 to 99. [The most important of these are No. 6.] Belsham's Appendix to the History of Great Britain.—14. A Political Account of the Island of Trinidad.—16. Dillon's Memoir on Malta.—17. Coxe's History of the House of Austria.—19. Card's Reign of Charlemagne. —25 to 28. A Series of publications on India.

There are other papers in this chapter, which, from the internal evidence of style and matter, might be ascribed to William Taylor; but as they have not affixed to them in his own copy of the work the mark by which he designated those written by himself, they are not included in this list.

Chapter 6.—Biography. No. 20. Ramsay's Life of Washington. Chapter 7.—British Tours and Topography. No. 1. Chalmers's Caledonia. Chapter 10.—Miscellanies. No. 10. The Fashionable World Reformed.—12. Gunn's Enquiry respecting the Harp.—14. Espriella's Letters.—19. Stockdale's Lectures on the English Poets.—20. Boucher's Supplement to Johnson's Dictionary.—21. Booth's Analytical Dictionary. —22. Kirwan's Logic. Chapter 11.—Novels. No. 1. The Fatal Vow.—No. 2. The Discarded Son.

bert's Translation of Bürger's Lenardo and Blandine. The three succeeding volumes contain thirteen portions of his Synonyms, under the title of 'Synonymic Elucidations.' The list which occupies the foregoing pages does not however comprise the whole sum of his labours during these two years. The necessity of making his talents available for an increase of income was beginning to press upon him; but although stimulated by Robert Southey and his other friends to pursuits of a higher order, he persevered in completing his translations from Tressan and other foreign novelists. These were not published till 1810, when they came out with the title of 'Tales of Yore.' In the year 1807 much of his time was employed in preparing for the press and superintending the publication of the 'Voyage to the Demerary,' by Henry Bolingbroke, Esq., of Norwich. The materials supplied by that gentleman were chiefly arranged by William Taylor, who also added to them many of his own original speculations and statistical comments, more particularly those which have a reference to the slave-cultivation of our tropical colonies. These have been censured, as tending to palliate the injuries inflicted on the negro race, and to vindicate and encourage the system of which they were so long the victims. There are undoubtedly passages, which, if de-

tached from their context, would bear such an interpretation ; but if the whole drift of his argument and the entire scope of his design be fairly and calmly considered, it will be found not only that they are not at variance with the general benevolence of his character and his inherent love of freedom, but also that some of his suggestions might probably have obviated difficulties which have since arisen, as if to do justice to his prophetic sagacity. He foresaw the dangers that would attend a sudden and sweeping emancipation of the negroes, and directed public attention to the importance of what, in the dedication of the work to the Right Honourable William Windham, then Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, he called the " liberty, essential at new settlements, of importing additional labourers." He saw also that the removal of the African from the wretchedness and barbarism of his native condition, to a state of progressive civilization and usefulness, might, under proper regulations, be rendered a blessing to himself and a benefit to society. He therefore recommended " the arrangement of these migrations on a principle of personal consent," and to attempt this by conveying to the unlettered savages of Africa such information as would induce them to become voluntary colonists. " If some trusty negroes," he said, " who have been attached for

twenty years to plantations in the West Indies, were sent over to Africa to enlist voluntary recruits only, they would, I doubt not, be followed back by whole nations of their own accord. The slave-trade, properly so called, the trade which redeems slaves to exalt them into vassals, is a benefit to be encouraged by public premiums. Its continuance is of value to the whole negro race, and is essential to the further progress of agriculture in the fertile but unpeopled tropical portions of America." These emigrants, he proposed, should be attached as vassals to the estates for which they would be engaged in the West Indies. "The laws of vassalage," he added, "may in some rules require amendment and revision; but the system itself is a necessary step in human society, without which agriculture cannot overspread a new country. Vassalage is only a form of bartering labour directly for shelter and food." Through the neglect of these or similar precautions, he contended that the colonies would suffer from a want of labourers, and a consequent deficiency of production; and that "*the small ships, which now execute the smuggling trade of the West Indies, and which alternately visit the British Islands, the Spanish Main, and the coast of North America, under any flag best suited for the protection of their immediate purpose, would in that case undertake the slave-trade.*"

These predictions have been verified by events, which have cast a shade over the glorious sacrifice offered by the British nation on the altar of principle. The benevolent advocates of the abolition of slavery condemned William Taylor's proposition, as giving perpetuity under another form to the cruelties and the bondage which they desired so earnestly to terminate; and selected here and there, not always candidly and charitably, some highly-coloured statement or overstrained argument for their ground of attack. Benevolence herself is not always tolerant; her impatience of delay or contradiction too often assumes the opposite character, and can ill brook the interposed warnings of observant experience or considerate wisdom. The evils which have accompanied the abolition of slavery are clearly traceable to the too precipitate manner of effecting so great a change.

The following letters will be found to possess some interest in reference to these publications, as well as other subjects.

William Taylor to Richard Phillips, Esq.

"Dear Sir, "Norwich, Sept. 6, 1806.

"Mr. Richard Taylor delivered to me your note respecting Mr. Bolingbroke's manuscript. I pointed out to him the causes which rendered it almost impossible to have it printed out of Norwich,—the mishmash of manuscript, printed

extract, different hands, transpositions, verbal corrections, &c. &c. My attention to it having no other motive than to oblige two intimate acquaintances, it is unreasonable to compel me either to transcribe the whole book or to come to London about it. Nor would a London printer bear the multiplicity of proofs which provincial leisure will furnish without a murmur. Mr. Bolingbroke wishes you would make an agreement for the printing with his friends Stevenson and Matchett. One of our printers, I hear, does London work for Longman and others. There is a map to engrave, which can be done here.

"I hope you intend to insert those further contributions to English synonymy, of which sixty pages lie unused in your hands; if not, I beg to have the manuscript returned. You break the survey of Lessing's works into such short scraps, that the public will be tired of the topic before the copy is exhausted. I have another fifty pages to send. Though I may be induced to put some things into the Athenæum, I suppose you will not object to my continuing in similar connexion with the Monthly Magazine. It would gratify my curiosity to know what number of copies of 'Nathan the Wise' have gone off; but I am not solicitous to have an exact account until the 'Critical Survey of Lessing' is all printed, as that will perhaps help the sale. "Yours, WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Sir Richard Phillips (then Sheriff of London) to William Taylor.

"Dear Sir, "Bridge Street, August 9, 1808.

"I am more at leisure than you can suppose. The less one does in office, the more agreeable one is to the ruling powers. I have been a *meddler*, and I have been sturdy in my movements; but, in consequence, I have every kind of illiberal opposition to encounter. The public does not understand the details of business well enough, and one is the victim of clamour before one finds protection from one's friends. The fabric of corruption is like the sensitive plant, and if an honest man touch the meanest part the whole is in motion. I believe I have done some good to the public, and have relieved much distress; but at present I have not added to my own comforts, except from the consciousness that I have done my best.

"Your observations on Colquhon will appear in my next. Lessing is not a popular subject, but it shall proceed. 'Harold and Tosti' is in reserve, and shall be used; I have had difficulties about the measure from our short lines. I regret that your Synonime papers have not been continued where they began and where they made a whole. 'Nathan' has done very little, and yet I have done my best for him. I wish most heartily that I could entangle you in some

regular work, in which you might embody your immense stores of reading. A dictionary must not exceed three volumes, and a bookseller could not give more than £3000 for it.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours devotedly,

"R. PHILLIPS."

From the same to the same.

"Dear Sir, "Bridge Street, September 8, 1808.

"I certainly *will* buy your Tales. Send them up, name a moderate price, and I will send you a bill at as long a date as you think fair in a matter of business in which our money does not return in less than fifteen months. Your grand sweeping question, 'What do you want done?' has dazzled and puzzled me. It is like Bonaparte saying to an ambitious ensign in the French service, '*Ask what you will, and you shall have it.*' However, send the tales, and while they are passing through the press I may think of more than you may choose to do, notwithstanding the latitude of your question. I may say, modestly, for the present, that essays and poetry for the Monthly Magazine are always acceptable. On my part, I say, draw for what is due as often as it suits you. "Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"R. PHILLIPS."

CHAPTER IV.

1809 to 1810.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. SOUTHEY. MONTHLY MAGAZINE. CRITICAL REVIEW. LETTER TO MR. BELSHAM. 'TALES OF YORE.' MONTHLY REVIEW.

Robert Southey commenced his correspondence with William Taylor in the year 1809 by sending him the before-announced prospectus of Coleridge's projected periodical paper, 'The Friend,' which was accompanied by the following letter.

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 62)

"Keswick, January 15, 1809.

"My dear William Taylor,

"At length I have laid hand on a prospectus, which I send you rather as a thing worth having than for any other use; for Coleridge sent it abroad hastily, without consideration on his own part or consultation with anybody else, and both the how and the when of publication remain yet to be settled. My advice to him is, not to venture upon any periodical task, because I am

quite certain he never will be ready in time; but to publish a half-crown or five-shilling number whenever he can be ready with one. That something should be done I am very anxious, because if what there is in Coleridge be not drawn out of him in this way, it will never be drawn out of him at all.

"I thank you for De Lery, which has proved of greater value than I expected, inasmuch as De Bry, like a right Roman Catholic, has omitted the whole chapter relating to Villegagnon, the main part of the preface, and most of the parts which expose Thevet's ignorance and knavery. Even from the book thus mutilated I had, by the help of Thuanus, formed an opinion, which the additional facts thus got at completely verify and establish. My Bayle is, I fear, the first edition, for I can find nothing there upon the subject. Moreri has something about it in his usual meagre and wretched way. I do not by any means dispute or doubt that the Caraibes of the French are our Carribs; but in De Lery the word is different. He means there the Tupi priests, who were Tupis themselves; but it is used improperly both by him and some of the Portuguese writers, for Marcgrave (what is the Dutch orthography of that name?) makes the distinction, and explains Paye to be the conjuror, Caraiba his power of conjuration.

"The Courier, not the Edinburgh Review, speaks my opinions with respect to Spain. The only political revolution which that country needed, took place, *ipso facto*, upon the kidnapping the royal family, by the establishment of different Juntas; for Spain has only to recur to its old constitution, long suspended but never repealed or destroyed, to be a free nation. As for religious reformation, that, as you perceive, Bonaparte is enacting; a proof, if proof were needed, that the whole clergy are against him, as well as the whole people. Everything is to be expected from the Spaniards, except what our ministers choose to expect, that they should at once be able to stand against equal or superior numbers of French in the field. We should have borne the first brunt, and trained them to be soldiers, just as they teach the young skaiters in Holland. But it would fill a larger sheet than this to point out all the gross blunders which we have committed. Still I am confident that Spain will finally deliver itself, though we shall, perhaps, see it at first overrun. I am the more confident, because in every instance my expectations with regard to that country have been verified.—The Grenvilles and Foxites will separate upon the question of peace. Canning hankers after the former, and would gladly have them in with him. Neither the king nor the

people will like it: the king will never be so well pleased as with an administration composed of his *menials*, for such they are; and the people dislike the Grenvilles. The republicans, however, will be with them against the peacemakers. I hear but one opinion and one feeling here, that the scabbard must be thrown away, and that our whole disposable force should be sent to Spain. The very Quakers admit that peace cannot be wished for upon any other principle than their own. Your admiration of Jeffray is to me quite surprising. Cobbett may be an honest writer by possibility, because he has gone regularly on from the extreme point of Anti-Jacobinism to the other end of the political scale; but Jeffray has gone backwards and forwards. Look at the wretched justification of war in the first numbers, and compare them with the wretched justification of peace now. Look at his defence of all existing abuses, when the party to whom he had at last attached himself were, as he supposed, safely *in*, and then judge what credit is due to his democracy when they are *out*. There was an able article in the Courier some weeks ago, setting him against himself in two parallel columns, and never was pamphleteering tergiversation more decidedly proved.

"Your argument that schools, not churches, ought to be the instrument of conversion, is,

I believe, the only one which I have not entered into in my reviewal of the Baptist Mission and Buchanan controversy. The schools are the necessary consequence of the mission —without it they could do little; for it is not desirable to undermine an old superstition without giving something in its place. This was the error of Voltaire and the French Anti-christians. Had they been content with Socinianism, or what is better, with a philosophized Quakerism, France would at this day have been free, and we should have won that game sixteen years ago which was lost for us by the union of Atheism with Jacobinism. As for the crazy Calvinism of the missionaries, I regard that just as you do, and take especial care not to be misunderstood when the subject comes in my way. But missionaries must be crazy (according to the common acceptation of the word), or they would not be missionaries; and I hold it something worse than craziness to keep out of sight the great qualities connected with their enthusiasm.

"I am glad that you are once more got into a Review, though it will not fall in my way to see the Critical. This year's Annual, I fear, will seem very flat to me from your default: my own articles in it were none of them written with much pleasure. They are few in number, and I suspect there is little reason to wish there

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had been more of them, unless the books had been better; for, unlike you, I stick to my text, and if that is not a lucky one, the discourse is not likely to make amends for its defects. Perhaps it is bad policy in Longman not to pay such a price as to make exertion incumbent, and enable his authors always to afford it.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 63.)

"Keswick, February 23, 1809.

"My dear William Taylor,

"Can you let me see that book of Raymond Breton's, which is mentioned in Bolingbroke's Voyage, p. 146.? It will enable me to ascertain whether the Caribs are of the great Tupi family, as I am inclined to suppose they are, from their word for priest, and from the maraca which their jugglers use through the whole country from the Plata to the Orinoco,—whether further north I know not. You are certainly wrong about the word Caraiba. Both Marcgraff in old times, and Dobrizhoffer in our own, explain it to mean the power of sorcery, or of the priesthood, the inspiration which the Payes affected to possess. De Lery and Thevet use it as synonymous with Paye by mistake, the one knowing little of the language, the other nothing. You (for doubt-

less it is 'aut Diabolus aut William Taylor') have thrown more new and interesting speculation into Mr. Bolingbroke's book than is to be found in any other book of travels. But in your defence of slavery, as in your defence of Popery, you weaken your own cause by injudiciously slurring over its weak side. You had Stedman on your table, and yet scarcely hint at the horrors of slavery under a Dutch or a Jew master! You speak excellently of the end which this traffic has been destined to fulfill: I thank you for what you have said. It is a more far-seeing, a more philosophical view of the subject than any other person has ever taken, perhaps than any other person is capable of taking; but when you call it vassalage, you have kept out of sight all the difference between the feudal and commercial systems of society, between the love of glory and the love of gain, a baron's hall and a counting-house. I could have written a good reviewal of this book, and would have written a very ample one, and am sorry king Thomas did not send it me for that purpose.—Claim for me in your next articles for Sir Richard's Portfolio that Ode to Indolence, printed in Mr. John Proctor's name two or three months ago in his Magazine, with alterations but not improvements. If the said Mr. Proctor be dead, the case probably is, that he has copied out the poem and al-

tered it to his own fancy, and some of his friends finding it among his papers have supposed it to be his own. If he be alive, I can only call him, as the schoolboy did Guy Faux in his epigram, *calidus*, *frigidus*: *calidus*, a warm admirer of my verses; *frigidus*, a cool fellow for stealing them. You will see in the Annual that Sir Richard has inserted without leave, license or acknowledgment an old paper of mine from the Magazine, in Mr. Whittingham's 'Travels in Spain.' I am really sorry that the sheriff in the past tense, and lord mayor in the future-in-urbe, should be for ever committing some little dirty twopenny-halfpenny piece of roguery, when he is really so able and so useful a man, and might have been so truly a respectable one.

"Twenty sheets of my first volume are printed, and it will probably be published in June; for my second, I am in want of the Jesuits' Annual Letters from Paraguay. It is scarcely more difficult to get heretical books at Lisbon than it is to get Catholic ones in England, except that sort of desperate trash which is of our own home manufacture. Hating Popery as I do *ex intimo corde*, I am yet a great admirer of the Jesuits: there is no body of men to whom literature has been so much beholden; in fact, all the monastic orders have in this respect done their duty. The most base and beggarly of them have done

more as a body than any or all our universities. It should have been Bonaparte's policy to have restored the Jesuits ; he should have done it for his immediate interest and for his future character. Thorough villain as he is, he is not much worse than Constantine ; and the praise of a grateful sect can yet do wonders in whitewashing a negro-reputation.

"Two things amused me in the last Monthly Review—the sagacity with which the William-Taylorisms of the Demerary book are accounted for by Mr. Bolingbroke's official situation, and Mr. Evans's Verses upon Madoc (not my 'Madoc,' but the prince himself), which are certainly made upon the most approved receipt for verse-making. I have seldom seen a worse reviewal than that of Bolingbroke. The writer must have been wretchedly ignorant to extract the account of the Feast of Dead, which is to be found in very many books (you are wrong in supposing it to be Mexican), and he must have been perversely stupid to pass over without any notice the great and striking novelties which the book really contains. I do not mean in matter of fact, of which there is little enough, but in its deductions and views.

"This affair of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke is certainly one of the most important signs of the times. The people here are very

indignant, and revolution is prophesied by those who certainly have no wish to see their predictions verified. William Smith has done himself no credit in this investigation, and the House of Commons never appeared to less advantage than by the gross leaning towards the Duke which they have manifested throughout.

"I hope to have 'Kehama' finished early in the spring, and much to my satisfaction. The metre of my next poem is yet undecided, and this is the only point about it which requires further consideration. I am full of great plans, and, God be thanked, never was better disposed nor better able to go through with them. The 'Cid' fell to W. Scott's care in the Quarterly, to Turner's in the Annual. God bless you!

"Yours,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 59.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, March 10, 1809.

"I have to thank you for two letters; the one enclosing Coleridge's prospectus received in January, and the other applying for Raymond Breton, of which book Mr. Bolingbroke and I know no more than Lord Monboddo has been pleased to say concerning it in a note to the 'Origin of Languages,' c. vii. vol. i. p. 503. From hearing

no more of *The Friend*, the enterprize I presume is abandoned, or at least put into the more expedient form of appearing as a whole volume. There is a perpetual demand for parlour-window books, and *The Friend* seems adapted by its general structure for the reading of the female and the moral world. The tendency to metaphysical speculation, which may be inferred from the prospectus, is not likely to popularize the book.—Do you not yet despair of the Spanish cause, as far as European Spain is concerned? I never much thought that so superstitious and ignorant a people would combine for a national purpose with efficacious skill. The best chance was to have let republicanism loose and to have set up a representation of the people, presided by the archbishop of Toledo; if by *any* means, by an alliance of church and people at the expense of royalty and aristocracy, the zeal and the resources were to have been found. The proclamation of Ferdinand VII. was in every view impolitic; it must intercept our recognition of the independence of Spanish America.—What I said of Jeffray respected his talents, not his consistency: he always exaggerates, as every stimulant writer must do: and all hyperbolists appear far more inconsistent and self-contradictory, when they or their spectators have moved to the opposite side of the ring, than persons who use tame expressions. Hence Burke appears to many so full of

tergiversations. If you are now an advocate for war, in order to help the Spaniards, you must keep in your bosom those common-places of philanthropy which you used to employ in favour of peace, while you abhorred the war against the liberties of France. Is there in this any tergiversation? Surely not. Why may not Jeffray be motived by adequate causes to think as he thinks? However, it is not with his politics that I am in love; but with his comprehensive knowledge, with his brilliant and definite expression, and with his subtle argumentative power. I have not yet seen the Quarterly Review; it is said to rival that of Jeffray; but I shall be surprised if there is literary strength enough in any other combination to teach so many good opinions so well as the Edinburgh Reviewers. Who is the manager of it? I suppose what you were writing about the missions is the article that has appeared in the Quarterly.

"I thought I had written you the secret history of Mr. Bolingbroke's book; I must have written it to Henry, and supposed it was superfluous to say the same things both at Durham and Keswick The papers were put into my hands and into those of his brother-in-law, Robert Gooch, whom you know. We both clipped out much and put in something. Mr. Bolingbroke was very anxious to execute with effect his chapter about the slave-trade. There

is in his own mode of arguing a diffuseness which rendered it necessary to remodel the whole latter part of the chapter. The manuscript did not supply so many pages as Phillips had contracted for, and the two last chapters of the book were squeezed out of the scooped lemon. Mr. Bolingbroke's opinions have been strictly adhered to; he is a friend to religious tolerance and political vassalage. It is doubtful whether I shall again write either in the Athenæum or in the Monthly Magazine. Dr. Aikin suffered Mr. Thomas Rees to print a protest against my theory of the Communion-rite, and now will not suffer me to print my reply, in consequence of which I retire. With Phillips I am tending to differ about what strikes me as a breach of agreement; but I have added an article to my portfolio concerning Proctor, which, if I send in any more, will travel to the inn of publicity. I am not so much shocked as my neighbours about the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke. The venality of situations in the army dissolves the tie of allegiance to royalty. The army has been jacobinized much by these corrupt sales. It will be reroyalized by the reform of the abuse. As for a revolution, there can be none but by the army, or by refusing the taxes to the tax-gatherer: opinion will not make one. I read in the Annual your Fisher's Madrid, Clarkson's Abolition, Apology for Quakerism, &c., and

was especially pleased with the reviewal of Fox's History. 'T is one of the books Rees offered to me when he applied to me to stay in the corps. I am sincerely glad it fell into other hands. I should have been more humble, panegyrical, worshipful; but less peculiar and less detective. There is less than I expected of good matter in this year's Annual. Cumberland's Review is poor stuff. The praise of a grateful sect Bonaparte seems to me to covet; but that sect is to be some new modification of Catholicism. When he has made Cardinal Fesch pope he will call a council of Christendom and Socinianize popery.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 64.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, May 24, 1809.

"It is likely that there will be a Review started, excluding all contemporary publications, and chusing its subjects from all others,—its title, Rhadamanthus. This is a scheme of mine. I threw it out in a hint to Walter Scott, and Ballantyne came here on his way from London, commissioned to treat with me concerning it. The terms proposed are, £100 a year for the editor, ten guineas a sheet for the writers; the place of printing, Edinburgh; the mode, quarterly five shilling numbers. Definitively settled it is not;

but I have little doubt that it will be so. I hope I am not wrong in counting upon you as my right hand. Scott proposes to bear a part, and will be a very useful assistant; but I rely upon you and upon myself to build up and support the work. Setting aside the moral advantage, that we neither hurt the feelings nor the fortunes of any person, there will be the main advantage of chusing any subject and never having a dull one forced upon us. As soon as things are completely arranged I will write to you, stating what subjects are looked out for myself for the first two or three numbers; and you meantime will hit upon what may best suit yourself. I should request from you an article upon political economy, any branch on which you feel most disposed to write. Since you heard from me last, many events have taken place in my family: but for these interruptions you would ere this have heard that Kehama was completed: I am on the penultimate section. You wish the same time had been bestowed upon a subject which had any possibility of becoming popular. My two next poems will satisfy you on this point; they are to be Pelayo and Robin Hood. I am afraid the Quarterly will proclaim itself anti-jacobin, and in that case of course we part. My defence of the missionaries attracted much notice, and has made Sidney Smith very angry in

the last Edinburgh. I shall make him more angry one of these days by attacking the methodists, and yet showing why they must inevitably succeed against such an establishment and such dissenters as ours, and such opponents as him. It is neither by invective nor by ridicule that anything can be done against them; and to oppose them by ordinary orthodox means, is as hopeless as it is to present regular armies against Bonaparte, till they are formed upon his own plan. The way must be to split them into Moderates and Jacobins; to make concessions, to show what are the good principles in human nature to which they owe part of their success, and to borrow their tactics. John Wesley's Life and Works will form one of the first subjects in Rhadamanthus.

"Had we a cabinet of any ability, I believe that at this moment Bonaparte might receive his death-blow. Being myself for thorough reform, —for Forsyth-ing the rotten tree of the constitution, and, if that did not do, for planting a new one in its place,—I care not about the struggle of parties, and grow to perceive that there is the same utter lack of common honesty and common talent in both. Of the two, I believe I hate the Whigs the worst, for their rascally feelings towards Spain; and of the Whigs, Whitbread, for the way in which he always speaks of Bonaparte.

Marquis Wellesley will do something in Spain, having his brother at the head of the army; but there is not vigour in the cabinet to second him with sufficient force. By the bye that wretched article upon Spain in the first Quarterly is by George Ellis. My opinion respecting that country has never for a moment been shaken. Portugal was threescore years under the Philips, yet allthose years they were systematically preparing the revolution which restored to them their own line of kings. No usurper will ever be safe on that throne. I am firmly persuaded that there is more real patriotism among the Spaniards than could be found among any other people under heaven.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 60.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, June 1, 1809.

"In any periodical publication which you are to manage I shall gladly assist; but I do not think the project you are forming will answer. Rhadamanthus may pay Charon and his subferrymen, but poor Ballantyne will repent of this bargain. Only the literary world cares about old books. The use of a review is to provide the unthinking part of the public with sentiments to utter concerning living men and passing

events. It is very possible to smuggle in modern speculation, under colour of reviewing ancient writings; but as it will not be expected, it will not be looked for there; and thus the great mass of book-buyers will turn from Rhadamanthus as from the Censura Literaria of Egerton Brydges. To execute a work well secures the perusal of men of letters, who are of all customers the worst, as they get at books through editors of reviews and public institutions; it does not secure popularity, which is of course reserved for the topics of the season. Talk of the flowers that round us bloom, not of cedars, laurels and dull evergreens, if you would please the walkers in the garden.

"The Athenæum having ceased, I should suppose a quarterly magazine, omitting however all petty domestic occurrences, would be welcome among the friends of liberality, and I should recommend your making Rhadamanthus a mere subdivision of a literary magazine of this kind. You would thereby gain the opportunity of employing your poetry first in single cantos; and in general, by the greater latitude of admission, you would find the supply of materials easier. I have been talking with Mawman about starting such a quarterly magazine; but Mr. Robert Fellowes, who was thought of as the editor, is not a quick judge of literary force, without which tact the inroads of mediocrity are ever breadthening.

I would have undertaken it, did I not hold residence in London essential to the proper conduct of such a work. About the methodists I agree much more with Sidney Smith than with you. I do not like his virulence, which may generate intolerance; but his powerful ridicule is the proper specific against so pernicious an insanity, which your veneration for disinterested zeal, in all its forms, leads you so much to patronize.

"The Quarterly Review is not good for much; it will enhance the reputation of the Edinburgh, by exhibiting the relative inferiority of those London writers, who think themselves able to rival the pupils of the Scotch universities. These Oxford and Cambridge men may be scholars, and like most scholars, bigots,—bigots to church and king; but there is not a man amongst them who displays the lofty spirit and intellect of a philosopher. The Quarterly Review will exactly ruin the British Critic. I have been passing more than three weeks in London, in consequence of disagreeable commercial dependencies, which I did not succeed in liquidating. Your friend Duppa I had the pleasure of meeting at Rickman's and at Elton Hammond's. You must have lived much in each other's society in early life; for there are tones of voice so peculiar to you both, that they must have been evolved by reciprocal imitation. I like Duppa singularly. Par-

liamentary reform is not a catching topic: under Pitt it was new, and fermented vigorously; under Grey it was a little stale; but now it has lost all relish. Agitators should always break untried ground. Dr. Sayers tells me that Dr. Valpy's son is about to start a quarterly repository for classical criticism, &c. Dr. Reeve has published on the Torpidity of Animals. W. J. Hooker, a young friend of Dr. Smith's, has embarked for Iceland on a botanical expedition.

"Farewell. Yours truly,

"W. Taylor, Jun."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 61.)

[no date.]

"I wrote to you not long ago with my opinion of the plan of Rhadamanthus. I have talked it over with Dr. Sayers, who has contributed an article or two to your Quarterly Review, and who thinks that a review of old books only cannot possibly answer. I have started the topic to many literary friends; all agree in one sentiment, that it will not succeed. On the contrary, they think that a quarterly magazine, wholly quit of review-age (of which the literary market now suffers glut), and wholly quit of gossip re-strung out of the newspapers, would succeed, and in some degree supersede reviews themselves, which are forgetting the analytical part of their duty to spe-

culate, *ad libitum*, as a magazine-essayist might do. When you have decided, I should like to know, that I may adapt some projects of essay and disquisition to the form in which you can give them haven.

"Sir James Mackintosh has addressed to me from Bombay a printed copy of a very curious trial, 'Rao *v.* Hormanjee,' in which certain Braminical consecrations were investigated, and the effect of these consecrations in alienating the property examined, so as to establish the Hindoo church in the right of enjoying territorial gifts and bequests, and to settle an analogy between its forms of property and those known to our ecclesiastical law. Mackintosh presided and summed up with beautiful common-places about toleration and piety to the dead. Mr. W. Smith has been here to celebrate an anniversary of his own election; he recovers ground in public opinion in proportion as the Wardle question sinks into oblivion. My analysis of Paulus's 'Commentary on the New Testament' has made its appearance in the Critical Review. The editor, Robert Fellowes, has made two interpolations,—the second and concluding paragraphs,—which displease me. He has made one suppression which I regret,—an attempt to prove, from the first and second chapters of Luke, that Zacharius, who wrote these chapters, meant to hold himself out

as the father of Jesus Christ, as well as of John the Baptist. The Jewish idea of being conceived of the Holy Ghost did not exclude the idea of human parentage: the rabbinical commentator on Genesis explains this

" Farewell. Yours,

" W. TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 65.)

" Keswick, September 7, 1809.

" My dear William Taylor,

" You will wonder at not having heard from me. The fact is, that I have heard nothing more concerning the Rhadamanthus project from Ballantyne. His silence is to be attributed, for the first part of the time, to an expectation of seeing me at Edinburgh, and there talking over the matter with Walter Scott, who is his Magnus Apollo; and latterly I suspect to an abandonment of the scheme on his part, because he thinks he can employ me more advantageously for himself. I have undertaken the historical part of his Edinburgh Annual Register for the first year (1808). He wishes me to engage regularly for this department, and offers for it £400 a year, which is certainly very liberal pay: I have, however, only promised for the first volume, which will suffice to show him how far my views of things and my manner of speaking

of them may accord with his object; and also how far it will be compatible with my better pursuits to undertake so large a portion of trade work. He has applied to me upon very short notice, and I am by no means prepared for the task. It was indeed in other hands, but the sample sent was so thoroughly tame and worthless (I had it sent to me), that he has done wisely to pay for it and cancel it at once. I am waiting for documents which Longman is slow in sending, and meantime get on with a preliminary view of parties at home, so written as to be sure of pleasing no party, because it will speak bitter truths of all. The death of the Athenæum rather surprised me, because I thought the booksellers could force anything in that shape down: let any motto be written upon its ach'ment except *Resurgam*. The death of the Annual I expected: if the coroner's inquest should sit upon its body, they may find that it was starved to death. Peace be with it! I served a seven years' apprenticeship to it at low wages, and must have *struck* had it continued longer. You will receive the first volume of 'Brazil' late in autumn; fifty-four sheets are printed, and I am transcribing the last chapter: supplementary notes and a bibliographical appendix will extend the volume to something above 600 pages. It has cost me very great labour, and I do not

think more could have been done with it. The second volume will be the more interesting of the two.

"Harry, being now fairly settled in practice, and a married man, has, I believe, fallen seriously to work upon what has long been a favourite project of his, and one in which I have always encouraged him, — a 'History of the Crusades.' He is well situated for this, there being two libraries belonging to the church at Durham, both at his command and both abounding with old books, among which are the most important of his materials; some I can help him to, and the rest I know where to borrow. I have instructed him in my method of historical book-keeping,—the result of nine years' experience,—which will save him much labour,—that is, in preventing him from losing any.

"Coleridge has sent out a fourth number to-day. I have always expected every number to be the last: he may, however, possibly go on in this intermitting way till subscribers enough withdraw their names (partly in anger at its irregularity, more because they find it heathen Greek) to give him an ostensible reason for stopping short. Both he and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault,—that of making things, easy

of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended by their way of stating them: instead of going to the natural spring for water, they seem to like the labour of digging wells. The tower-of-Babel character of your English offends them grievously; the hardness of theirs appears to me a less excusable fault. Your plan of a quarterly magazine could not fail to answer, if it were well-started and supported. I wish you could start one; and, if you should, will do for it all I can.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 62.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, March 28, 1810.

"A letter arrived here last Saturday directed to you: am I to forward it elsewhither, or may I hope to see you? Daily since it came I have been to meet both the mail-coaches at the inn, with the eager expectation of your being a passenger; fatigued of disappointment I desist from my search, to exhale the sigh of aspiration or regret.

"It is long, shamefully long, since I have written to you: the cause is not wholly of agreeable narration. In November last I was deferring to write with the wish of accompanying my letter by a copy of the 'Tales of Yore'; but I discovered that I had acted with levity (to use

no coarser name), by endeavouring to eke out the want of provided material with an old translation of Voltaire's 'White Bull'. I determined to cancel the vicious sheets. This took time: there was new matter to seek, to translate, and to overlook. I received but last week the purified copies, which I would willingly have believed the only extant ones: unhappily Mr. Mawman, in his eagerness to accommodate his Critical Review with early intelligence, sent to the editor of that journal a copy with all its pristine imperfections on its head. I am assured, however, that not six copies have got abroad in the original state; but as some impertinent bibliographer may choose to record the fact, I must bear as I can the consequence. I have to send you and to send to Henry a copy of the book, but know not through what channel to order the forwarding: it is a bookseller's job, which I do not wish to avow. I have read with more than the interest of intellect, if that be possible, your prospectus of the Edinburgh Annual Register. Walter Scott would have done better not to incommode you with a subsidiary volume of literary intelligence: an Edinburgh Annual Register should be a separate care. You will find it difficult to compress the details which are permanently valuable into one volume; and you will find the tail of the comet less radiant than the

nucleus,—sweepings of the heavens where Jeffrey and Co. are the constellations. Hermogenes lived seventy-seven years and wrote seventy-seven books; you too promise fair to count years by works. The death of Rhadamanthus I do not regret. One trial which I had reported for the records of his court, and which I have addressed to Sir Richard Phillips for the Monthly Magazine, is Heywood's 'Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels,' 1635. It is wonderful to me that Milton should so totally have disdained even the angelic nomenclature of his predecessors. Heywood was indeed a loyalist and a bad poet; but bad poets usually tinge their better contemporaries.

"Lately I have been busying myself in a manner you will disapprove, by throwing together all my past and present theological speculations about the origin of Christianity and the life of Christ in the form of letters to the editors of the 'Improved Version.' Burnett, who has been writing to me with his Milton, and for money, and for patronage in his pursuit of the librarianship at the Institute, has mediated with his printers for the publication. I sent a preliminary letter a month ago; but, not having heard a word since, I suspect the manuscript has miscarried; and if so, I believe the work will miscarry. The fever of mental stimulation has subsided, and with it all present inclination to

proceed: my zeals, however, though never lasting, are always revivable. At one time the mezerions of poetry stretch their purple fingers; at another, the hedge-row hawthorns of politics, limiting rights and wounding trespassers: at another, the high-darting, regularly knotted, elastic, plastic bamboos of metaphysics; at another, the dark-wreathed simbul which strangles the cedar of superstition. Oh that, instead of this morbid versatility, I could persevere in some quiet incessant historic task! You are now among the politicians. Are we to hope for a change of ministers, or to fear it? There is much to desiderate, little to desire; the merit is absent which one could alone be anxious to elevate. I am no convert to Sir F. Burdett's argument about Gale Jones's case: a right of police, sufficient to protect the house from being overawed by a rabble, ought to vest in the Commons themselves; the king and his courts of justice would only defend the representatives of the people against disloyal clamourers. The impeachment of Strafford was compelled by the operation of such wall-bills as Gale Jones furnished: trifling as may be his offence, just as may be his feeling, the precedent is momentous.

"For Coleridge's 'Friend' I desired my bookseller to write, but it has never reached me: some one compared it in my hearing to a muddy

waterfall,—sonorous but not transparent. Will it not be republished in a separate volume?

"To Mr. Rickman remember me respectfully. I have been to him, as to you, a negligent correspondent. He wrote to me pending the Duke of York's impeachment; I did not sympathize with his indifference, was about to visit London, and postponed writing. The usual fate of procrastination is to render renewal more difficult; for the very reason that I have lost the thread, I have hesitated to recommence the correspondence, and now I seem to lack some sufficient pretext. I have now thought of one,—it is to enclose this letter to him.

"Dr. Sayers regrets peculiarly to be confined by illness at a time when you are hoped for in Norwich. My father and mother are better than usual, and greet you kindly. I remain, with affectionate esteem,

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 66.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, April 1, 1810.

"How a letter to me should happen to be directed to Norwich is more than my utmost ingenuity can explain: perhaps it may be designed for Harry. Re-direct it to Keswick, and the mystery will then be explained. I am sorry

that it should have led you to the coaches to welcome me: my movements are never sudden, and I certainly should never make for Norwich without first ascertaining whether you were there. If business had not continually been pressing and accumulating upon me, I should have written to tell you of my goings on. You may, perhaps, before this reaches you, have received a specimen of them in the shape of my first volume of 'Brazil,' which, if it had so pleased the printer, you might have had three months ago. 'Kehama' will follow it early in the summer: the eighteenth proof is now lying on my table. Your original objection to the story will not be removed, the Apocalypse itself not being more remote from all ordinary sympathies; but I think you will approve the manner in which I have given to rhyme the freedom and force of blank verse. The prospectus of the Register is not mine, and was written before I had any connection with the work, and bears with it no mark of my manufactory. The person originally chosen for the annalist was somehow connected with the ministry, and thence the boast in the prospectus of materials not generally accessible. I have reason to imagine it was young Rose. Do not, however, mention this: whoever he was, his first chapter was completely in the spirit of Pitt-politics. Luckily for Ballantyne it happened to

be dull also, not less through the nature of the materials than by the fault of the artificer; this accident drove him to me in despair: and thus it happens that a work, which will have a circulation unexampled for things of this kind, is to carry abroad my opinions instead of those of the treasury. I am at present waiting for some Portuguese documents, which I fear will arrive too late for immediate use. This month will complete my work: the booksellers are delighted with it,—I myself, satisfied.

"Both Burdett and Lethbridge have acted imprudently in compelling parliament to pronounce a decided opinion upon a subject better left in obscurity. All things appear to me tending to revolution in this country, yet they who wish for such a crisis are only such men as Wardle's penny and twopenny subscribers, with some few adventurers of a higher class; and it is the want of talent and want of principle in the parliament which will bring it about. If you ask me which I despise the most, the Ins or the Outs? I cannot reply to the question, believing both to be equally weak and equally profligate. All I am anxious for is to keep the peace-party out; and Pitt himself (I was about to say the devil, but that is from me a still stronger expression) should have my support, were he living, against any ministry who

would abandon Spain and treat with Bonaparte.

"Your theological speculations I disapprove chiefly because I cannot think any market would be found for them: were you to begin some quiet continuous task of history, you would insensibly be led on by the pleasure of the pursuit. Time is stealing on us. The grey hairs begin to thicken on my head, more years have passed over yours; and it gives me a feeling, which if not exactly the heartache, is something akin to it, when I think what literary fortunes will hereafter be made on your spoils,—thoughts and illustrations pillaged, and systems extracted, while the bibliographer who may chance to discover the real author and come forward to vindicate his claim, must be content with a place in some magazine or compilation of anecdotes for an article with William Taylor for its heading.

"I am sorry to hear Dr. Sayers is unwell. Which are his articles in the Quarterly? Remember me to him and to your father and mother, in whose lengthened life I rejoice for this reason among others, that it promises length of days to you. Send me your books through Longman.

"God bless you!

"Robert Southey."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 63.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, June 1, 1810.

"I have received and begun the 'History of Brazil.' There is a prospect of my being re-annexed to the Monthly Review. I have inquired whether I may review the 'Brazil,' and suspend my progress in expectation of the answer. There are many little memorandums I should make in passing, which if I am to criticise for myself only would be needless. I project already to complain of the completeness of the detail, of the more than German exhaustion of consultable authority, and of the sailor-like micrology of description. Another of my occupations is to correct the proofs of a theological letter to Mr. Belsham. He has attacked in the Repository an article of mine in the Critical Review, and I wished for a pretext to record somewhere my theory of the holy pedigree. Between provocation and vociferation I have made a pamphlet of about five sheets, which Burnett sold for me to his friend Pople, and which the house he joins is to publish. I do not enjoy the quiet of mind necessary for me to begin a task of historic composition. If my lot were brought to anchor, that I were once for all lowered in condition and living within my income, I could snatch myself from other things and belong to literature: but risks which others have chosen to incur, and mis-

fortunes of various kinds, and dependencies still interminable, and expenditure dear though improvident, and the thousand pangs that flesh is heir to, make sad havoc within me, and produce an artificial hypochondriasis, which apologises to me for a fitful indolent sort of application, which, as you justly observe, will terminate in only preparing a biographical article for the magazine in which I was an occasional contributor. The best thing for me would be, that some bookseller should buy of me at some price that would stimulate a persistance of toil, a progressive edition of all I have written: I might fit up the lives of the German poets, the synonymy, essays, poems, &c., and so mend each into tolerability. Dr. Sayers reviewed Middleton '*On the Article*,' in the Quarterly, and offered surely some critique on Whittington's 'Architecture,' which was pre-engaged, and the substance of which he is re-fashioning to introduce some other analogous work. I think he will more and more concern himself with reviewing: he is now well. Poor Fransham has migrated to the Platonic elysium. Mr. Rigby has bought the manuscripts, or accepted them in lieu of medical services: they will not be published, I suppose. If, as Fransham thought, the soul is naturally immortal and ever-thinking, and if, as observation teaches, it can acquire no new ideas after the loss of the

organs of sense, it follows that it will lie in the coffin ruminating on the old stock; attributing reality to the phænomena of memory, dreaming itself in the very future state of its own expectation, and awarding the final sentence of its conduct exactly at its own standard of appreciation. Hence all religions are true, and conscience is the judge of the world. I sent you the 'Tales of Yore.' The death of Roland is improved from Turpin, and so is Bliomberis.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 64.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, October 29, 1810.

"I am become quite a gad-abroad. I have been staying with relations at Attleburg, at Diss, and latterly at Halesworth with the Icelandic Hooker, who lost his drawings and specimens by the ship's taking fire on his passage home: he is now preparing for a bolder expedition to Ceylon. Meanwhile my drawer of reviewanda for the Monthly (to which I again belong) is become very full, and among the books I discover the 'Chronicle of the Cid,' accompanied by a Spanish book of plays containing the '*Mocedades del Cid.*' About the antiquity, &c. of these dramas you can tell me something; and if by any chance you have not burnt, and know where to

find the letter I wrote you when I first read the 'Chronicle,' it might assist to revive impressions which you approved. I have bespoken of Griffiths leave to review the 'History of Brazil,' and suspend a perusal of it I had begun until I can note down in passing the more agreeable stages of my thoroughfare.

"The Edinburgh Annual Register I have been reading, not with unmixed pleasure. With me the Catholic Emancipation is a darling object. Whatever faults the catholics may retain, these faults are only curable by a diminished segregation: it is exactly by huddling them into camps, parliaments, magistracies and colleges along with their protestant and infidel fellow-citizens, that their body-spirit and their educational prejudices can be best and quickest gnawn into. As long as you give a common topic of complaint peculiar to the sect, so long will the sect preserve its cohesion, its animation, its self-will, its spirit of encroachment. Tolerance and the liberty of the press abolished popery in France; now that the tyrant wants to revive it, he has recourse to a restrictive policy. Literature has remedies all-sufficient for the moral diseases which literature (whether philosophical, papistical, or methodistical) can occasion.

"The narrative of Spanish matters in the Edinburgh Annual Register is universally ad-

mired, and deservedly so. Who writes the absurd criticism? To put Campbell on the same shelf of poetry with Scott and Southey, how Scotchman-like! In the dramatic criticisms I thought there was some merit. Of your original poems the extract from 'Kehama' gives most delight.

"My mind is at present brimfull of an original theory respecting the historic portion of the Gospels. I have been sending it to T. Martin of Liverpool, who is a good judge of these things. It would not interest you, so I spare your patience. The 'Lady of the Lake' I prefer to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which always appeared to me overrated by the public, and so very defective in fable, that the funeral and other splendid descriptions, or the moral reflections which introduce the cantos, could never reconcile me to the poem.

"From Henry I had lately the pleasure of hearing; but I forget that he is now an old married man and a doctor of medicine, and that the tone of my recollections should endeavour to overtake the march of years. Absence can last till the material being alters into quite another thing from the interior reality with which we keep up the cordialities of affection. Dr. Sayers you every now and then meet in a number of the Quarterly: he has been visiting Orford Castle,

and cares more and more for antiquarian studies. Butler of the 'Horæ Biblicæ' gave me a call on Saturday se'nnight: he has been staying at Lowestoff, and dedicating to the Bishop of Norwich a translated life of Fénélon. I told you of the death of John Fransham, our Norwich Platonist; some of his friends whom I have been questioning with a view to draw up a memoir of his life, think that his exoteric religion was Platonism, and his esoteric, atheism. A Mr. Saint of the Woolwich Academy has undertaken a biography.

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 67.)

"Keswick, Saturday, November 3, 1810.

"My dear Friend,

"On turning to your letter of October 31, 1808, I find that you thanked me for the 'Cid,' 'in the name of the English people, in the name of the Spanish people, and in the name of literature in general. . . . It adds,' you proceed, 'to our domestic stock of books another good and lasting one. It will strengthen national sympathies, at present of high value to the liberties of mankind; it augments the mass of recorded experience, critically and benevolently commented; it is philosophic history in the form of con-

temporary history, and unites the interest of coeval with the instruction of contemplated annalism.' You would however quarrel with the theory of Mahommed in the Introduction, and you say, 'it is not true that the Koran contains no maxims of morality. The command to record debts in the second Sura, and the general care for pecuniary probity, is one honourable instance; the inculcation of the eleemosynary virtues is another.' In a subsequent letter you wish that I had separated from the text of the Annal all that I disbelieved, and that I had thrown it into notes or appendix. But this I think would have been relying too confidently on my own power of discrimination, and certainly setting a dangerous example; nor does there appear any necessity for it, as whenever any reason for doubting part of the story existed, it has uniformly been stated. Scott wrote a poor reviewal of the book in the first Quarterly, and expressed an opinion that the capture of Valencia was a particularly suspicious fact. He was not aware that there is no fact more fully authenticated in history. The 'Mocedades del Cid,' by Guillam de Castro, is, I believe, the play from which Corneille formed his tragedy. The most pertinent piece of information I can give you about it is, that Lord Holland means to publish a rhyme-translation of it —he, like Fox, carrying his love of rhyme into

the drama, and I suspect (if they venture to say so) preferring Racine to Shakespear. He probably means to enter a good deal into the bibliography of the 'Cid;' for a few weeks ago I had a letter from him, requesting me to collate my copy of the Romance 'del Cid,' with his. I rejoice that you have an opportunity of giving the poor book a lift in the world, and shall rejoice still more, if you make it an opportunity of fighting the good fight for the Spaniards against that cowardly and calumnious spirit, which the Edinburgh Review has been the principal means of diffusing. I have never for a moment despaired of their cause, never had any other feeling than a full confidence in their final success, founded upon my knowledge of their national character, as displayed in their whole history, and upon the strength of the moral nature of man.

"You will receive 'Kehama' very shortly. I have abstained from writing for the last six weeks, in expectation of telling you when to expect it. If it should not reach you in due time after it is advertized, fail not to let me know, that I may re-order it.

"My anti-Catholic opinions would, I was well aware, clash with your anti-Church politics. I fear too that there are some other points, on which we do not thoroughly accord. But I am sure you are well pleased with the perfect freedom

of the Annal, and its thorough consistency with the good old course. I am hard at work upon 1809. Indeed I am deeply concerned in the Register. They pay me 400*l.* a year for it, and I have vested 209*l.* of the first year's payment in a twelfth share of the property, which will pay me 40 per cent. Thus I am at last well paid for my labours. My books in Longman's hands may now be left to clear off arrears with him, and I have a fair prospect (life and health permitting) of beginning in a very few years to get above the world, in the worldly meaning of the phrase.

"I have a rod in pickle for Jeffrey, in the shape of a review of Montgomery's poems, and another for Sidney Smith and the Unitarian Barrister, concerning the Methodists. Of all the ignorant and dishonest controversialists which I have ever met with, this Barrister is the very worst. Such arguments against Methodism as he and Sidney Smith make use of, would persuade me into it—if that were possible.

"Coleridge is in town, and will probably visit Bury before he sets his face northward. If you talk to him about your theological theories, you will find a man thoroughly versed in the subject, bringing to it all that can be brought from erudition and meditation. Griffiths will remember that for ten years his Review has been my bitter

and even malicious enemy, and how this is to be got over, I scarcely know. I know nothing of the authorship in the second part of the Register. The criticism is indeed preciously absurd. Rickman was with me last week. You are now almost the only *friend* whom I have never seen here. In the spring I go southward, and take Edith with me. It is not impossible that we may visit Clarkson, and if so I shall find my way once more to Norwich. Pray remember me to your mother; the recollections of twelve years make me feel like an old guest of the family. God bless you.

"Yours very affectionately,

"Robert Southey."

William Taylor's secession from the Annual Review and Athenæum, which ensued from the circumstances stated in his fifty-ninth letter to Robert Southey, did not materially detract from his literary occupations during the years 1809 and 1810. They were only turned into other channels. The rupture which at the same time he apprehended with Sir R. Philips, did not take place, but he continued to write as usual for the Monthly Magazine.*

* The following are the articles contributed by him:—

Vol. 27. A Critical Survey of Lessing's Works; A Short Account of Meadley's Memoir of Paley, in the Retrospect of Domestic Literature; Remarks on the Poems of Oldham.

The extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters, in the 28th volume, are very numerous, and appear to be all from William Taylor's pen. The variety and uncommonness of the subjects of which they treat, the extensive research which they exhibit, and the condensed form in which they present information, collected and combined from sources unknown to general readers, give considerable interest and piquancy to many of these desultory disquisitions. At page 397 he introduced the claim to the 'Ode to Indolence,' asserted in Robert Southey's sixty-third letter.

The tragedy in the 29th volume is an imitation of Sayers's 'Dramatic Sketches;' but far inferior to them both in the conception and in the execution. History and fiction are blended together in it in most bewildering confusion. The characters introduced are all historical, but placed in situations which never occurred, and in rela-

Vol. 28. Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters; Conclusion of the Survey of Lessing's Works; Contributions to English Synonymy.

Vol. 29. On Heywood's Hierarchie of Blessed Angels; Sir Egerwene, a Ballad, translated from the German of Klopstock; Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters, among which the most striking are those on Theatres, on the History of Painted Glass, on the Religious Opinions of Zenobia, and on the Earliest Use of Lemons, Figs, and Medlars, as Fruits for the Table; Harold and Tosti, a Tragedy in Three Acts.

Vol. 30. Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters.

tions which they never filled ; the whole story of the drama is invented, and would have been far better enacted by imaginary personages. There is good poetry in some of the choruses ; but these, as well as many parts of the dialogue, are marred by misplaced appeals and allusions to the Scandinavian deities, at a supposed period of action, at least four hundred and fifty years after the general adoption of Christianity in England. There is also something exceedingly incongruous in the unpremeditated lyrical comments which bands of minstrels, under the denomination of a chorus, are made to recite or to chant, on sudden and unforeseen events. In a single improvisatore this might be allowed. But that troops of improvisatori should concur in giving expression to their joy and grief, their congratulations and condolences, in one train of thought and the same form of words, is a draft upon credulity, which common sense protests, even though it may bear the stamp of poetic license. The effusions of the chorus command no sympathies, when their language is that of instantaneous inspiration ; they can only illustrate scenic representation with beneficial effect, when they mingle naturally with its incidents. Short ejaculations may be uttered simultaneously by bodies of people on exciting occasions ; and lengthened odes may be thrown off on the spur of the

moment by their leader or Coryphœus. But if the latter be recited in concert, they presuppose composition and study, for which the necessary interval of preparation must be allowed*. Illustrious examples may no doubt be cited in defence of the contrary practice ; but no authority, however high, can rationalize absurdity. William Taylor's maturer judgement would have condemned and avoided these defects. It is probable that this tragedy was the production of an earlier period and unformed taste, and that it was sent for insertion in the Magazine with that carelessness of revision which anonymous publication is too apt to favour.

The whole of the Portfolio in the 30th volume was furnished by him. Its contents are full of curious information, more particularly those on the transincorporation of souls—on gastrology—on peacocks—on almonds—and on some passages in Virgil, which seem to indicate that he was acquainted with the Jewish Scriptures. In a short

* "Il arrive souvent dans la réalité, qu'un peuple entier pousse le même cri, qu'une foule de monde dit à la fois la même chose, et comme on accorde toujours quelque liberté à l'imitation, le *chœur*, en imitant ce cri, ce langage unanime d'une multitude assemblée, peut se donner quelque licence ; l'art et le goût consistent à pressentir jusqu'où l'extension peut aller. Or c'en est trop, que de faire tenir ensemble à tout un peuple un long discours suivi, et dans les mêmes termes, à moins que ce ne soit un discours appris comme une hymne."—M. Marmontel. Art. *Chœur*, Encyclopédie. Tom. 7. p. 793.

account of the German author, Driess, he says of him, that "his earlier literary efforts were anonymous, and concealed in various periodical publications." He could not be unconscious, that by pursuing an analogous course, he shrouded his own writings in the same obscurity and neglect.

In the year 1809 he renewed his connection with the Critical Review, then conducted by the Rev. R. Fellowes. The circumstances which led to it, do not appear; but it is most probable, that wishing to call the attention of our theological inquirers to Professor Paulus's 'Commentary on the New Testament,' he thought that an analysis of that work would be admitted into a publication, superintended by the author of 'Religion without Cant.' If the offer proceeded from him with this design, it was met at first as he expected. But the learned German's views of the early history of Christianity gave so much offence to the religious feelings of this country, that this attempt to make them more known among us was not allowed to go on beyond the first and second parts. These appeared in the sixteenth and seventeenth volumes of the Critical Review—(Third Series); the former of which also contained three other articles written by William Taylor, viz. — Bragur, Greyling's Hieropolis, and Klopstock's works. Here this

short-lived re-engagement terminated. But it produced serious and lasting effects. The freedom of his own Scriptural investigations had predisposed William Taylor to view with a favourable eye the labours of Professor Paulus. Still in his summary of them, approbation is somewhat guardedly expressed, and perhaps rather left to be inferred than openly avowed. At the very commencement of his task, however, he exposed himself to the bitter enmity of all sects, by renouncing allegiance to any one of them, and intimating that they are all equally strangers to true Christianity. After recounting the claims of Professor Paulus as an Oriental scholar, his profound learning, and high station, he thus proceeded :—

"But the most important, the most comprehensively learned and critically discriminating of all his works, is unquestionably the commentary which we are now about to examine. The bold originality of its views will require an accurate and copious analysis. In the prosecution of this arduous task, we know that we shall incur the malicious hostility of the bigot; but we trust that every impartial and disinterested votary of truth will do justice to the purity of our intentions and the philanthropy of our views. We are not exclusively devoted to the dogmas of any sect. We respect, we venerate, the TRUE CHRISTIAN; but Trinitarians, Arians, and Socinians, are alike indifferent to us. We love none of their invidious distinctions, their sectarian and unbrotherly names. They have too long distracted the world with their vain and senseless logomachies. It is time to quit

the perturbed forum of brawling polemics, and to seek for mental tranquillity where alone it is to be found, in the hallowed sanctuary of universal charity and unvitiated truth."

The war was now openly declared; but the ground on which the battle was to be fought was entirely new. Other assailants of religious doctrines had either denied the authenticity of the whole record from which they were drawn, or rejected portions of it as spurious interpolations, or disputed the weight of articles and the meaning of words. Here, on the contrary, every passage in the New Testament was admitted to be genuine; but the apparently miraculous parts of the narrative were held to be figurative or legendary; and this opinion was supported by erudite appeals to Oriental customs, and the habitual ideas and modes of expression prevailing among the Jews, as described by Josephus and the rabbinical writers. The degree of acrimony with which heretics are treated, seems to be generally determined, not so much by the really obnoxious nature of their tenets, as by the danger of their seducing adherents from other ranks. Where the difference between two sects is so wide that there is little chance of their interfering with each other, there is no motive for active jealousy, and the alarm is not sounded. But where the affinity is so near, that a slight approximation becomes

conversion, there the sentinels of the faith are ever vigilant; and antipathy is studiously excited as a preventive to desertion. The more ancient churches of Christendom, feeling secure that the heresy of Professor Paulus would not win over any of their members to cross the gulph between them, did not think it necessary to bestir themselves in resistance. But it was not so with the Unitarians. A new doctrine, which planted itself beyond their advanced position in the field of latitudinarianism, could only gain proselytes at their expense; and their leaders were not unaware that among their followers some were already prepared for such defection. It was therefore necessary to arouse the sectarian spirit, and preserve discipline in the camp. Nor was this left to the charge of inferior hands. It was undertaken by the Rev. Thomas Belsham, minister of the Essex Street chapel, in London, who had distinguished himself as an acute controversialist, and had recently published his "Improved Version of the New Testament." In the Monthly Repository of Theology for August 1809, he denounced as "*abominable*," part of the first article which appeared in the Critical Review. It is to be regretted that such intolerance should have been manifested by one whose talents and learning had hitherto been employed in successfully vindicating for himself

the right of private judgement—who had nobly sacrificed on the altar of conviction the opinions of his early life, and the emoluments of an honourable and influential appointment—and who, as it has since been shown by the publication of the secret confessions of his closet, had himself often struggled with those doubts, even on more momentous questions, which will sometimes arise to disturb an active and inquiring mind. He might have controverted what he deemed error, without infringing upon that liberty of conscience, which he had claimed for himself. For this, dispassionate argument, a dignified protest or calm remonstrance would have been sufficient. But the epithet which he applied, was a mere term of abuse, worthy only of the worst times of persecution. Whoever stigmatises an opinion as "abominable," does his utmost to render the professor of it hateful, and to have him hunted down as a pest to society. This was felt and resented by William Taylor, who replied by a long and elaborate disquisition respecting the parentage, education, and preaching of Jesus Christ. Taking the Gospel histories as his authorities, and expounding them in part by the aid of Professor Paulus, in part by that of his own extensive reading, he hazarded new constructions and inferences, which raised him a host of enemies. It is true that he

attempted to mitigate the violence of general hostility by intimating, that he did not expect his reply to be brought under the notice of any other class than those who had seen the attack made upon him. "The pamphlet," he remarked in a short preface, "has the obvious fault of presupposing Unitarian readers." To them such a discussion might without impropriety be addressed. Questions may be fairly propounded to them which would be at once scouted by other sects as profane and impious: but when an author gives his work to the world, he can neither select his readers, nor restrict his critics; he surrenders himself to the mercy of all, even of those who never see or hear more than the titlepage of his book, and on no better authority decide its character and merits. This was eminently the case in the present instance. To be told the subject of the 'Letter to an Editor of the Improved Version,' was sufficient to insure its condemnation. It even cooled the attachment of some of William Taylor's earliest friends and warmest admirers. But by the many it was received with an outcry of horror, and its pages were sometimes consigned, unread and unconsidered, to those flames, to which in other times the same spirits would have doomed the writer.

So it was, that for mere speculative opinions —errors, may be, but errors only of judgement

and of theory—one of the kindest and warmest of hearts and most highly gifted of minds, was assailed by an odium which the blackest moral turpitude rarely excites, especially if wealth or sanctity hide its sins. When will real tolerance form an essential article in the Christian creed? Then, and not till then, will its teachers be worthy or qualified to found a catholic church. "Think and let think," is the maxim of the true philosopher, the true friend of man, and the true Christian. But is there a sect that holds out the hand of fellowship upon earth, or opens the gates of its heaven, to him who acts upon it? From the ranter's field-stool to the papal throne, every tribunal of faith fulminates against him the direst threats of vengeance. Those who agree in nothing else, unite to anathematise him. This is not as it should be—it is not the characteristic of true religion—it is not the Christianity of its author—it is the most valid apology for every kind of disbelief.

It is not necessary to advocate or assent to the peculiar opinions maintained by William Taylor in this letter, while claiming for him the right to express them. He may have been guilty of imprudence in thus exposing himself to the joint hostilities of the conscientious believer and furious bigot; but it was the chivalrous imprudence of a generous self-immolation—as generous as that of the most venerated martyrs of the

holiest cause. Hundreds entertain, in secret, sentiments akin to those which he avowed; but concealing them in their own bosoms, they pass on smoothly and quietly. By manfully declaring his, he sacrificed the tranquil satisfaction of standing well with the world, to the noble consciousness of having discharged a sacred duty—for such he esteemed that of never shrinking from any effort to promote discussions friendly to the development of truth. The assertion, that we already know all that can be known respecting religion, is daily disproved, not only by the multiplicity of sects and their conflicting doctrines, but also by the wide divergence of human conduct from that high standard of moral excellence, which is "the beauty of holiness," the consummation of piety, and the perfection of religion. These dissensions of churches, and festering corruptions of society, are the results of ignorance; they manifest the inefficacy of canons and creeds—they show that "modes of faith" are not means of improvement. Age after age divines have inveighed from their pulpits against the depravity of man, and still they complain that all their preaching is in vain. This mortifying confession is virtual self-accusation. The experience of centuries overthrows their system—it exposes their mistaken and perverted views of Christ's ministry—it condemns the incomprehensible dogmas and rhapsodical

mysticism which they have substituted for his plain moral precepts and intelligible rules of conduct—it convicts them of having thus bewildered our ideas, darkened our minds, inflamed our worst passions, and confounded all the clearest and most wholesome distinctions of right and wrong.

Where so much is evidently out of order, and the most important aid to the well-being of society—for such, if rightly understood, Christianity unquestionably would be—is made an engine of intolerable evil, a change must one day take place; and those who endeavour by patient study and serious investigation to discover the wisest means of effecting it, are indeed benefactors of mankind. This was William Taylor's object; but he shared the common fate of the precursors of reformation, and was shunned as an enemy, instead of being prized as a friend of his race. A tenth part of his ability and acquirements, of his knowledge of the Scriptures and collateral literature, has raised defenders of hierarchical faith to the highest dignities and most splendid rewards by which their churches invite and allure support; while his disinterested labours, misknown by his contemporaries, have not even affixed his name to a monument of sufficient magnitude to attract the venerative regards of a grateful posterity. Yet percolating in obscure channels the richly stored recesses of the

rock, they have suspended in its hidden caverns the crystal gems and massy stalactites, from which the lapidary and the sculptor shall shape the decorations of a future age.

In 1810 appeared the three volumes entitled, 'Tales of Yore.' These are the translations from Tressan, Meissner, Wieland, Florian, Le Sage and other foreign writers, which he commenced in 1807. The publication was delayed by various circumstances, some of which have been stated in his correspondence; and the embarrassments of Sir Richard Philips, who had agreed to usher the work into the world, caused it to be taken out of his hands and transferred to those of Mr. Mawman. In a short introductory advertisement to the first volume the translator prefaced them with these remarks :—

"The following tales have long passed for amusing, on the Continent; they are translated from different foreign languages, with some abridgement, but little variation. Trystan will probably be thought most worthy of notice for celebrity of fable; Tyrfing for raciness of costume; Josephina, and the Female Insurgent, for elegance of narration."

Most of them were previously known in this country, although perhaps by versions less accurate and spirited. Still it was a work far beneath William Taylor's powers, and few except his immediate friends knew that it came from his

pen. It made its way amid the amusing fictions of the day, and seems to have had a ready sale, as it is now a scarce book. This production led to William Taylor's engaging again to write for the Monthly Review. He sent a copy, with some remarks upon it, to the editor of that work. Mr. G. E. Griffiths, having now succeeded to his father's place, availed himself readily of the opening thus made to repair his former error, and secure again an assistance of which he felt the value. The following is the letter which he wrote on this occasion :—

" Sir, Turnham Green, May 10, 1810.

" I have to make many apologies for the delay in acknowledging the receipt of your note ' To the Editor of the Monthly Review,' and MS. with the vols. of the ' Tales of Yore : ' I can assure you that it has not arisen from inattention, but from pressure of business, and from indisposition.

" When you observe my signature, you will anticipate that I immediately recognised your hand-writing, and I hope you will as readily believe that I shall be happy to renew a connection which I recollect with pleasure, and which I saw interrupted with regret. I will thank you to indicate to me the class of publications which you would more immediately wish to have con-

signed to you; they were formerly, I know, rather extensive in their nature. German literature, to which I am aware of your particular attention, is perhaps as much cultivated as ever, or more so; but the public taste and the opinions advanced in the Monthly Review have somewhat varied concerning German Dramas, and have become less favourable than they were, when the novelty of those importations gave a temporary zest to their singularity of manner, action and sentiment. I have now by me three German tragedies, which a friend has lent to me: one by Goethe, entitled 'Faust,' another entitled 'Martin Luther,' and another 'Miltiades,' by writers of less note. Would you wish to have them transmitted to you?

"With regard to the MS. relative to the 'Tales of Yore,' it is, I am sure, well known to you, that we do not permit authors to review their own productions; and consequently I presume that you intended that I should forward that MS. to the reviewer of the work, only as *memoranda* and *data* for his use. On looking over the 'Tales' I could not doubt for a moment that they had proceeded from your pen; but after all, if I am wrong in that inference, you will be so good as to correct me. I remain with respect,

"Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"G. E. Griffiths."

The hand of reconciliation, thus frankly tendered, was willingly accepted, and William Taylor was forthwith re-instated in his former position with respect to this periodical. The list of his contributions cannot, however, be given so completely as before; since it will only contain such as can be satisfactorily ascertained to be his, either from the letters of the editor, or the internal evidence of the papers themselves. The former of these authorities will afford occasionally amusing extracts, illustrative as well of the literature of the times, as of William Taylor's character and writings. Both these subjects are embraced in the two that follow; but only one side of this correspondence having been preserved, it is divested of much of that interest which it would otherwise have possessed.

G. E. Griffiths to William Taylor.

"Dear Sir, Turnham Green, June 5, 1810.

"During the urgency of the last month of double duty, I was not able to attend to anything besides the immediate demands of the press, or I should earlier have troubled you with an acknowledgement of your favour of the 13th of May. I have now sent off a pretty large parcel for you, the contents of which I hope will not generally be inacceptable. A few require from me a specification. Davies's 'Mythology of the Druids,'

and Ingram 'On Anglo-Saxon literature,' are, I believe, as much in your way as in that of any other gentleman in our corps. A former work of Davies was mentioned in our 46th vol. N.S. p. 52 (No. for Jan. 1805), to which article it may be right for you to refer. He is known to a friend of mine, who interests himself much for him, and speaks very highly of him. Ingram has waited already so long for notice, that I should be glad to have him speedily dispatched. Southey's 'Cid' has also been left undone by a gentleman who long ago undertook it, and has now a strong claim to immediate notice. I send with it a volume of Spanish comedies (apprehending that you understand that language), which that gentleman has lent for occasional consultation in reference to this work. Southey's 'Brazil' I have not yet received, but it shall be allotted to you, as you desire.

"Wilks's historical work on India is perhaps not strictly within your *purview*, as belonging more directly to an Orientalist. But I am at present much in want of a coadjutor in that department; and if I recollect rightly, your attention has not been altogether restricted from this branch of study. To the Arts, I believe, also you have always been partial; and therefore I have included two works on this subject, Hoare's Artist, first published in numbers, and a French

treatise on drawing portraits; but if these, or either of them, prove on inspection not adapted to your inclination, I beg you to return them.

"Several of the other and minor works will deserve only catalogue notice. Black's two quartos on the life of Tasso, I think you will like to examine; but where has he procured anything new?—the book has but just reached me, and I have not had time to look even into the preface.

"Will you permit me to intimate a wish, that in writing for the Monthly Review, you would, as far as may be, avoid those peculiarities of style and of orthography, which would render your composition dissimilar from other parts of our work, and which would always betray their source? At least, wherever I saw them, they would proclaim their author to,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours in great haste, with much regard,

"G. E. GRIFFITHS."

The same to the same.

"Dear Sir, "Turnham Green, Dec. 10, 1810.

"Several months having passed since I had the favour of hearing from you, I begin to apprehend that some mischance has happened to a packet from you, or which is much worse, that you have been unfitted for the employment of

your pen by indisposition. I shall be glad, however, to hear that neither of these circumstances has arisen, and to receive substantial proof that neither of them is at present operative.

"I have not during this interval troubled you with any further parcel of books, because it appeared to me probable that you would prefer to dismiss those which you already had previously to the receipt of additional incumbrance. Of these I particularly wish to have Davies on the Druids, and Southey's 'Cid,' the latter of which has long waited for our notice. In your last note you mentioned that you wished to *hear from Southey* on the subject; but it is most advisable that Southey, with whom I did not know that you were acquainted, should be wholly ignorant of his critic. He attempted, when the work first appeared, to introduce to me an account of it through the medium of a mutual friend; but I followed my constant rule, in resisting all such interferences, as inconsistent with the independence of critics, and therefore injurious to the integrity of criticism. Have the goodness to address your letters and parcels to me by name, and not officially; and believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours with much respect,

"G. E. GRIFFITHS."

The hint, so gently conveyed in the last of

these letters, was not given without sufficient cause. William Taylor had certainly been dilatory in performing his allotted portion of the labours of the craft. During the year 1810 he reviewed only five works for the Monthly *. This intermission of his habitually sedulous application seems to have proceeded from the untranquil state of his mind at this period, the causes of which will appear in the following chapter.

* Vol. 62.—Goethe's Faustus; Seume's Miltiades; Martin Luther; Rubejs on Portrait-painting.
Vol. 63.—Ingram's Lecture on Anglo-Saxon Literature.

CHAPTER V.

1811 to 1812.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. SOUTHEY, DR. R. GOOCH, AND OTHERS.—W. TAYLOR'S LOSS OF PROPERTY AND CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—DEATH OF MRS. TAYLOR.—MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—MONTHLY REVIEW.

The pressure, not exactly of pecuniary embarrassments, but of a reduced and straitened income, had been for some time coming upon William Taylor's family, and required a change in their mode of living to which it was difficult to conform. It was painful to discontinue the generous and elegant hospitality to which they had so long been accustomed. Affluence, or at least the appearance of it, is an indispensable ingredient of respectability in English society; without it no virtues or talents can avail much. It had for some time been known that the William Taylors had lost a considerable portion of the property which they had expected to realize from their outstanding debts in America, and that they were not so rich as they had been esteemed. With inadequate means, they never-

theless struggled to maintain the position which they had always held; but the *prestige* of wealth was gone, and there is no doubt that this was in many instances the covert origin of estrangements, for which the flagrant heresies of the son were alleged as the ostensible pretext. In the year 1811 they met with additional losses of so serious a nature that it was no longer possible for them to defer the alterations in their domestic arrangements of which they had previously contemplated the necessity. But before we proceed to the consideration of these events and their consequences, it will be pleasant to notice proofs afforded at this time of the estimation in which William Taylor was held by men of literary eminence, who in their occasional visits to Norwich sought his acquaintance, and took delight in their intercourse with him.

Among these was the poet, Edward Jerningham, whose near connection with the ancient family of that name brought him frequently to their residence at Costessy Hall, in the immediate neighbourhood of that city. Educated in the Roman Catholic faith of his ancestors, he forsook it in early life to become the disciple of Voltaire; but at a later period the study of Bishop Jeremy Taylor's works led him, as he himself expresses it, "from a deliberate and satisfied judgement," to embrace the tenets of the

established church of this country, as he found them set forth and expounded in the glowing pages of that eloquent prelate. From these changes, however, he learned to be tolerant to others, and, even after the last of them, his writings breathed none of the bitterness and bigotry of a convert. The author of 'The Old Bard's Farewell,' while he recorded with grateful reverence the impressions of

'that ever-memorable hour,
When Truth recall'd him to her hallow'd bower,'

could still grasp with friendly warmth the hand which had just penned the 'Letter to the Editor of the Improved Version.' He did not join in withholding the courtesies and charities of social life from those whom fanaticism, in its excess of ignorance and impatience of contradiction, chooses to call infidels, but rejoicingly participated in the universal brotherhood of talent and learning. The following letters, addressed by him to William Taylor, are not dated; but as the latter of them bears the superscription "*answered* 31 *January*, 1811," they must have been written at the close of the preceding and commencement of that year.

"Dear Mr. Taylor,

"I was in hope of enjoying sometimes your society this autumn; but as I shall not go into 'Partridgeshire' this year, I beg leave to say that

you are infolded in that regret, which contains a few preferred persons. In case you came to town and omitted calling in Green-street, I must forgive you, because it is an unpleasant sensation to feel displeased with one whom I so highly regard. Age has quickened his march towards me, has taken me prisoner, held me in captivity the whole winter, and I still remain an invalid; being however free from pain, I was able to pursue the amusement of books. I beg you will inform me how you are, and how your most excellent mother is, for whom I entertain a great partiality and esteem; to her and to Mr. Taylor I beg you will present my best respects. If you see that inveterate papist Pitchford, say everything that is friendly and kind to him from me; and to the very excellent poet of the Close* present my best wishes. During the winter I collected passages from eminent writers, refuting that odious opinion of Original Sin; and I incorporated them into a new edition of my little pamphlet, 'The Alexandrian School.'

"Your faithful Servant,

"Edward Jerningham."

"Dear Sir,

"I feel loaded with thanks, and I wish to discharge myself. The open and unreserved manner in which you reply to the subject of my last

* Dr. Sayers.

letter demands my particular acknowledgement; but what shall I say to your eulogium? If it had been shown to me as addressed to another person, I should have said it was pictured by Shakespeare's Ariel! I shall preserve it in my little archives as the most beautiful flower in my garland. My bookseller has promised to procure for me the Monthly Magazine of 1796. The volume is worth purchasing for the sake of the Dialogue, from which I promise myself information delightfully conveyed. I think that every effort should be adventured by enlightened moralists to lead gently the public mind (loaded and pregnant with prejudices) to a right conception of the genuine consoling ethics of the Christian system. I would not snatch the spear from the hand of the champion Paul; I should wish to see the point of his weapon blunted. If you would allow me to use another metaphor, I should say, that the harsh colouring of St. Paul's pencil (except in a few instances) almost prompts me to believe that he is not a legitimate painter of the evangelical school.

"I now thank you for your valuable presents. The 'Ellenore' and the 'Iphigenia' were well-known acquaintance. I remember your 'Ellenore' was esteemed much superior to Spencer's. I am now glad I had never perused your 'Nathan,' as the pleasure it afforded me the other

evening is still fresh on my mind, and continues like a perfume in full fragrance. Ignorant as I am of the German language, it appears to me that you stamp the translation with the characteristic spirit of your archetype. I cannot well express what I mean, but there is a kind of energetic *Exotism* that tells me that the portrait is very like.

"To pass to an inferior topic—and I speak what I think—my little poem sets out for Norwich on Monday. I wish my little child a good journey. I dare say a gentleman in Surrey-street will be kind to it.

"I am, with high regard,

"Your faithful humble servant,

"EDWARD JERNINGHAM."

The historian of Lorenzo de Medici also, while sojourning with his friend Sir J. E. Smith, became personally acquainted with William Taylor, and the sentiments with which he regarded him are evinced in the following letter:—

"Dear Sir, "Allerton, Jan. 27, 1811.

"I consider any circumstance fortunate which procures me the favour of a letter from you, and particularly of a letter which not only assures me that you excuse the freedom I took in sending you a copy of my 'Tracts,' but communicates to me your favourable opinion and friendly re-

marks upon them. How little I expect from these efforts I need scarcely state to you. The question of peace or war is long since gone by. There may indeed be some shades of difference in opinions as to the best mode of prosecuting the war, but in the necessity of its continuance all parties are agreed—ministerialists, oppositionists and reformers. The favourite doctrine of the latter is, that peace can only be substantially obtained through the medium of reform. I hold the converse of this to be true, and that no reform is likely to take place whilst we have to contend with a foreign enemy. All experience, ancient and modern, has shown, that in proportion as nations have been endangered by war, their governments have become more despotic. This effect is inevitable. The foreign enemy must be kept out, and for this end the ruling powers, whatever they are, must be strongly supported. When the storm blows hard, however the crew may quarrel, their first consideration will be to take care that the vessel does not drive on a rock. Whatever construction might be put upon my observations as to preventing the diffusion of opinions which corrupt the public mind, you will, I am sure, do me the justice to believe, that so far from its being my intention to contribute towards limiting the freedom of the press, it is my most earnest wish to protect

and encourage it. As I recollect the passage to which you refer, I meant merely to express my regret, that under certain circumstances such opinions unavoidably expand themselves to the great injury of the community. Undoubtedly these are to be opposed only by reason and argument. I should never have thought of prosecuting Mr. Burke's work on the French Revolution, but I may be allowed to lament that the effect of his writings was such as to poison the public mind in such a manner that the mischief was effectually done before the antidote could be found. Even you, my dear Sir, must yet feel the effects of his incantations, when you admit that your admiration of his excellence has in part subdued your animosity to his cause. Such is the manna of his tongue, that you forget that he can make the worse appear the better reason, and you suffer your imagination to surrender to propositions at which your judgement revolts.

" I have been told by some critics that I state nothing but truisms, and however this be meant, I take it as a compliment. Truisms, I suppose, are only truths so generally acknowledged, that when they are stated they carry their own conviction along with them. But truths, though they exist, may be forgotten; or they may be recognised, but not acted upon. To recall them to memory and enforce their utility is at all times

useful, but never more so than at present, when they are not only theoretically evaded, but practically disregarded. Your observations on the importance of nations adhering to the rules of justice are of this class; but was there ever a period when such maxims were held in greater contempt by those who have actually obtained the direction of the civilized world? Of the abstract justice of the cause I have undertaken to advocate, I have no doubt; I only regret that my efforts are so weak, and my fellow-labourers so few, as not to be able even to interest the public in the question. I, for one, have written myself completely down, and shall therefore turn

'Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new,'

in which I should be happy to have you for a nearer companion than I fear our destinies are likely to allow. "I am, my dear Sir,

"With very sincere esteem,

"Most faithfully yours,

"W. Roscoe."

The estimable character of Dr. Robert Gooch, and the high regard in which he was held by all who knew him, have been already noticed on more than one occasion. In the commencement of the year 1811 he lost an affectionate and amiable partner, after a very short wedded union. Letters of condolence are too often mere matters

of form; it was not so with the following, which this mournful event called forth, and which came warm from the writer's heart. William Taylor, although himself a bachelor, was not indifferent to the feelings of his married friends. In their hours of happiness, when the shaft fell harmless on the full, contented breast, he might indulge a sportive joke on "the poor galley-slaves, chained to the oar for life;" but if sorrow came upon them, he was foremost in endeavouring to alleviate their sufferings by the manifestation of a sincere and generous sympathy. It was this that dictated every sentiment which he now expressed to Dr. Gooch.

"Norwich, Jan. 28, 1811.

"My dear, dear Friend,

"I feel for you—I weep at your loss—but am well aware that only the mother's sorrow can deserve the name of sympathy. 'T were a deficient consciousness of the excellence that is no more, not to pour out tears again and again before the imaged remembrance, not to wring the hands and call at times on the unanswering Emily. Grieve on. Where real merit is the subject of regret, there is justice in affliction, there is duty in lamentation, there is luxury in woe. It is an expression of that worship of the heart, now, alas! the only sentiment to bestow on the departed. Time is said to be the com-

forter of all. To you it would yet be a painful reflection to foresee that you too are doomed to cease to deplore. You would feel it as a profanation of the sacredness of your distress to look on it as finite.

"Your daughter survives. In her education you will take a double solicitude, and will endeavour, as in her features so in her mind, to retrace that rare union of feeling and purity, of intellect and kindness, which marked her other parent. As the highest idea of feminine worth she may hope to realize, you will describe her mother to her, and accustom her to the imaginary presence of a superior being, whose frown was to have checked her every fault, whose smile of approbation was to have recompensed her sweetest virtues, whose example was to have fashioned her for the domestic charities. And thus the holy manes will still be the guardian angel of your household, and even here become what faith and hope have assured us she was to be hereafter.

"How early you have quaffed the finest sweets and bitterest dregs of the draught of life! Youth and love handed you the matrimonial chalice, its brim smeared with honey; but disease shed poison in the cup, and to the intoxication of delight was to succeed the ravings of despair—the corse, the spectre, the veiling pall, the unrestoring tomb.

You already know the utmost which fate can give or take away. Hope has no blandishments in store that can seduce, nor Fear a threat that can appal.

"With your disposition and temper these revolutions may improve the sensibility, and increase a benevolent zeal to defend others from such heart-rending separations, as it was not reserved for you to prevent at home. In men of graver mould they might prepare a stoical apathy; for experience mostly but evolves the tendencies of our dispositions, and philosophy but utters moralities in unison with our passions. You will, I am sure, not make a parade of affliction, but speedily resume the avocations of your employment, and seek in the service of humanity the purest interruption of agonizing thoughts. Be assured that sorrow is not only borne the better, but lasts the longer for being indulged at intervals in private; of all our ideas, the frequent repetition, not the intensity of contemplation, secures the endurance.

"Among those remedies of the mind which, in striving to bring the harassing emotions within the limits of patience, I have often found efficacious, is to seek in some poet for analogous suffering beautifully expressed, and to dwell on it. Whether the writings of Haller form part of your German library, I know not. His first wife was

the choice of her heart and his own. After a three-years' marriage she died of a consumptive disease. The elegy he composed on the occasion is not a master-piece, but it has been beautifully translated into Italian, and occurs in the last volume of Maty's Review. That is a fine paragraph—

> 'Bella felicità dei giorni miei,
> Fuggisti qual baleno,' &c.

I have by me a letter of yours to answer, written early in December. Be that reserved for other times. What is the prate of friendship to the wound of love?—a muttered spell, which draws aside attention without the slightest power to heal—a lichen on a grave-stone, which fain would veil the doom it cannot efface—a prospect from a prison, which only reminds of intercourse barred out for ever. God bless you!

"Believe me, with sincere attachment,

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

The reply to this letter is no less worthy of being preserved. Every mortal is doomed to know affliction, and to admit, at least for a season, the companionship of those graver thoughts which she calls around. In such hours it is satisfactory to observe how others have expressed the feelings and received the consolations common to

all, but varying so widely in the effects which they produce on different minds. The following is Dr. Gooch's answer:—

"Dear Friend, "Croydon, 29th March, 1811.

"You would have heard from me long before this, if a parcel which I sent you a month ago had not been lost on its way from London to Norwich. It contained no books of yours, and indeed nothing to regret the loss of but a few letters, which were prepared for no eyes but those of friendship.

"I was fully sensible to the feeling and the eloquence of your letter,—to your sympathy, your endeavours to impart some sweetness to the bitterness of my grief; but above all, to your eulogium on my departed wife. Indeed it was merited, and more than merited; for under a veil of modesty, so closely woven as to be utterly impenetrable to the eye of the world, was hidden an assemblage of virtues, which now one may look around for in vain. You praise her, and praise her justly, for her feeling and her purity; these perhaps lifted her higher above her sex even than her other virtues, for I confidently believe that a heart at once so warm and so pure never beat before. But these were not all. She had an intellect remarkable for its clearness and accuracy, always seizing with the utmost readiness on the

essential points of a question, and leaving nothing for parading and ostentatious minds but ornament and expansion. She had an exquisitely delicate and highly sensitive taste: this was of great value, as it was a constant source of pleasure to me; for when I have been reading to her any eloquent writings (an amusement which formerly closed my days of toil with an evening of the sweetest enjoyment), and came to passages of force and beauty, instead of being cooled by contact with colder feelings than my own, I received an additional warmth of delight from her glowing admiration. One of her most remarkable, and, I may add, of her most valuable peculiarities, was the selectness, the warmth, and the lastingness of her attachments. There are some warm-hearted beings whom the slightest intercourse kindles into friendship, who feel equal regard for the acquaintances of a few weeks and for the friends of many years, and whose seat of affection is of that soft and friable texture on which deep impressions are easily made and easily worn away again. Emily's affection had all their warmth, without having any of their indiscriminateness or evanescence. No one was ever more thoroughly free from all those petty pursuits and vulgar vanities which abound among her sex; and if a strong expression is excusable from a man of my age, grieving for the loss of a wife who was dearer

to him, as a wife, even than she had been as a mistress and a bride—I may say with thorough sincerity and unaffectedness that I have never beheld, and never expect to behold again, so perfect and pleasing an instance of feminine gracefulness of character. In losing her I have lost not only my domestic bliss, but all my social pleasures; for my home always contained all the suitable society which this neighbourhood afforded. I brought with me all that I ever possessed here, and that all is gone; I live in a populous solitude; for days and weeks I don't see the face of a friend; my mornings are spent in toil and my evenings in loneliness, embittered by the remembrance of my lost felicity. I begin to tremble too for the life of my little girl; she has her mother's full eye and wan face and fearful delicacy of constitution; she has never been well since she has been motherless, and I see, or fancy that I see, the same disease which has inflicted on me one blow about to inflict another. God avert it! for the prospect of life is pleasing to me only as it presents the idea of rearing and educating my child, and raising my own professional character. A man must have some objects in view, and these are mine, and it is hard indeed if I am deprived of the best half. Pray write to me soon, and believe me to be

"Your grateful and affectionate friend,

"Robert Gooch."

William Taylor's correspondence with Robert Southey had lost much of its original earnestness and activity; but in the letters which passed between them there was no abatement of friendly feeling or literary interest. The former was indeed more strongly called forth than ever when the news of the misfortunes that befell the family in Norwich towards the close of this year, reached Keswick. The details of these occurrences will be found fully narrated in the confidential communications between the two friends, as well as in other letters written on the occasion.

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 68.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, Jan. 22, 1811.

"I hope you have duly received 'Kehama.' As far as my present information concerning it goes (though that is not likely to be of the fairest kind) it does not seem to be so completely 'to the Greeks foolishness,' as I had anticipated. Scott tells me he has reviewed it for the next Quarterly.

"In reviewing Holmes's American Annals, I pointed out Philip's war as the proper subject for an Anglo-American Iliad. I have now fallen in love with it myself, and am brooding over it with the full intention of falling to work as soon as Pelayo is completed. The main interest will fix upon Goffe the regicide, for whom I invent a

Quaker-son—a new character you will allow for heroic poetry. This Oliver Goffe however is to be the hero; and unless my second-sight deceives me far more than it is apt to do in these things, I expect to produce something very striking out of these materials. Concerning the metre I am undetermined, and indeed rather perplexed; for in those parts which require an under-tone rime is as desirable as it is objectionable when the subject rises into a higher key. Have you seen Capt. Pasley's essay on our military policy? In the main it is a book after my own heart. I am perfectly satisfied that Europe has no hope or chance of liberty, unless we win it with the sword, and I am as certain that if the trial be fairly made we must succeed. Lord Holland, if he comes into power, will do more for the Spaniards than the present ministry, unless he be as much crippled by his colleagues as Canning was. In Spain we have a fair field, and there we may raise armies to any extent. The Monthly Magazine falsely announces my second volume, which cannot go to press till the end of the year: I guess that Reginald Heber reviewed the first in the Quarterly. A Norfolk man would have understood the word *Broad*, a term for which neither lake nor lagoon can properly be substituted. Every other word which has been objected to is equally defensible; for I never use

a peculiar word without perceiving, or at least imagining, a peculiar fitness in it. It would be as improper to talk of a savage's *coronet* as of a duke's *coronal*. A *tambour* is any outlandish drum; that is, it excludes the idea of a regimental drum. A *poitrel* is a horse's breast-plate, not a man's. The time for bird's-eye recapitulation (further than such a one as is given of the state of the Captaincies in chap. 10.) is not yet come. After the conclusion of the Dutch war is the proper place; and for the Plata provinces, when I begin to develope the Jesuit system. For general views they can appear only in the general spirit of the narrative, till the concluding chapter, which will be as it were the key-stone of the arch. I am closely employed upon the Register, and have no other complaint to make of the work, than that it delays the completion of my 'Brazil.' This year is considerably heavier than the last. The curst inquiry about Mrs. Clarke costs me a full hundred pages, besides its after-consequences; and the foreign affairs are so numerous and important, that on the whole the narrative must be nearly a third longer than that for 1808. This is so much expense of time to me, who am paid by the piece, and is no gain to the publishers. Should the reader complain, therefore, he will be very ungrateful. I have good materials for the Spanish part, and expect

more. A townsman (I believe) of yours, Mr. Amyot, has forwarded some queries to General Carroll, respecting Romana's operations in the North, and the Duke of Albuquerque's secretary has sent others to Cadiz and supplied me with a series of papers, &c. All this I owe to Henry Robinson. Shall I never see you here and show you my books and my boat, and how happily I contrive to unite industry and idleness in my way of life? In every other kind of business double the work is done by every individual that was done even forty years ago; but in literature the most laborious of us is a mere idler to our forefathers. Put the works of Voltaire into one scale, and those of Scotus, Aquinas, or even Erasmus, in another, and, bulk for bulk, the Frenchman will kick the beam. But what will the difference be when the hard-thinking of those old mighty (however misdirected) minds is taken into account?

"I ask after your mother with apprehensions of that which in the course of nature must now be nigh. Whenever it comes, may it be that falling asleep, that euthanasia, which if it be rare, is only made so by the vices and follies of society. I never think of you as a single man without sorrow and some disposition to censure, if only to exchange sorrow for the less unpleasant feeling of anger, which I believe is the reason why I al-

ways scold my children when they hurt themselves.

"God bless you!

"Yours very affectionately,

"R. SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 65.)

"My dear Friend, "Diss, February 2, 1811.

"I have of late been a more than usually negligent correspondent. Two letters of yours in November and January lie beside me to answer. Of the mementos in the former, respecting the 'Cid,' I made use in an article transmitted to Mr. Griffiths, too late I suppose for this number of the Monthly. I am not satisfied with my account; the subject had faded in my mind, and I could not recover the feeling with which I at first read the book: I had not patience to undertake an orderly reperusal, and thus it did not again absorb all my interestability. The Spanish cause I have not talked about: independence is a sacred interest; but our ministers have so allied themselves with the Spaniards, that even independence itself will be robbed of its highest value. They have made the Spanish cause into the cause of a pernicious, despised and superannuated church; into the cause of an idiot, traitorous and fugitive king; and they have guaranteed the dependence of the new world on a peninsula, of

which they have thus guaranteed the misgovernment. When Ferdinand is deposed, the non-integrity of the Spanish empire proclaimed, the ecclesiastic monopoly disavowed, and a representative government founded, it will be time to care for the Spanish cause. I have not received 'Kehama'—perhaps because it lies at Norwich. Hudson Gurney had been reading it, and fixed on several splendid local beauties for panegyric; the story did not appear to him fortunate. Your review of the 'Barrister's Letters' contains a just and masterly critique of methodism; but although you properly blame the Barrister for calling their opinions anti-moral, you are not equally correct in charging him with intolerance. He does not ask—at least in those of his pamphlets which I have seen—for any positive interference of the law-giver: he only says, Withdraw those of your ecclesiastic articles which prevent your own clergy from writing against the more characteristic and popular of the methodistical opinions. The articles of the Church are the muck which contains the spawn of the mushrooms of methodism. What is there of arrogance, or insolence, or intolerance in this? I have not heard of Mr. Coleridge's coming to Bury, but should be happy he would include Norwich in his circuit. If you and Mrs. Southey can put up with the imperfections of our hospitality we shall be sincerely

glad to see you both, and your daughter, if she travels with you, for two or three weeks, or as much longer as you can allow, at any time that best suits. I should gladly make a tour to Nottingham, Liverpool, Durham and Keswick, in all which places I wish to visit relations, acquaintance, or friends. But, as a family, we outspend our means. I am a preacher of frugality, being most interested in the practice of it; and I must not set the example of appropriating to my personal and separate pleasures the cost of excursions. My father and mother are as usual. Your friend Rickman gave me a letter on his return from Cumberland, and told me something of your way of life. Sir James Mackintosh wrote to me lately, and complains heavily of Dr. Parr's attacking his little sketch of Fox's character, and adopting a preface which intimates that he 'had made his peace with Mr. Pitt, and had his reward in his present appointment.' Both these assertions, he adds, are false, and Dr. Parr ought to have known that they were so. Mr. Amyot is the most obliging and friendly of men. Robinson got into a sort of scrape with government by pinning his faith on your sleeve, and sending from Coruña a too sanguine account of the favourable disposition of the Spanish people. Moore was disappointed by what may be called speculative intelligence—fact seen through the

spectacles of hope. Pelayo seems to me a far finer subject than Goffe the Regicide. I have faith in its becoming your best poem.

"Farewell. Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 69.)

"Keswick, Nov. 20, 1811.

"My dear William Taylor,

"Whichever of us may have last written to the other, there is a long chasm in our never very frequent correspondence, for which I, for one, take my full share of shame, and hereby offer atonement. Your last letter told me that you had not received 'Kehama'; since that time I trust that it has reached you, because by my account with the publishers it appears to have been sent. Among the new acquaintance whom I made in London was Butler, the Catholic, whom you know—a man of singularly gentle mind and manners; but neither in intellect nor in knowledge answerable to his reputation, nor to the opinion which I had been led to form of him. Upon some parts of the history of his own church, on which I expected to acquire information from him, I was disappointed to discover how much less he knew than I did myself. I dined with him, enjoyed his claret, coveted some of his books, and came away believing him to be a

thoroughly amiable man, and apparently a very happy one. He gave me his ' Life of Fénélon' and the note upon Quietism, which he has smuggled into private circulation. What must his opinion be of his own church when he could feel it necessary, or at least prudent, not to appear publicly as the author of anything so harmless? He also made me read his uncle Alban Butler's account of the stigmata of St. Francis—a point upon which any Catholic may be crucified in argument. His favourite dream is of a reunion of the church. Two things, I conceive, must precede this measure, St. Pierre's perpetual peace and a universal language. The perpetual peace I do not believe to be unattainable—the other hardly seems desirable, and may fairly be supposed impossible. Your life of Fransham amused and interested me much; yet in most points I hold with your opponent. Nor do I by any means assent to those principles of biography which you lay down in your defence. My way as a biographer is to account for the actions of men by their own principles, and represent them as the persons represented them to themselves; but in judging them, to stand aloof and measure the action by my own rule of right. If you have seen my Register for 1809, you will have seen that the Burdettites have cured me of all wish for Parliamentary Reform, at least for any reform of their making, or

after their fashion. I am thinking of an essay in the Quarterly, upon the means of bettering the condition of society, which will be a set-off of the Reformers versus the Reformists. In the last number I had an article upon the new system of education, from which all the stings were drawn before it went to the press. I am enlarging it for separate publication, with an epistle dedicatory to the Editor of the Edinburgh Review: it will convict that Review of gross and wilful falsehood. Brougham, it seems, is the man whom the Lord hath thus delivered into my hands, and the devil shall not deliver him out of them. It will be a heavier blow to the Review than that which they have received from Coplestone; inasmuch as this goes directly to the moral, or rather immoral, principle upon which it is conducted —the principle of lying point-blank whenever it serves their purpose. I have drawn up an abstract of the New System as clearly and compendiously as possible, showing also what elementary works are wanting to adapt the practice to classical schools—the principle applying equally to all schools. This I have sent to Cadiz, to my good correspondent there, who applied to me upon the subject, the Cortes being about to take measures for providing national instruction for the future. Gooch has been with me; he made a shorter stay than I wished, and could he have stayed longer

his time would not have been unprofitably spent. Gooch is one of those men whom I liked at first sight, and the more I know him the higher he stands in my opinion. You probably know that Harry being naturally enough disposed to remove from Durham, means to try his fortune in London, at the west end of the town; I rather dissuaded him from it, but think he will be successful. I was fortunate enough to get my brother Tom promoted at last. It was done by Perceval's interference. In the course of the business I was led to an acquaintance with Croker, a man of pleasant manners, lively talents, and remarkable quickness. The manner in which Jeffrey speaks of the Battle of Talavera, in his reviewal of Scott's Vision, is a good specimen of the honesty of Jeffrey's criticism. And this reminds me of my own poem, 'Pelayo,' from which, if there were room, I would send you a passage, which forms a most curious parallel with a part of Scott's. In the course of the winter I shall have some volumes of Omniana to send you.

"God bless you!

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 66.)

"Norwich, December 10, 1811.

"My dear Friend,

"Beside your recent letter, may I call it? of

the 20th Nov., there ought to lie in my drawer an earlier, written as you were preparing to set off for London, and announcing a disposition to visit Norwich before you return. This letter, in the subversion of my papers and books, which our disappointments and consequent removal have occasioned, is somewhere mislaid ; so that I can only recollect it made me look into Pasley's rhodomontade, which is full of projects for dodging invasions, adapted to supply English ministers with pretexts for giving away titles, but wholly destructive of all rational attention to the prospective interests of imperial competition.

" I wish you had found time, or will, to come to Norwich. We should gladly have festooned for you the last garlands of our hospitality in Surrey street, and should have felt a visit to our adversity with friendly gratitude. You have heard from Gooch the particulars of our misfortune. Since our American losses, we have been habitually pent to live. To augment our income, my father adopted the practice of insuring at Lloyd's. He gave his proxy to Mr. Amsinck, with whom he deposited 1500*l.*, to pay losses and averages as they occurred. Mr. Amsinck's failure sweeps away all this deposit, the interest it produced, the annual profit of insuring, and an independent capital responsible for the outstanding risks. Our total suffering will annihilate between three

and four thousand pounds. We cannot subsist, in our contracted shape, on the interest of what remains. The capital will last our joint lives; but I shall be abandoned at once to solitarity and penury. To what can I look forwards but to a voluntary interment in the same grave with my parents? O that nature would realize this most convenient doom! The 'Curse of Kehama' I received and thank you for. So well as 'Thalaba' it did not please me; yet I allow that the widow-burning at the beginning and many other descriptions rival in merit Alexander's Feast. The plot has not that humanity of interest which the ordinary pursuits and enterprizes of men can alone secure. You are better read than I am in the mythology of Hindostan, else I should have thought the divinities out of costume. The pure loves of Eircenia and Kalyal, like those of Semida and Cidli in Klopstock, when translated into Tamul, will surely not be thought at home. I applied to Griffiths for leave to review it; but he hinted that it was committed to a more stationary reviewer, and must be commented in consistency with their causticity toward your other poems. Your anti-Lancastrian prejudices I lament; they will check great public benefits. Herbert Marsh had already proved that Dr. Bell imported the Hindoo system of schoolmanship. He imported it so clumsily that he was obliged

to employ four under-masters for his little school. He brought over the oriental manuscript, and tried to translate it, but could not. It is Lancaster who has translated, has naturalized, has popularized it; to him we are indebted for all its practical value; he has accommodated to our usages and to our elementary instruction the valuable scheme. And he has besides this great merit, that by dismissing all specific religious instruction, persons of all sects and persuasions can and do assist in founding and patronizing these schools. Bell's plan is encumbered with a catechism. No dissenters can subscribe to found such schools, or can lend their activity to superintend them. Hence in small towns, where the population barely suffices for a single school, there can be no school at all on Bell's plan; but there can on Lancaster's. You crush and quash and annihilate instruction in every village too small for two schools. If government meddles with the thing, which Hermes avert! it will become a ministerial job to salary schoolmasters, who will teach nothing, because there are no subscribers to superintend them. These schoolmasters will not obtain, or will not receive the children of dissenting parents; and thus elementary instruction, like the offices of the state, will be confined, *by a test*, to the churchites. They will tax the community to found schools for their own

exclusive benefit. Is this just? And what a catechism they adopt for their academic test! Have you read it? It is far the worst of all the protestant catechisms. The second question is a lesson of perjury. What boy knows whether his godfathers and godmothers gave him his name? He is called to answer solemnly, before the public and the altar of God, for a fact which he does not recollect. If the boy comes of dissenting parents, his answer is a falsehood. There is a great deal of foolish mysticism and there is direct heresy in the catechism of the Bellites. Consubstantiation includes and implies transubstantiation. The catechism, therefore, asserts a doctrine which every member of parliament is bound to renounce. I agree with you that Lancaster's punishments are ludicrous and vulgar, not that they are cruel. I presume, however, that the Bellites are not serious in wishing to instruct the people. They wear a cloak of hypocrisy, in order to arrogate the power of intercepting instruction. John May no doubt showed you my letter to Belsham; I ordered you one to be left at Longman's. "Yours affectionately,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

The beginning of this letter was written under the influence of those exaggerated fears which, in the first days of misfortune, excited imagina-

tion broods over and converts into future realities. The unreasonableness and vanity of such alarms were never more strikingly manifested than in William Taylor's case. He survived this blow nearly twenty-five years, enjoying a full share of the blessings of life, and at his death leaving a property to the amount of several thousand pounds. Yet here we see him overcome by that morbid cowardice, which over-rates every ill, and quails before its own chimæras. Indifferent to every comfort that was left to him, and forgetful of the vast resources of a resolved will and able mind, he magnified a partial loss of fortune into total privation and penury, and even looked to a voluntary grave as his only refuge from the shocks of fate. But this fit of despondency was not of long duration. The judicious counsels and sympathizing attentions of kind friends were not without their effect—they prevailed with him to take a calm and more dispassionate view of his real situation, and he found that it was not hopeless. Adversity winnows indeed the chaff of social intercourse—the contemptible fawnings of the light and heartless many fly before its searching blasts, while the solid services of the attached and estimable few remain undisturbed in all their purity and worth. It would, indeed, have been a foul blot upon human nature, if those who were so generous in the days of their pro-

sperity, had been abandoned by all when calamity came upon them. They experienced enough of ingratitude to justify the worst charges which misanthropy brings against the cold selfishness of mankind. There was one instance of a gentleman, who, while filling a respectable but not very lucrative office in Norwich, had eagerly sought the friendship of William Taylor, had been admitted to a cordial intimacy, and always found a ready welcome at his table. Wishing to change his profession, the same liberal hand had assisted him in the attainment of his object by a considerable advance of money. Soon afterwards he came into the enjoyment of a large fortune ; and from that time he not only broke off all intercourse with his benefactor, but never repaid any part of the sums which he had received ; even in the hour of misfortune, which could not be unknown to him, he preserved the same supercilious and sordid indifference. It is a relief to the painful ebullitions of disgust, to turn from such a heart, and recover, in the contemplation of opposite characters and feelings, our confidence in the better qualities and nobler attributes of human nature. At the first intimation of the loss which they had sustained, William Taylor consulted his cousin, Mr. Dyson, from whom he received not only the soundest advice, but also the kindest offers of pecuniary aid to any extent

that might be required. This generous conduct was never forgotten; the impression which it produced endured through life, and is recorded in his last will, as having dictated the provisions then made for the disposition of his property. The first impulse under which the family acted, led them to contemplate leaving Norwich. It would be easier, they thought, and less bitter, to change their mode of life, to lower their pretensions, and wean themselves from long-accustomed enjoyments, at a distance from the scenes of former habits and the associations of brighter days. With this view several places were suggested as suitable for their future residence, and in some of them negotiations for acquiring possession were actually commenced. But after much deliberation, they finally decided upon remaining in Norwich, where they sold the dwelling which they had occupied nearly fifty years, and purchased a smaller house in King-street. This resolution was acceptable to those by whom they were most valued, and who most delighted in their society; these were emulous of evincing their high regard for a family that had so many claims upon their warmest sympathy, and who were still thought to need the friendly services of others to a greater extent, than, on the final settlement of their affairs, their circumstances were found actually to require. Among the marks

of esteem and attachment which the occasion called forth, one of the noblest and most generous proceeded from a comparative stranger, and is pre-eminently worthy to be placed on record. Mr. Elton Hamond, of London, had been introduced by Dr. Robert Gooch to William Taylor's acquaintance, had from time to time been a visitor at his house, and occasionally corresponded with him; and during this intercourse had learned to regard his talents with lively admiration, and the benevolence of his nature with deep and sincere affection. He received early information of the misfortune that had befallen him, and of his proposed change of residence; and immediately addressed to him the following letter, which cannot fail to exalt the character of the writer in the estimation of all who read it.

"London, May 22, 1811.

"My dear and honoured Sir,

"I heard last Sunday, for the first time, that you were about to remove your family from Norwich. The increased expense of living there was the cause assigned. I will make no apology for what I am going to propose. Your discernment and my own habitual openness render any nice development of my feelings unnecessary. You will guess them. I contemplate the value of an accustomed home to your blind mother. I con-

sider her sweet and venerable character; and that she is the nearest, I believe the dearest, relation you have. Notwithstanding the bad times, my annual income exceeds my expenditure by at least a hundred pounds. I do not choose to acquire habits of greater expense, and I have every reason to expect a gradual increase of revenue. Will this sum enable you to remain comfortably at Norwich? If it will, pray take it annually during your mother's life—at least while I am single (I am not even in love yet) and while my means remain as good as they are. Every year's delay I should think is worth gaining on your mother's account. The evil can but come at last, and will be no greater, perhaps even less, hereafter than now. I do not well see how in justice to your mother you can refuse this offer, which, after abundant deliberation, I make in the most hearty manner. In the common course of things nobody shall know anything about it, except my gentle sister Harriet, the confidante of all my projects, and who entirely approves of this. I shall be very sorry if any obstacle arises from the want of that circuity with which these matters are commonly proposed, and if I am wrong in deeming the direct way most honourable to both of us.

"I fear that you have often accused me of neglecting the little affair of Sir Richard Phillips,

in which you would wrong me. I am sure that, except perhaps during my absence from town, not a day has passed without my thinking about it. But I have always been expecting in two or three days such information from the accountant to the estate, as might direct you in the choice of your measures. It seems to me from your statement, that you have the option of considering the bankrupt as your debtor for the whole amount of the account, or as your mere agent. I want therefore to learn what copies of Nathan he has in the house, and what are sold and unpaid for.

"Respectfully and affectionately yours,

"Elton Hamond."

The frank and warm-hearted tone of this letter, but above all, the interest expressed in it for the comfort of Mrs. Taylor's remaining years, were calculated to affect her son strongly. But he had so long cherished and indulged the sensitive delicacy of independence, that he could not bend his mind to the acceptance of favours, even though offered by those who would have felt that he conferred more in receiving than they in giving. This spirit would have endured any privation rather than yield. He had already declined the generous proposal of a near relative, to whom through life he had been most affectionately at-

tached, and to whom he confided all his cares; and when some of his friends suggested the idea of purchasing an annuity for him, it was abandoned, because they found that to persevere in it would have wounded his feelings. It was therefore natural that, however sensible of Mr. Hamond's kind intentions, he should refuse, as will be seen in the following reply to his letter, to avail himself of them.

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, May 29, 1811.

"Yours of the 22nd of May I found here on my return from the country. The nature of our misfortune is this. My father, since our withdrawment from active business, has been in the habit of underwriting at Lloyd's. He gave his proxy to Mr. Amsinck, with whom he deposited £1500, to pay averages and losses as occasion required. Interest was allowed on this deposit, and an annual profit was divided besides of about £100, £120, or £150. Amsinck has stopt payment, by which we lose this interest and this profit, which together formed a practical income of £200; and the outstanding risks seem likely to absorb the dividend that will come in from the debt. With two hundred a year less we cannot continue our Norwich habits of living, and are therefore about to retire into the country, probably to a house at Brockdish, lately occupied

by my uncle Dyson. By stopping the intercourse of hospitality, we shall find ourselves competently circumstanced in the country. Ennui will teach me industry, and frugality will teach me temperance; and thus I shall find myself indebted to adversity for moral reformations, and get rid of two besetting sins, which from the interior pulpit of conscience I have often fulminated against in vain. Pecuniary assistance we do not want. I should in all circumstances of real necessity confidently lean on a generosity which you so nobly proffer. We all three remove together. Our habits in the course of years have been reciprocally accommodated; no one leaf of the trefoil could now be plucked off without deforming the arrangement of the other two. Your kind solicitude about my mother will be somewhat alleviated by knowing, that for these twenty years she had been in the regular habit of visiting her sister at the house which we hope to engage, and which has therefore less of strangeness than any other residence here would have. Our retreat is now decided, as we have nearly agreed for the sale of these premises. I would we were equally sure of the country-house we wish for; but that must await Mr. Poole's visit to Brockdish during the first fortnight in June. With sentiments of gratitude and affection,

"I remain sincerely yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

"I wish you would again apply to Phillips or to Gillett the acting assignee, to both whom I have written in vain. My proposal is that they should take on their own account all the copies of Nathan, and that I should throw off a third and the odd 1*l.* 10*s.*, I should then have to prove an even 60*l.*"

William Taylor's correspondence at this time with his cousin, Mr. Dyson, lays open his whole interior mind, his troubles, his struggles, his anticipations, and his plans. For several months these were continually changing, as new circumstances arose, or opposite moods prevailed. On the 8th May 1811, when first apprized of their misfortune, after giving the particulars of it which have been already recited, he proceeded in these desponding terms:—"We do not know as yet the precise extent of our calamity. We must separate as a family, some of us to seek in cheap retirement, and some of us in unwelcome activity, a lot more proportionate to our means. We want to talk these things over with you, and hope by Saturday or Sunday to learn more definitely our condition." Mr. Dyson immediately attended on this summons, and in the most delicate manner requested them to allow him to make up their loss of income, so that they might avoid any alteration in their mode of living. When

they declined this generous offer, he proposed that they should take the house for many years occupied by his father at Brockdish, a retired village, not far distant from his own residence at Diss, where he would have more constant opportunities of watching over and contributing to their well-being. This idea was entertained for some weeks, and is the subject of speculation in the following letter.

" Dear Cousin, " Norwich, May 16, 1811.

" I am engaged to go to Attleburgh next Wednesday, and would rather postpone visiting Diss until after my return, particularly as I have two books to review for the Monthly, which Griffiths wants speedily. It would be an objection to Brockdish, that we are to be tenants at will, as we cannot afford annual removals; but the plan of living together in some such place is the best for us. The worst possible form of existence for me is to be a dodging lodger; it will prevent the difficult acquisition of habits of literary application. The more I am without neighbours or acquaintance, the more I am secluded with only my father and mother, the better chance for my becoming laborious. It is the curse of my existence here, that I have hourly resources for agreeable idleness; the nettles of ennui are necessary to sting me into industry; and I require

above all things to be stationed in a dull place. To keep two houses is a heavy needless expense. We have offered our premises, and announced to our friends the determination to retire into the country. Mr. Southwell approves that determination. Dr. Sayers wants me to seek, at Shottisham or Coltishall, an accessible home, and to come occasionally to Norwich. Compromises with fate do not suit me. Now that we cannot be comfortable, I aspire to be comfortless, and to found on my privations the reform of my bad habits. My imagination is rapidly learning to count on our miseries, and to exult in the uninterrupting character of rural scenery and the uninterrupted round of days all passed alike. Mr. Grand brings bad news from Amsinck. We shall have much to pay beside our loss.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

The next letter announces another change of plan, during the two months which intervened.

"Dear Cousin, "Norwich, July 17, 1811.

"My father and I went yesterday to see the house at Wymondham. He is pleased with it, and will offer a rent for it which is higher than the last tenant paid and will we presume be accepted. I think the house not humble enough ;

there are above twenty windows. Nor is Wymondham to me a welcome retreat. But I find all our friends encouraging us to take the situation, and I would rather be governed by public opinion, as I may call it, than by my personal inclination. Wymondham is too near Norwich, and I shall often see one or other of the persons and scenes to which I was so strongly attached. This will keep open many wounds of soul, which would sooner heal in a stranger place. Eye, of the situations I have seen, was most to my wish. But there was a prejudice against it in my mother's mind and among her relations. After all, it is as rational to raffle for a residence as to choose one; for it is much easier to suit one's habits of mind and manners to a given situation, than to get the situation to which one's habits of mind and manners most naturally tend. Norwich, if we had interior coercion enough to live there frugally, would be cheaper than the country. But the country will alone teach unsocial habits. The insurance affairs look worse and worse. Mr. Amsinck keeps back his alarms no longer, now that my father has signed his certificate. We already consider the premises we have sold as utterly annihilated. I do not foresee the practicability of subsisting on the narrow income that will remain; so that I apprehend I must give up all literary employment whatever and look out

for some sort of industry. A few months I shall take to reconsider my situation.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR, Jun."

These various projects and gloomy forebodings all ended, however, in the family still remaining together in Norwich. Their income was found adequate to afford them, on a more limited scale, most of their accustomed comforts. The social habits both of the father and the son had been strengthened by so many years of uninterrupted indulgence, that to overcome them entirely was impossible. But the circle of their visitors was now considerably narrowed, and to them Mrs. Taylor's cheerfulness and good management allowed scarcely any difference to be perceptible, during the few months that she survived the change of their fortune. Yet there were hours in which present disappointment cast a dark shade over the future; and in one of those hours William Taylor penned his desponding letter of the 10th December to Robert Southey. That letter caused Dr. Henry Southey to write to him, proffering any services which the brothers could render; in reply to which he gave the following detailed account of their new arrangements:

"My dear Henry, "Norwich, Jan. 17, 1812.

"Your generous letter of the 13th of January is before me. I have not occasion for pecuniary assistance. The sale of our premises in Surrey-street produced £2000; the compromise of our American lawsuit produced £1100; and these matters have provided us with more than all the ready cash which the outstanding risks at Lloyd's can possibly absorb. We have bought for £600 a small house in King-street, within seven doors of Mr. Martineau's surgery, in the direction toward Tombland. It was occupied in your time by a Mr. Shreeve. We are not quite arranged and packed into our narrower quarters, but we begin to call ourselves settled. John Corsbie Barnard, whom you remember in St. Austin's and accompanied to Cromer, is become our boarder. He is to pass three or four of the summer months with his father and brother, and to allow us £100 a-year for the eight or nine months of his residence here. During his late illness in St. Austin's he dictated a will in which he bequeathed me £500. His kindness to our adversity has known how to put his services in an acceptable form. My friend and cousin, Thomas Dyson of Diss, told me he had given me a legacy in his will, and would have me sell the reversion. 'I will buy it of you,' he added, 'and will allow you for it an annuity of £100 for

your life, or of £200 for the lives of your father and mother.' I admire, though I declined, his offer. Our friends have been competitors, not in soothing attentions merely, but in active services. Mrs. Crowe's kindness to my mother has been truly friendly. I was preparing, out of frugality, to leave off wine; our acquaintance have chosen to stock our new cellar. Mr. Southwell, Mr. Sparrow, Mr. Bolingbroke have all sent. Our attorney, Mr. Grand, has behaved with real friendship. A surprising, but enthusiastically generous proposal was that of Elton Hamond, Gooch's friend, who wrote to offer me a hundred a-year during my mother's life. We are not in circumstances to require any effort of our friends, but the memory of his liberality I shall always preserve. I prate to you about these things, because you are worthy to know them, but am as yet too full of my own cares to comment your project of settling in London. In fact it is a place I do not know and cannot judge of soundly. I will put your case, and come to an opinion. Dr. Sayers's health has undergone an alarming shock. The sunset of Norwich is arrived. Our society is not what it was. By Hudson Gurney's removal to London, and Mr. Trafford Southwell's into the country, the men of wealth and rank who were chiefly hospitable to talent are withdrawn. Some of us are too ill, and some

of us too poor, to convene one another as formerly. My father is in good health and spirits; my mother suffers from a catarrh and from still regrets.

"Yours truly,

"W. TAYLOR, Jun."

This communication quieted the more alarming apprehensions which his former letter had excited, and led to the discussion of the means by which his talents might thenceforth be more profitably employed. The steps suggested for that purpose, with the opinions, recommendations and efforts of his friends, will appear in the following correspondence:—

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 70.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, Jan. 12, 1812.

"Your last letter troubled both my sleep and my waking thoughts; for though I had heard of your losses, I had no notion of their extent. There is likely to be a place at the Museum vacated by the resignation of Douce. The thing, I believe, is not yet known. The presentation is vested in the Speaker, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Chancellor. Through Rickman I think the first may be secured, and possibly I could get at the second through two channels; but I am not without fear that your

mortal heresies may stand in the way. However the trial may be made. Tell me if such a situation would be conformable to your inclinations, and I will immediately set to work. That Douce had the intention two months ago, I know, and the situation has been represented to me as worth £400 a-year; but if he should have changed his mind, vacancies are not unfrequently occurring, and it is well to have an eye upon them. Cannot your literary employments be made more productive? The Monthly, when you were formerly connected with it, paid better than the other Reviews. It is now, I believe, much behind the quarterly ones in this respect. Your political opinions square sufficiently with the Edinburghers; your heresies would be inadmissible there, for their esoteric atheism is perfectly orthodox in its professions. But should you object to assist the Quarterly in any of those topics which have no connexion with party or sectarian feelings? I should be sorry to see the weight of your talents thrown into Jeffrey's scale. You once talked of arranging and collecting your scattered writings. Make this your amusement; and while the volumes are printing let your friends make out a list, which will take off the whole impression without its passing through a bookseller's hands. Your assent to this is all that would be needed, and this I think you ought

not to refuse. The task is one which you owe to yourself; for unless you do this, others will one day fatten upon your remains, and pilfer the reputation which you throw away. The manner ought not to be objectionable, leave that wholly to others; and the result will be that the whole of the bookseller's profit will be saved, amounting to more than a fourth of the gross product of the whole impression. You have formerly talked of writing the history of the Hanse Towns. Should you seriously think of prosecuting the design, my uncle has a volume which may be serviceable to you. It contains 'Notitia Majorum—Plurimas Lubecensium aliorumque clarorum Virorum, de Ecclesia, Republica, et Literis egregie meritorum Vitas, etc. comprehendens, quam Filiis impertit Jacobus a Melle. Lipsiæ, 1707.' Another work by the same Lubec Pastor, entitled, 'De Itineribus Lubecensium Sacris, seu de Religiosis et Votivis eorum Peregrinationibus, vulgo *Wallfahrten*, quas olim Devotionis ergo ad Loca Sacra susceperunt. Lubecæ, 1711.' 'Petri Vincentii de Origine, Incrementis, et Laudibus Lubecæ Elegia, etc. 1755;' and finally, 'Historia Lubecensis Recentior ab anno 1300 ad annum 1400,' by the aforesaid Jacobus a Meller, as his name is here written: 'Jenæ, 1679.' The collection was made at Lubec for a Frenchman of great book-learning at Lisbon, the Abbé Gar-

nier. The four tracts form but a moderately sized volume. They must contain something to your purpose, and probably they are not easily to be found. Shall I send it to you? I can take the opportunity of a bookseller's parcel to London, and direct it either to Richard Taylor's care or in any other way that you may appoint.

"Of all topics that of consolation is the most difficult to handle well. You ought to be a happy man, because you have done your duty and have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself; and being a single one, and likely from long habits to have remained so under any circumstances, no change of circumstances, as respecting yourself, ought to afflict you deeply. A single man may look with indifference upon all that does not vitally affect him. But you are rich in friends, rich in talents, rich in acquirements, rich in good works. And if I thought it possible that you would even feel a reasonable anxiety respecting the means of comfortable subsistence, while there are so many men in the world who love you and are beholden to you, I should think far worse of human nature than my own experience teaches me to do. Were it needful, I would tell you and press upon you, that a man who has ever been so ready to give, is bound in his turn to receive. God bless you, William Taylor! Remember me, I pray, to your mother. I fear your greatest grief is to know

that she grieves for your sake; but you have yet, I trust, long years of happiness before you.

"Yours very affectionately,

"R. SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 67.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, Feb. 10, 1812.

"Yours of the 31st of January arrived while I was at Diss, and lay here several days unopened. I have consulted Dr. Sayers, Mr. Southwell, and those friends whose opinion I most lean on, and the result is that they advise me to apply for the librarianship in the British Museum. I have therefore written to Rickman on the subject, and thank you for the suggestion. I do not expect to succeed; my heresies, as you observe, are not adapted to conciliate the Archbishop of Canterbury; but I shall at least have made the effort, which becomes me, to exonerate the family funds of all pressure from me. I shall turn onymous author, and am printing with Pople a first volume of 'Synonyms by W. T. Jun. of Norwich.' They are somewhat curtailed from the specimens printed in the Athenæum and Magazine.

"Whence you infer my esoteric atheism, I know not; it is an incorrect definition of my opinion. Probably you had read in Herbert Marsh that pantheism is but another name for atheism, and inferred my pantheism from p. 105

to 109 of my late pamphlet. But in this Herbert Marsh blundered. There are three forms of pantheism. (1.) The pantheism of Spinoza, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole is matter, that the whole is not collectively intelligent. This is a form of atheism. (2.) The pantheism of Berkeley, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole is spirit, that the whole is collectively intelligent. This is not a form of atheism. (3.) The pantheism of Philo, who maintains that the whole is God, that the whole consists of matter and spirit, that the whole is collectively intelligent. This is not a form of atheism. Now it is this Philonic pantheism that I embrace, believing myself therein to coincide exactly with Jesus Christ in metaphysical opinion concerning Deity. When I publish my other pamphlets in proof of the great truth, that Jesus Christ wrote the 'Wisdom,' and translated the 'Ecclesiasticus' from the Hebrew of his grandfather Hillel, you will be convinced (that I am convinced) that I and I alone am a precise and classical Christian; the only man alive who thinks concerning the person and doctrine of Christ, what he himself thought and taught. I have anticipated your advice, and have already begun to collect and publish my writings. I commence by the 'Synonyms,' thinking them least obnoxious. I shall proceed to

Notices biographical and critical of the German Poets, interspersed with numerous Translations. My Essays are to be published under the name of 'Endeavours.' Meanwhile I shall be devising some fresh task. About the Hanse Towns I have no present scheme. But I cannot buckle to, until this business of the Museum is determined. Norwich I shall quit with great regret; the kindness of our friends to our adversity cannot be surpassed. We miss no comfort of any importance to which we were accustomed. The only sad thing is, that we exceed our income; but I hope to find the means of earning here the whole deficit. My father is better; my mother is less well than last year.

"Yours sincerely,

"W. Taylor, Jun."

The hope of obtaining the Librarianship at the British Museum was one of those meteors which flash for a moment upon the gloom of adversity, only to leave its darkness more intense than before; they teach the unfortunate most impressively how far better it is to rely upon their own exertions, to avail themselves of the resources which every man can find within himself if he will look steadily for them, than to trust to any benefice that power or patronage can bestow. Mr. Rickman, when informed of William Tay-

lor's wishes on this point, took the steps that friendship suggested, but soon found that the appointment had been already made. His letters on the occasion afford another proof of the interest which it called forth.

" My dear Sir, " Palace Yard, Feb. 12, 1812.

" Your letter of the 10th instant cuts me to the heart. I had no notion that your mercantile mishaps and lawsuits had done worse than reduce your family from opulence to sufficiency. I am afraid that you are too late for the appointment you mention, as it has been really open for three months, indeed more. It is not however actually filled up, and is very desirable. I believe Southey might have had it. I rate the income and advantages at £400 a-year, but the particulars I do not know; I believe thus—£300 a-year, residence, coals and candles. To be sure your known heresies are against you, but your foreign literature much in your favour, the great purpose being to have persons who can converse with strangers in their own language, and in such manner as not to disgrace the acquirements of the country which (as to book-knowledge) they represent. I do not know how far your habit of conversing in the Continental languages extends, but I should think the chance worth the trouble of writing an account of your pretensions to the

three persons who have the gift of the place—the Chancellor, the Speaker and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of this however you will judge. I really believe that the choice has hitherto been, and will now be, more directed by fitness of the applicant than favour; but I seldom hear anything about the matter. I am much obliged to you for your frequent presents, and have particularly to thank you for the pheasants which arrived the beginning of the session. I wish I were less overwhelmed with occupation than I am at present, that I might be more at your service.

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN RICKMAN."

"My dear Sir, "Palace Yard, Feb. 21, 1812.

"I find upon inquiry that the situation at the Museum is already filled up, so that you need not submit to any fruitless trouble in attempting to procure it. I am sorry that I was unable to give you this decisive intelligence before, as a new desire does not always pass away with the occasion which excites it. In much haste.

"Yours truly,

"J. R."

This disappointment directed William Taylor's attention seriously to plans for rendering his literary pursuits more profitable, and his friends

neglected no opportunity of stimulating him to efforts worthy of his talents and acquirements. Among the letters which he received at this time, and written with these intentions, the following was addressed to him by Mrs. Barbauld, with a copy of her then recently published poem, entitled 'Eighteen Hundred and Eleven:'—

"Dear Sir, "Stoke Newington, Feb. 5, 1812.

"I beg your acceptance of the small poem which accompanies this, and for which I bespeak your indulgence. You will permit me to take the occasion of expressing the lively interest I have taken, and must ever take, in every eventful circumstance which relates to yourself and your family. Pray tell Mrs. Taylor how truly I love and venerate her, how much I sympathize in all her feelings, and how very glad I am that she is still in the society of her old friends at Norwich. I am sure she must know by her own heart how very sorry they would have been to have lost her. To yourself, dear Sir, may I take the privilege of an old friend to say a little more? May I express the hope, that, rousing all the energies of your mind, you will pursue some work of importance, equal to your genius and to the stores of various knowledge which you possess, and acceptable to the best feelings of the public? How much is there in philological or

historical researches, or in works of imagination, which lies open to you, and where you would have advantages which few possess! Excuse my earnestness, but here am I perking up my head, like the expiring snuff of a candle trying to make a little blaze; and I cannot bear that you, in the vigour of life and with your talents, should not be *seriously* engaged in something which will do you real honour. But perhaps you are so, and my exhortation is unnecessary. Excuse it then in consideration of the years past away since I first called myself, Dear Sir,

"Your faithful and affectionate friend,

"A. L. Barbauld."

But although thus encouraged and pressed to exertions displaying the full vigour of his mind and abundance of his resources, his views were still limited to the mere collection and republication of his numerous pieces, dispersed through the various periodical works for which he had written. Of these he had sketched the following outline:

"*First Series, Glossology.*—Vols. I. and II.—English Synonyms discriminated.—III. Dissertations and Reviewals concerning the Theory of Language and of Criticism.

"*Second Series, German Literature.*—Vol. I. Dramatic Translations from the German, in verse.—

II. and III. Notices, Biographical and Critical, of the German Poets, interspersed with numerous Translations.

"*Third Series, Ecclesiastic History.*—Vol. I. Dissertations of Jewish Literature and Antiquities.—II. Reviewals of Modern Ecclesiastic History.

"*Fourth Series, Politics.*—Vols. I. II. III.—Political Dissertations and Reviewals.—IV. As a fourth volume to the second series, Original Poems of mine could be put together; but this I wish to defer."

This classification of his papers seems to have been prepared at an earlier period, during his connection with the Annual Review and the Athenæum, and with the intention of proposing to the publishers of those works, to undertake the execution of his plan, for there is appended to it an unfinished draft of a letter addressed to them to that effect. In this letter he says: "I can fit up annually for the press from three to four volumes. I should prefer beginning with the 'Synonyms' and the 'German Literature,' and reserving the third series for the last. I think it most expedient not to complete any one series until all are begun. For the 'Synonyms' Mr. Phillips has made me this specific offer: six guineas a sheet for inserting the materials first in the Monthly Magazine; and six guineas a sheet more for fitting them up with preliminary dissertations for separate publication. I do not expect for the other volumes so extensive a sale as for

the 'Synonyms;' but should gladly treat on this plan for the copyright of a first edition of the whole."

The treaty here referred to with Sir R. Phillips was broken off by the deranged state of his affairs; nor is there any further evidence of such an offer having been actually made to Longman and Co. Indeed it does not appear that any serious steps towards this end were taken by William Taylor, until the time when he put the materials for a volume of 'Synonyms' into the hands of Mr. Pople, who, through the intervention of Mr. Burnett had already published for him the 'Letter to an Editor of the Improved Version.' In addition to the habitual attachment formed by the practice of twenty years in writing for the periodicals, he also now found in that line of employment a more certain and regular source of income than original authorship afforded. It is therefore not surprising, however much it may be regretted, that he should still have persevered in his preference of that course. The character of his contributions to those publications with which he had hitherto been engaged, was well known to the conductors of others, and he received at this period, through his friend Dr. Robert Gooch, overtures to take a part in the Quarterly Review. But the political and religious creeds upheld by that work were, in his opinion, so adverse to the

improvement and happiness of society, that he shrunk, with the most sensitive consistency, from incurring the suspicion of lending them even that tacit and indirect support which might be inferred from his appearing in the same array, although only as a literary colleague and discussing merely indifferent subjects. This conscientious scrupulousness lost him the opportunity of forming a profitable connection, and probably also, as will be seen in the subjoined extracts from the letters which he received on this occasion, that of publishing advantageously under the same auspices his history of German poetry.

Dr. Gooch to William Taylor.

" Aldermanbury, March 12, 1812.

" My dear Friend,

" I have several things for which to thank either you or your family; a letter from you, and a hare, a brace of pheasants and a letter of introduction from Mr. Taylor. Pray present my best regards to him, and tell him that I am fully sensible of the debt of obligation he lays me under. I am anxious to know how you are and what you are doing; and that I may the more readily gain my object, I shall set you an example of communicativeness. In the first place, my progress and my prospects in my profession are beyond the calculation which led me up to

London. I have been here only four months, and one knowing man about London practice says, that he would prefer my prospect to that of any of the young physicians; and another, still more knowing, says that in ten years I shall walk over the course. This, however, is intended only for the eye and ear of friendship. As you may readily suppose, I have much more leisure than when I was at Croydon, for reading and writing. I have been, at the suggestion of Robert Southey, drawing up a life of Beddoes for the next volume of the Edinburgh Register. I have several other things in prospect, which you shall know when they are executed.

"By the by, Murray the bookseller and proprietor of the Quarterly Review, has been expressing a wish that you would contribute to it; and Gifford the editor, to whom he mentioned the subject, said that he was familiar with your writings, and should be happy if we could persuade you to enlist in the corps; he even went so far as to say, that he wished I would call on him, that he might talk to me about it. All this arose, not from my recommending them to procure your assistance, for I was and am still uncertain whether you would accept the task, but merely from Murray's hearing me speak of you in my usual strain. What shall I do about it? You know they pay ten guineas per sheet. Al-

though Murray and Gifford went so far in their invitation, I was deterred from meeting them, because I was unwilling you should encounter the same treatment as Dr. Sayers's article about Dugald Stewart's book, and because of the known habit of the editor, of rejecting articles, not which are dull, for God knows they accept plenty of that description of commodity, but which are unsuitable to the tastes and the feelings and the creeds of the literary multitude. Direct me what to do, and it shall be done.

"I have been hearing several of Coleridge's lectures, and met him once at a dinner-party; he is certainly a very eloquent man, but his public effusions, although they now and then contain powerful passages, are certainly uncomplete and unsatisfying. It seems as if he entered the lecture-room without preparation, which is a monstrous disadvantage; he is like a singer who begins with too high a note, and having resolved at the outset of a passage to give it a certain form and length, he finds before he has gone half through that he has expended all his stock of thought, and is obliged to fill up the remainder with flatulent and sonorous verbiage; his finest things seem to me to be said immediately after having made his friends in pain and his indifferent hearers disgusted by his failures, like Antæus, who grew strong on touching the ground.

What I have lately seen of him has not raised him in my opinion. He is now I believe at Keswick with Southey. Have you heard lately from the Durham Doctor? I have set him a task, and he sends me word that he is very industriously engaged in doing it. You know that pulmonary consumption is cured by warm climates, and is said to have been relieved and even cured by warm apartments in cold ones. Yet the remedy has been tried in only a few cases, and the profession does not know the extent of its efficacy. The only way to settle this or any other question about the value of a remedy, is to try it on a much larger scale than can be done in private practice. Medical institutions, where numbers with the same disease are treated, are, if properly employed, the great means of setting all questions of this kind for ever at rest, and dissipating that dreadful doubt which involves many of the most important topics the profession has to deliberate on. They are engines, by which the natural experience of a long life, so diffused and scattered that it is almost valueless, becomes compressed into a few years. With this idea Southey has converted a large ward in the Durham Infirmary into a hot-house for consumptive patients; and if he is active and judicious in his management of it, may before long be the most experienced man in the kingdom about the influ-

ence of the remedy. The cases treated at the Infirmary, together with an inquiry into the prevalence or absence of consumption among the different nations of the world, and its connection with their habits and their climate, would make a very valuable book; Beddoes only turned up the field. Are you not writing for the Monthly? and could not you procure for me the admission of a gratis volunteer article? A very intelligent lady has been translating Fénélon on 'Education of Girls,' and I wish to review it. I want an opportunity of praising her, because she deserves it. Pray let me hear from you soon. You have two questions which require a speedy answer—one relative to Murray, the other to the Monthly. Mr. Grattan on the 15th of April opens the Catholic question: I am tired of the subject, as much as some are of Liberty and Necessity; but, for the sake of the orator, I shall go to hear him, unless anything should prevent me. I wish you were with me.

"Yours with the utmost esteem and affection,

"Robert Gooch."

From the same to the same.

"Aldermanbury, April 20, 1812.

"My dear Friend,

"I send you a few words about the education

of women and Fénélon's book, which I wish very much to be inserted as early as possible in the Monthly. As the book is neither new nor unknown, I suppose it is not needful to say more. If however you think differently, would you add a paragraph or two to make it of the proper length? I spoke to Murray the bookseller about your 'Biography of the German Poets'; he expressed a strong wish to be your publisher on any terms, whether on half account, or to give you a sum for the copyright; only, if you prefer the latter mode of proceeding, he expressed a wish to see some specimens of it, to enable him to judge of the offer he ought to make you. If you think proper to send me any of the manuscript for this purpose, I will take care of it. Robert Southey, I hear from all quarters, is getting on with his new poem 'Pelayo.' When I was with him at the lakes he had scarcely finished two cantos, and calculated on taking two more years to complete the plan. He must have worked hard at it since to have given any reasonable hope of our seeing it next winter, which seems to be the notion in Paternoster Row. I have been reading his 'Madoc' lately for the second time. To say that the story is heavy, as the public complain, is only to say that it is in that respect like all the great narrative poems of the world. I know, however, no other which equals it in amu-

siveness, but 'Oberon'; and in picture and feeling it is superior to anything I ever read in any language. In the portraiture of character and dramatic merit it may be deficient, but I am not yet come to that time of life or that state of understanding which require such properties to communicate to me the highest poetical enjoyment. Where are your 'Synonyms' printing, and when shall we have them? When will you begin to print your 'German Biography'? I shall regret your losses the less if they become a means of bringing you forward out of your masquerade-dress. It becomes a duty you owe both to the world and to yourself to give it some complete specimens of your great powers of mind. I am sorry to hear of Mrs. Taylor's state of health; remember me to her particularly, and tell her that I inquire after her, whenever I have an opportunity, with the sincerest interest. To Mr. Taylor also give my best respects. Pray let me hear from you soon, for your letters are a great treat to me. The correspondence of my friends is now the best substitute for the blessings I have lost.

"I am, my dear friend,

"Yours very affectionately,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

The solicitude here expressed regarding the health of Mrs. Taylor was not entertained with-

out good reason. From the sketch already drawn of her character, it will be perceived that a mind constituted like hers must have deplored misfortune, not from selfish considerations, but as affecting the comforts of those with whom she was most nearly connected. Even, however, on her own account it was impossible for her to leave without regret a residence to which she was attached by the habits and recollections of fifty happy years, and familiarized with which by long-accustomed daily experience, she scarcely knew that she was blind. Under such circumstances, to be transplanted to a new and humbler abode, to explore unknown ways, and form a home in strange apartments, was a painful task. Yet to avoid aggravating the afflictions of others, she concealed her own regrets, and, wearing the outward guise of cheerfulness, superintended every domestic arrangement with all her wonted activity and care. These exertions, however, were too much for a frame already debilitated by the wear and tear of three quarters of a century; exhausted by the effort, she sank rapidly, and breathed her last on the 27th of April, leaving a void in their little family circle which could never be filled again. The friends of her son esteemed and loved her, not only for the exquisite affection with which she regarded him, but also for her own amiable disposition and unequalled virtues.

The terms in which it has been seen that she was frequently mentioned in their letters to him, show their estimate of her while living; and after her death many were the tributes to her memory in which they recorded their sense of her worth. The following delineation of her character, from the pen of Dr. Sayers, was inserted in the Norwich newspapers:—

"In our last paper we announced the decease of Sarah, the wife of William Taylor, Esq., of this city. To omit a record of her character would be unjust and unbecoming. No one was more richly endowed with the gentle unassuming virtues of her sex; as a wife, a mother and a friend, we conceive not that she could be excelled; and while zealous and steady in the discharge of her more important duties, she suffered none of the lighter attentions to escape her which she deemed to be gratifying or soothing to those around her. Selfishness was a stranger to her heart. Her happiness seemed almost solely derived from contributing to the welfare or pleasure of others; and her chief pains were the pains of sympathy. Labouring for many years under the severe affliction of blindness, her activity and cheerfulness were still remarkable; her domestic arrangements were conducted with alacrity and accuracy, and she not only enjoyed but enlivened the society in which she mixed. With piety, with meekness, with charity, and with incomparable sweetness and evenness of temper, she was eminently gifted; and while the remembrance of her must ever be affectionately cherished by her relatives and friends, the recollection of her conduct will be an animating contemplation to such of them as have similar duties to perform, and who may piously wish to

pay the best tribute to the memory of the departed—an imitation of her virtues."

Sir James Edward Smith wrote on the occasion this epitaph, in which the excellent qualities of the parent and the devoted attachment of the son are both justly eulogized:—

"Here rests a woman full of years and woes;
Yet pure as when her natal sun arose,
Her soul angelic soar'd alike above
All sin and sorrow, on the wings of love.
In joy, in suffering, equal still her mind—
In life and death still cheerful and resign'd.
May he, whose filial piety has given
Her days their dearest charm on this side heaven,
At every step that leads him to the tomb,
Still trace his sainted parent through the gloom!"

Posthumous praises are generally overstrained adulation; either the effusion of excited feelings, or the atonement offered by repentant malice. It was not so here. A more perfect model of patience, disinterestedness and benevolence cannot well be imagined than that which Mrs. Taylor's deportment invariably presented. Nor was the exemplary right-heartedness of her son in anything more conspicuous than in the whole of his conduct to her*. His attentions were never tardy

* Mr. Barron, in his MS. 'Reminiscences,' thus relates what he observed during his intercourse with the family at this period:—"It was in 1811 that, in consequence of some considerable pecuniary losses, Mr. W. Taylor, with his father and mother, removed from their house in Surrey-street to a smaller one in

or reluctant; no pursuit in which he might be engaged was ever allowed to intercept that assistance which the infirmities of age or her want of sight at any time required. If pleasure or duty led her beyond the well-known paths in which she could move unattended and free from danger, his was the hand that most usually supported and guided her, and, with the most assiduous tenderness, guarded her steps from every inconvenience and obstruction. Seldom was there a Sunday morning on which they were not seen thus proceeding together through the many streets that lay between their dwelling and their place of public sabbath worship. It was a spectacle on which the passers-by looked with admiration, and which the professors of discordant creeds beheld with respect; and never surely was a more acceptable sacrifice offered in any temple than the mingled gratitude of such a mother and such a son, con-

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King-street. This change was a severe trial to W. Taylor, jun. When I called on the occasion, Mrs. Taylor, being alone, told me with tears that it was by no means for herself that she felt this change, but solely on account of her excellent son. His feelings were similar in regard to her; there could be no doubt of this with those who knew them. For his sake she exerted herself to suppress her feelings, and appeared at her table with her wonted cheerfulness; and by her judicious management much of their long-accustomed hospitality was still maintained. In the following year she died, deeply regretted by all who knew her."

scious of the blessing which each possessed in the other.

Care and affliction indispose the mind to exertion, or rather occupy it so intently with thoughts of their own creating, that for a season it can admit no others. The first studies that alleviate and solace grief are not of that severe kind by which the faculties are kept on the stretch of application and invention. These must be restored to a healthier and more vigorous tone by reading, before they are fit to resume the task or habit of composition. This will account for the idleness of William Taylor's pen during a considerable portion of the years 1811 and 1812. His articles in the Monthly Magazine and the Monthly Review, the only two periodicals for which he then wrote, were during that time comparatively few and unimportant, and the publishers of those works were frequently urging him to supply them faster, as will be seen in the subjoined extracts from their letters.

Sir Richard Phillips to William Taylor.

"October 5th, 1811.

"Believe me, dear sir, I value your friendship, and in many respects feel myself unworthy of it. Your articles raise the literary character of my magazine, and I covet ten times as many as you send me: those of the Portfolio are piquant and

highly interesting, but I should be glad also to receive some of your more serious articles. Are your 'Synonyms' exhausted? Might not a similar series be started of Etymologies and be continued for seven years with unabated interest? Historical anachronisms and absurdities require to be sifted, detected and exposed, and would afford plenty of topics on which to exercise your acuteness and gratify the public. *A propos*, turn to the note, in Hewlett's Bible, on Numbers; it deserves notice, and will afford new data and hypotheses. My magazine never stood higher in sale; we have gained 146 in the two last months, besides getting up regularly.

"I am truly, &c. &c.

"R. PHILLIPS."

The same to the same.

"Dear Sir, "Buckingham Gate, Feb. 20, 1812.

"In due time I will write to you about the 'History'; or perhaps you may be in town. My plan or your duty will however in no degree preclude your contributions to the magazine, of your projected essays. These and every thing from your pen are precious and desirable to me. My next Common Sense will afford a new range to historical speculation. I wish you would glean all the traditions and opinions there referred to, not for the sake of my hypothesis, but as a legiti-

mate object of literary speculation and collection.

"In regard to the 'Universal History,' I wait for patronage, and shall not stir till I have 500 names, and at present I have not 100. I hate the trammels of orthodoxy, yet I suppose they must be worn on this occasion. I should prefer an original work to the old one if I could afford to gratify my own taste, and to translate and anglicize the best native historians of all countries. Time may justify me in doing this when backed by 600 names.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Devotedly, &c., yours,

"R. PHILLIPS."

This letter refers to a design then entertained of publishing a new edition of the 'Universal History,' in which William Taylor was to have taken a leading part; but it was never carried into execution.

G. E. Griffiths to William Taylor.

"Dear Sir, "Turnham Green, 29th April, 1811.

"I wrote several weeks ago, requesting to be speedily favoured with some of the works which you have in hand, but no answer has reached me. The want of them becoming more and more urgent, I am obliged to trouble you with this second note on the subject; and I hope that you will not

be prevented from supplying them, either by indisposition or any other of the unpleasant causes to which you alluded in a former letter, as having impeded your literary labours. Pray oblige me with a speedy line, and believe me,

"Dear Sir, your sincerely obedient

"G. E. GRIFFITHS."

"Dear Sir, "Turnham Green, 30th August, 1811.

"Your packet and note of the 18th of July duly reached me, and I am much obliged to you for them, particularly for the present of your learned and curious work in reply to Belsham. The subject is not entirely *in my way*; but I can perceive that the manner in which you have treated it, entitles the volume to the epithets which I have applied to it. At the same time I dare say I need hardly add, that we must not introduce such a discussion into our pages. Indeed as it is a reply to matter that cannot come before us, and is not in itself (if I judge rightly) *actually published*, these circumstances would form an objection to our interfering with it, were not the freedom of the investigation a still stronger ground; in truth I must say that *I dare not meddle with it*, as a humorous friend of mine once said on another occasion.

"Believe me yours, dear Sir, very truly,

"G. E. GRIFFITHS."

"Dear Sir, "Turnham Green, March 2, 1812.

"In reading one of the articles last sent to me, on the 'Secret History of James the First,' I was struck with the representation which you have assigned to be the character of Cecil, Lord Burleigh. It is very opposite to that of Hume, of Kippis in the 'Biographia Britannica,' of Aikin in his 'Biographical Dictionary,' and to any of every work that I have read or consulted; and it does not appear to me to arise out of the book under review. You will permit me therefore to ask on what foundation such a very different portrait of this celebrated statesman is drawn, and to observe to you, that *if* we do vary so greatly in the Monthly Review from the received opinion and delineation of him, we must at least state the grounds and reasons for such variation, which, moreover, must be solid and strong. We shall otherwise surprise all our readers, and bring on perhaps a disputation with some, which it is desirable to avoid in the first instance, and which, *if commenced*, it would be still more desirable to be in a condition to terminate triumphantly. I shall be much obliged to you, therefore, for some communication of your ideas on this matter before I send the article to the printer, for whom it is in all other respects ready, and it would have appeared in the February number had not this objection struck me when time

would not allow of corresponding with you respecting it. I am aware of your and Mr. Pinkerton's contributions to the Portfolio of the Monthly Magazine, but could not for a moment suppose that you had any knowledge of the rascally libel on my father; nor could I attribute it to Mr. P. I am told that it could not, and does not, proceed from the pen of any other than the . . . . . editor and proprietor of the work, who wrote it in spite and revenge for the trimming which we gave to 'Trotter's Memoir of Fox.' It is a series of scandalous misrepresentations, which he must know to be such, and for which I was strongly tempted to call him to a severe account; but the positive recommendation of my friends induced me to acquiesce, at least for the present, in treating it with silent contempt. Can you recollect the name of the short-hand writer to whose life in the 'Biographie Universelle' you made an allusion in our last Appendix, p. 481? I have a letter of inquiry on the subject.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"G. E. GRIFFITHS."

"Dear Sir, "Turnham Green, 9th Nov., 1812.

"I feel that a long time has elapsed since I had the pleasure of writing to you, and that, in particular, my condolences on the loss of a parent ought much sooner to have been offered.

But perhaps you will kindly have made some excuse for me in your mind, from the knowledge, which the newspapers may have conveyed to you, that, in addition to my usual cares, I have had precisely a similar loss to deplore.

"I beg your indulgence to say that we cannot, with propriety or safety, express in the Monthly Review those very free and peculiar ideas on religious subjects which individuals occasionally see reason to entertain. You are well aware that to your own mind such ideas have occurred in various instances; but I must seriously request that you will have the goodness to refrain from divulging them in articles which are intended for the Monthly Review. They would not only throw us open to the charge of inconsistency, when compared with the general tenor of the work, but I am sure that they would alienate from us the long-continued support of numerous readers. I have been obliged to take the liberty of obliterating the expression of several such speculative sentiments, but such a task is ungracious in the execution and painful in its watchfulness.

"I return in the parcel your copy of Florian's little work, of which an article had previously been furnished; and indeed I always wish to decline reports of books from any quarter in which personal acquaintance can bias the opinion of the critic. This remark would apply to Amyot's

'Life of Windham'; but it happens that this work also has been already examined, and an account of it will appear in the current number. Walpole's book I have not yet seen, but in reply to your words, '*if I may speak out*,' shall I refer you to a paragraph in the preceding page of this letter? Believe me to remain, with much respect,

"Dear Sir,

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"G. E. GRIFFITHS."

Among the papers furnished by Wm. Taylor to the Monthly Magazine during the years 1811 and 1812* there are two in the 31st volume, on

* During this period the Monthly Magazine received the following articles from William Taylor:—

Vol. 31. The Enquirer, No. 27; Is uniformity of religious opinion desirable in the state?

An analysis of Scott's 'Human Life'—"a versified and embellished translation of the celebrated Greek *Picture of Cebes*."

A memoir of John Fransham, "the Norwich Polytheist."

A vindication of the proposal to repeal the Act of Uniformity.

Most of the Portfolio; the article on Sabbatical Pastime deserves particular notice.

Vol. 32. An analysis of Brooke's 'Universal Beauty.'

Proceedings of French Agricultural Societies.

A Defence of the Biography of John Fransham.

Many articles in the Portfolio, as usual; among which those on the Antiquity of Bells (p. 251), and of Numerals (p. 567), are marked by his characteristic industry of research and felicity of application.

Vol. 33. Proceedings of the Academic Society at Cherbourg.

the subject of repealing the Act of Uniformity. The second is a defence of the first, which had been attacked by a writer signing himself H. as "intolerant towards the members of the Establishment." William Taylor's reply concluded with the following remarkable passage: "The most important feature of the Enquirer's plan is, however, not its ecclesiastical operation. An alert statesman would have perceived in it the only practicable way of enabling Government to avail itself of those revenues of the Church which are in the gift of the Crown, for the purposes of civil patronage. Without any infringement of private

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Postscript to the Memoir of John Fransham.

An Enquiry into the Authority for the Longevity of the Patriarchs.

Reply to an Enquiry respecting Mark xiv. 51.

Doubts about the Drill-Schoolmanship.

Two papers of Contributions to English Synonymy.

Most of the Portfolio articles.

Vol. 34. Remarks on the Husbandry of Bengal.

On the Practice of Impressing Seamen.

On the terminations *Er*, *Ist*, and *Ism*.

Three papers of Contributions to English Synonymy.

On the Reforms projected in the Courts of Session.

A Tale of Wonder.—This is the ballad referred to in the Life of Sayers, p. lxxxii, and in the correspondence with R. Southey.

Many short articles in the Portfolio, of which the most remarkable are the accounts of Swedenborg and Fouquet, the observations on Ghost-stories, and those on the book of Ecclesiastes.

property, with new indulgence to private judgement, it would enable the minister to give among Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers the prebendal stalls and sinecure preferments of the Church, and thus render needless many an increase of the pension-list*."

The account of Dr. Griffiths, so justly reprobated in one of his son's letters, occurs at p. 566 of the 32nd volume. No contributor to the Monthly Review could be suspected of having penned this malevolent and disgraceful libel. In the same volume there are three sonnets, at pp. 47 and 465, signed "William Taylor;" but so dissimilar in style and structure to any poetry written by the translator of Lenore, that they can

* During the parliamentary discussions on that imperfect scheme of Church reform which was conceded in the year 1840 to the force of public opinion, it was proposed that four of the prebendal stalls of Ely should be attached to as many Cambridge professorships. This moderate application of the principle here advocated was resisted, and the Church endeavoured to guard its temporalities and extend its influence by exciting the wildest phrenzy of fanaticism and putting forth outrageous pretensions, worthy of the darkest ages of by-gone superstition. Such arts, if they acquire a temporary ascendency, are sure to recoil on those who employ them. The preaching of Sacheverel was followed by long years, in which opinion oscillated to the opposite extreme. But the lessons of history are seldom studied with profit. The high-priests of after ages read the errors of their prototypes in past times without applying to themselves the instruction which the tale affords; blind to the resemblance and deaf to the warning, they pursue their headlong career and brave impending fate.

never be attributed to him by those who are in the least conversant with his compositions.

The memoir of John Fransham, in the 31st volume, furnished materials for subsequent discussion; not that his professed polytheism concurred with William Taylor's theology, but that the latter generously sympathized with and protected every, even apparently, independent exercise of private judgement. Born in the humbler walks of life, Fransham subjected himself to great privations in order to command leisure for study, in preference to more profitable pursuits; but the range within which his labours were restricted was too narrow to include practical or useful objects. He was a highly eccentric, and, for the most part, a self-educated man. His robust energy of character passed with many for strength of mind; but eccentricity is rarely found in combination with real talent; it is more generally a wayward humour, a capricious discontent, despising things as they are, from the want of ability to make the best of them, by conforming to what cannot be changed. He is said to have been devoid of ostentation; but there lurks always something of vanity in every quaintness by which a man segregates himself from others. Fransham's peculiarity of dress, however coarse and homely, betrayed as much love of distinction as the frippery of the beau or the robe of nobility.

He seemed to take a pride in setting at defiance the conventions of society, in trampling upon the established customs of the world, in controlling the habits and wants of his nature. His polytheism was rather a sport of fancy and indulgence of singularity, than a display of conviction. His better qualities were eminently prized by William Taylor, who esteemed him more particularly as an example of that unfettered freedom of thought on which he set the highest value, and which he never failed to recommend. A more detailed biographical account of this singular character was published in 1812 by Mr. William Saint, one of his pupils, who afterwards held the appointment of mathematical tutor in the military school at Woolwich.

During the same period William Taylor added to the contents of the Monthly Review his strictures on the works in the subjoined note*. His

* 1811.—Vol. 64. Southey's Chronicle of the Cid; Grant's History of Brazil; Davies on the Mythology of the Druids.

Vol. 65. Black's Life of Tasso; Hoare's Artist; Wilks's Historical Sketches of the South of India; Jouhaud's Paris in the Nineteenth Century.

Vol. 66. Jorgensen's State of Christianity in the Island of Otaheite; Castellar's Letters on Greece; Naudet's History of the Gothic Monarchy in Italy; Biographie Universelle; De Levis's Chinese Letters.

1812.—Vol. 67. Secret History of the Court of James the First; Chandler's Life of Bishop Waynflete; Soulavie's Memoirs of the Court of France; Moore's Tales of the Passions;

mode of reviewing happily blended philosophical inquiry with an impartial appreciation of the actual merits of the work which he was examining: but its more particular excellence consisted in collecting and condensing all the most valuable and useful information connected with the subject. In his account of Black's 'Life of Tasso,' there is a curious investigation into the nature and causes of that mental excitement which was the source of the poet's misfortunes. It is too long for insertion; but the following extract from the introduction will be read with interest:

"The life of Tasso, however, is on every account an attractive and well-chosen topic. He is among the first of modern, and, with the exception of Homer, of all poets. Virgil is greatly his inferior for completeness of fable, for variety and consistency in character, for curiosity of incident, for versatility of delineation, and for that magnetic interest which makes the reader cling to his book and hide it in his bosom against the next opportunity of continuation. Even as to style, the exquisite neatness and cold majesty of Virgil are less delightful than the picturesque and glowing copiousness of Tasso. A competition even with Homer might be

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Deleuze's Eudoxus; Chateaubriand's Travels in Greece, Palestine, &c.; Lahaumé's History of Venice.

Vol. 68. Despotism, or the Fall of the Jesuits; St. Quentin's First Rudiments of Grammar; *Hayley's Three Plays; Lempriere's Universal Biography; Roujoux on the Revolutions of Science and Art; Goethe's Elective Attractions.*

Vol. 69. Chalmers's Projector; Levesque's Studies of Ancient History; *Miss Baillie's Third Volume of Plays.*

maintained, on the ground that the beautiful in art is of more difficult attainment than the sublime. To execute the Jupiter of Phidias required not perhaps so much accomplishment as to carve the *Rule* of Polycletus. As a man also, Tasso is a curious phænomenon, an unusual specimen of human nature, a study for the psychologer. His works exhibit a refinement and discretion which his conduct outraged. While he fascinatingly painted the sweetest forms of being, and worshipped in imagination the fair and the good, he would sink into bitterness of temper and suspicion, or burst out in ebullitions of hatred and vagary; as if his actions grew out of an inverted state of his inclinations, and were stimulated by a retrograde vibration of his ideas. Rousseau had a cast of mind remarkably like that of Tasso, displaying the same ardent sensibility and genius, full of affection for all the objects of his internal contemplation, and illuminating into heroic beauty every scene of nature, every theory of philosophy, every dramatic personification, which arose in his fancy; yet always turning from his ideal Eden into the real world with contempt, with indignation, with ingratitude, with distrust, and with a practical moral indifference (to use no harsher term), as if, because we cannot realize the excellences of angels, we ought not to attempt the virtues of men."

The reviewal of the 'Biographie Universelle' contains also some striking passages, from which the following may be selected, as in many respects highly characteristic of the writer's mind:

"Perhaps the annalist of nations confers less practical benefit than the annalist of persons. History preserves only those lessons of experience, which, because they respect collective conduct, can rarely be communi-

cated to analogous combinations of men; while biography scatters those, which, because they respect individual conduct, can commonly be applied by any other person who is similarly circumstanced. History, like a bonfire, burns with splendour, but is too generally spent in vain; biography, like a street-lamp, lights the steps of every succeeding passenger through the walks of human life. Suidas among the ancients and Stephanus among the moderns had included biographical articles in their literary lexicons; but Moreri had the merit of first devoting to biography alone a 'Dictionnaire Historique,' which appeared in 1664. To this work, which is tedious and overwhelmed with the genealogy of men of pedigree, Bayle published in 1697 a supplement, progressively extended to three folio volumes, entitled 'Dictionnaire Historique et Critique,' which, to borrow the expression employed in the preliminary discourse of the authors of the production before us, 'has been the foundation of his imperishable glory.' Bayle taught the art of historic criticism, by exercising it with fearless sagacity; and he has compiled such hoards of various erudition, and fabricated such quiverfuls of acute argument for every controverted topic, that Europe has produced few writers of logical eminence who have not been visibly indebted to his arsenal. Besides notices strictly biographic, he attaches in the form of notes to his lives an analytical and critical survey of the publications of his heroes. These extracts are so well made, that they sufficiently preserve all that is permanent in argument, characteristic in diction, or conspicuous in erudition, and thus have superseded the entire work. He laid the ghosts of those controversialists whom he buried; they walk the earth no more, but in the aisles of his mausoleum. Bayle's plan of writing lives is, however, too voluminous for an universal biography; it is

best adapted for the ecclesiastic or philosophic prize-fighter, and less for the poet, the statesman, the historian, or the warrior. The opposite extreme of condensation was attempted in the 'Onomasticon' of Saxius, who drily supplies the dates and authorities which respect the names in his catalogues without prosing about any one, beyond a mere definition of the nature of his exertions in life."

The articles in vols. 67—69, which are distinguished by italics, are attributed to William Taylor on the internal evidences of style and sentiment. Some others, which might have been included, are omitted, because their consonance with his general compositions is somewhat doubtful. But who, that is acquainted with his writings, could fail to recognise him in the following passages?

From the Reviewal of Chateaubriand's Travels.—"Another distinct feature of this author's mind is an *æsthetic* passion for Christianity. In a nation which could discover only the ridiculous or the oppressive sides of religion, he has viewed only its beautiful features, and has chosen to become its panegyrist and its patron. Without being himself apparently a supernaturalist, he sees with acquiescence the gift of miracles exerted by the ecclesiastical historians of his communion, in consecrating to memory those incidents which have influenced the fortunes of the Church. His faith has nothing of credulity; it is sympathy with the doctrines of Christianity—his zeal has nothing of dogmatism; it is the persuasion of feeling and of taste. Through the fine arts he has learned to venerate the Christian divinities, immortalized by Raphael and Michael An-

gelo—through the poets and orators he is become enamoured of the sentiments which successive ages have cherished, as the comforters of woe, the soothers of impatience and the inspirers of beneficence. In short, M. de Chateaubriand, in the 'Age of Reason,' has undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, has visited with warm devotion the cradle of European religion, has sought baptism in the very waters of the Jordan, and has obtained the characteristic recompense of being created by the monks of Jerusalem a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. If the cast of M. de C.'s eloquence had been acquired for the purpose of writing travels, it is just such as ought to have been his aim; and if the cast of his religious feelings had been assumed for the purpose of giving interest to his wanderings in Palestine, it is just such as ought to have been adopted. Hence these volumes produce an effect altogether fascinating and romantic. Those reminiscences of celebrity, those glorious recollections which leisure and reading supply, throng so regularly on the spot about a scene which was already coloured into distinctness and vivacity, that the impression of reality is almost abated by the very perfection of the delineation. Instead of jostling among the accidents of nature with a common traveller, we seem to float in the balloon of a magician, and to swoop only at the picked scenery where Nature and Religion have wrought their miracles, or where Beauty and Fame repose."

Miss Baillie's Plays.—"Perhaps Miss Baillie is usually more fortunate in unfolding than in unravelling her fable--in the preparation than in the solution of events. The opening is gradual and excites curiosity; but the conclusion is more often tumultuous than critical, so that after preliminary scenes of considerable warmth, the catastrophe itself sometimes borders on frigidity.

We find no continual climax of emotion, but a stopping short at that degree of agitation which does not overstep propriety and grace. Anger seems to be taught to look in the mirror lest he should scowl. The heroes and heroines are not children of nature, but of discipline; the princes and princesses have all had old Presbyterian preceptors; they are educated gentlemen and ladies, who, with tendencies to the boisterous passions, control them in any emergency so dutifully and politely that sympathy is lost in admiration. A character, which is the reverse of simplicity, marks alike the language and the design of these dramas. They are a monument of refinement, constructed, not with Greek plainness, but with florid Gothic art everywhere bedizened. To the stirring of the great passions this will always be hostile. In depicting and dwelling on the distresses of a polished woman, Miss Baillie wisely delights; her genius is then most animated, most communicative, and comes nearer to pathos and to nature; her voice of song softens, melts; the warbled cadences of skill are interrupted, and the thrilling tone of feeling wails aloud. Is self-observation the basis of mimetic art?"

CHAPTER VI.

1813 to 1814.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. SOUTHEY.—PUBLICATION OF 'ENGLISH SYNONYMS DISCRIMINATED.'—MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—MONTHLY REVIEW.—NORWICH PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—ORATION ON THE DEATH OF DR. REEVE.

Literary occupations did not however divert William Taylor from unavailing regrets so smoothly and expeditiously as might have been anticipated from their accordance with the strongest predilections of his mind. The task of accommodating himself to narrowed circumstances was perhaps not so difficult, as that of controlling his social habits was painful. And here another cause of uneasiness developed itself. Seeing the defection and coolness of some whom he had considered as his friends, he suspected that others entertained the wish to pursue a similar conduct, but were restrained by a sense of shame. This doubt cast a shade of deeper gloom over his spirits; it caused a degree of shyness in his intercourse even with those who most valued him; and it exacted from them even increased attentions, until he was convinced of the sincerity

and constancy of their attachment. This feeling will be found strongly delineated in his correspondence with Robert Southey, which had now however lost much of its early vivacity, and only the five following letters appear to have passed between them in the years 1813 and 1814.

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 68.)

" My dear Friend, " Norwich, January 19, 1813.

" I have had the pleasure of a visit from your brother, and rejoice to see him so radiant with health and hope. Though his stay was short, it has done me good; by turning my thoughts to other times my spirits have been recruited. For the ' Omniana ' I have not yet thanked you; but, of late, to write letters has been my aversion. No pleasant news of any kind have I had to communicate for the last three years; and I hate to utter within hearing that voice of rook which croaks incessantly at fate. Sorrow with me seeks withdrawment and solitude; to returning cheerfulness the intercourse of friendship becomes welcome. Let us hope it is not out of depression and infortitude that I have been sulky, but partly also in order to accommodate every one of my acquaintance both with an opportunity and a pretext to hitch as much further off me as in my new circumstances may to them appear convenient. On the whole I have every reason

to applaud the kindness of human nature, and to be thankful to my neighbours and my friends. The 'Omniana' display your command of library and habit of diving in unexamined pearl-beds; the philosophy with which you dissect truth out of the marvellous envelope of the legendaries was peculiarly gratifying to me.

"The last time you wrote to me (I know not what is become of your letter), you were recommending to me, I think, to undertake a history of the Anseatic League. Do you know that a namesake of mine, Professor Sartorius of Göttingen, has already accomplished remarkably well that enterprize? If I could get his book, I would offer an abridged translation to the London booksellers, and avail myself of your rare books in that line to add the pedantic embellishment of bibliographical notes. According to Fischer, it was a pressure of capital and industry from Constantinople which founded Baltic commerce.

"The French have published an 'Histoire de la Litérature Espagnole,' Paris 1812, which is translated from the German of Bouterweck. You should review it for the Quarterly. They have sent it to me for the Monthly, but I am unequal to the subject. From the 'Rejected Addresses' you will have derived amusement. The imitation of Walter Scott is the completest and most successful; that of the 'Curse of Kehama' is

very well, but it is not so resembling a parody. The imitations named after Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lewis, have all vivacity, and especially Lord Byron. I like least the prose and the farcical songs. Does Pelayo continue to engage your leisure, and are you not afraid of seeing the Peninsula evacuated before you have storied the ancient explosions of independence? Our armies behave there as in Hindostan, and chiefly think how to get fortunes to live upon at home. Embezzlement has been the only care, and we shall crown all by pensioning whom we ought to impeach. I see letters from some of our neighbours who serve in Spain. The Spaniards hate the heretics worse than the atheists, says one letter. They will never believe you mean well by their religion, says another, while you bicker with the Irish. At Badajoz *our* people plundered the churches. There is talk in this place of petitioning for peace, and clearly this is the time for ministers to negociate; but they should not await the hints of popular clamor.

"Be thankful for the growing procrastinations of my correspondence; time was when I should have plagued you with half a dozen letters while I now write one.

"Yours with sincere regard,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 71.)

" Keswick, November 18, 1813.

" My dear Friend,

" You will not wonder that amid the engagements and distractions of London I could not find time to thank you for your letter and your ' Synonyms,' or even to do more than look into the volume. I cast a wistful eye toward Norwich. You remember the boy's objection to beginning the alphabet, because if he said A, he must say B, and so go on to C and D. So it was with me. I could not have taken that direction without making three or four visits on the way, and so long an absence had made me weary of new faces, worn out with the continual stimulations of society and sick for home. As soon as my presentation was over, I slipt off my masquerade suit and hurried to the Bull and Mouth to secure a place for the following evening; and on Sunday last I had the happiness of finding all at Keswick as well as I had left them three months before.

" The Laureateship without my knowledge was asked for me by Croker and given by the Prince, because, he said, he had heard that Mr. S. had written well in support of the Spaniards. The Marquis of Hertford and Lord Liverpool meantime had taken counsel together concerning the disposal of the vacant dignity upon the principle

of *detur digniori*; and fixing upon W. Scott, they wrote and offered it to him. When the Prince was informed of this he was displeased, and said that his pleasure ought to have been consulted; he had given it to me and I should have it. Upon this Croker of course interposed, observing that he was upon friendly terms with Scott, that Scott and I were friends, and that for the sake of all three the business must be allowed to rest where it was. A letter soon came to me from Scott, telling me he had refused it, as not thinking it becoming in him, who held two lucrative professional situations, to accept of the only thing which seemed exclusively to belong to a man of letters; and he urged me to take the office, if, as he had solicited, it should be proffered to me. It would raise Scott in your opinion if you saw the frank and handsome manner in which he refuses the office, considering it, as a mark of honour, was more due to me than to himself. Upon this I wrote to Croker, expressing my unwillingness to write verses at stated times on stated subjects, like a school-boy exercise; but saying, that if, on great public occasions, it was understood that I should be at liberty to write or to be silent, as the spirit moved, in that case the appointment would become a mark of honour, and as such I should gladly accept it. At the same time it was not for me to propose terms to

the Prince; but I left him to judge how far such a reformation was practicable, and in what manner it might be effected. He told me that at some fitting opportunity he would suggest to the Prince that it would be for his honour and for mine to drop the regular odes.

"I am, however, less solicitous about this than I was at first, and that for two reasons. First, because the office is of greater value than I immediately perceived. It was raised for Ben Jonson from 100 marks to 100*l.*, and a tierce of Spanish canary wine. A compensation of 26*l.* has been established for the wine; and the various deductions reduce the whole net income to about 90*l.* But coming as a god-send, I disposed of it accordingly, and by adding to it 12*l.* a year, have converted it into a life-policy of 3000*l.* It is paying a cheap price for this legacy to write one or two odes in the year. And secondly, I am not averse to the task, considering the state of foreign and domestic affairs, my own views and feelings, and the tone which I feel myself able to support. In me, of all men, it would have been cowardice to have refused the appointment; and if I were not to write as Laureate, it might seem as if I shrank from censure, or was ashamed of writing. But I take the laurel as an honour, which is my due, and as such I will wear it. You have here the whole history of a most unexpected

occurrence in my life. I am thinking of the New Year's Ode ; and think also of accompanying it with an Epistle to the Prince, saying something of the office, of those who have held it heretofore, of myself, and of the manner in which it becomes me to address him, and in which it is most fitting that he should be addressed.

" Davy is gone to France, anticipating, before he went, the censure which he was conscious of deserving. Mackintosh has brought back from India a diseased liver, and a reputation which I do not think he will be able to support either in parliament or in his intended historical labours. I met him at Holland House and at Madame de Stael's. The latter personage is the most remarkable and the most interesting of all my new acquaintance. I am returned to a world of occupation. My poem is going to press ; so also is the concluding volume of Brazil, and the first book of the Spanish History is before me, to say nothing of minor engagements. But I am, God be thanked, in health and spirits—ready for all and equal to it. It is needless to say how heartily I should rejoice to see you here, whenever circumstances may allow you to become my guest. Times change, circumstances change, and the opinions of men change with them ; but affection and esteem and gratitude, when they are well-founded, are immutable. Whenever you

leave Norwich, give me one summer before you settle elsewhere.

"Yours most affectionately,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 69.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, March 13, 1814.

"Long ago I ought to have thanked you for your letter of the 18th of November. I am heartily glad you got the laureateship, and wish you had also the historiographership, which you have equally earned. Lastly, I would fain see you terminating the History of Brazil as ambassador at Rio Janeiro. What you say of Walter Scott's conduct was to be expected; liberality should belong to such natures, and mostly does; those who best conceive the heroic, naturally endeavour often to realize it. The world has reason to rejoice, when those who climb the temple of Fame enter it through the temple of Virtue: it accustoms future followers to suppose that this is the easiest as well as the safest road.

"I should have been happy to meet you in London; but, beside some consideration of delicacy toward my father, whose travelling I had opposed last summer on grounds of a necessary economy, there was a more serious possibility at stake. The solicitor who managed our American affairs was very dilatory, and we found means to

compromise without him our chief dispute for something more than 1100*l.* He then made a wholesale charge of 650*l.* or useless trouble. We required items, and determined to offer a compromise of 400*l.* Before anything was agreed the solicitor failed. When you were in London his assignees had not decided—indeed they have not yet decided—whether to accept our compromise or to enforce the charge. But I held it probable that they would determine to arrest me for the money, leaving me to find bail and dispute the items in a court of justice. *Here* bail is at hand; but in London no people owe me money, and bail is not at hand. Granting I could have obtained it, to ask it would have been painful, and I did not like to write you this then; it would have sounded like sounding for a bondsman.

"Of the 'Carmen Triumphale,' I admired most the sixth stanza about the Carmelite; there are others very fine; yet I thought the whole too long and the doxology too often repeated. How you have overcome your prejudices against military excellence! Time was, when in reviewing your Metrical Tales in the Annual, I abused the 'Battle of Blenheim' for its cowing tendency. It is not in everything that our opinions are beginning to diverge. You display correct taste in consecrating the New Year's Ode to the country,

and to the sovereign the Birth-day Ode. Are you sure that Spenser wore the laurel?—If you look into the Monthly Review you will meet me there oftener than formerly. In the account of M. Grave's Life of Joan of Arc, I think I have thrown a new historic light on your heroine. The French abridgement of Bouterweck's 'History of Spanish Literature' is a neat book, of which a translation would sell. You should order one, and attach supplementary notes, as it belongs to your department of public instruction. Just at present I am reviewing Berwick's 'Messala Corvinus,' but find I totally dissent from his and Gibbon's praise, and suspect the man of being a vile spy of Augustus, who hired Strato to assassinate Brutus. My next task will be another volume of Synonyms, unless Mr. Pople discourages the enterprize. The Mr. Crabb who also advertises Synonyms, was a schoolfellow of mine at Palgrave, and also brought up in Germany. I have namesakes innumerable, but have seldom come into collision with menechmi of study and twin pursuivants of logomachy.

"Our friend Gooch informed me lately of his marriage. I was so partial to his first wife as to be prejudiced against his second. He says Henry is progressive in practice. Dr. Sayers is very unwell: he sent the other day by Hudson Gurney some papers containing political corre-

spondence about the Revolution to Sir James Mackintosh, who was eating curry with a trembling hand. I think his bad health a public misfortune; with such a director of my political conscience, I should be easy without thinking for myself. From your belligerence I seek refuge in his pacific philanthropy, and hope the snows of peace are soon to hide everywhere the soldier's grave.—From Germany I ordered the other day some continuations of books, and among others, in compliment to your advice, my namesake Sartorius's 'History of the Anseatic Towns.' By employment in the morning and by smoaking after meals, my thoughts are much diverted from my various miseries. But I have not yet learnt to earn a regular income equal to my wants, and am not in my new station altogether comfortable. Candide, more than Seneca or Boethius, is a consolatory book under teazing adversities; it stocks the imagination with pictures of worse accidents, which, by the contrast of their obscurity, lift one's own shade into mezzo-tinto. I do not like pining at the remediless, and yet not to tell a friend how one feels is unnatural. This is one reason why I now write so seldom to anybody. Believe me, nevertheless, with a sincere and affectionate regard,

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 70.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, Sept. 5, 1814.

"I have not thanked you yet for the copy of your Congratulatory Odes. The first I least, the second I most, admire. An unlucky passage is—

'Now let the anvil rest,
Shut up the loom and open the school-doors;'

for the anvil is at rest when smitten, the loom does not go to shut up, and the doors of schools are opened to receive pupils, but shut on holidays. The sixth stanza about Perceval is at discord with *my* feelings; but this is a question of opinion, not of criticism. The second ode is very fine, and will translate into German with excellent effect. Perhaps there is too much of the fiend in the repeated, 'Who should have blamed thee?' &c. I for one, and I trust the mass of your readers are disposed to exclaim, 'We all should.' The vindictive malignity of the sufferer will in a few years have died away still more, and then the sentiment of the ode will grate against the heart of posterity. In the third ode there is poetry, but the words, '*Greatest* and best of that illustrious name,' are surely not critically just. *Goodest* is a fitter epithet. If, in patronizing the quack Fichte, the sovereign in question has displayed the atheism, he has not displayed the intellect of Friederich der Einzige.

To greatness, virtue is not sufficient; there must be colossal powers of mind, and they must be employed to an important purpose. Indeed virtue is in this hostile to greatness; that being limited in the choice of means, it cannot always proportion them to the magnitude of its object.

"Your friend Wordsworth has a most zealous admirer here in our Octagon minister, Mr. Madge. He read, at our Philosophical Society, a dissertation on the poems of Wordsworth, in which he placed them above everything past, present, or to come. I approve the simplicity, love the feeling, and admire the painting they display, yet my enthusiasm has not attained so high a pitch. I have however not hitherto read 'The Excursion.' My second volume of 'Synonyms' goes on slowly, and will not be ready this year. Among the books to be reviewed for the Monthly, I have not been reading anything interesting. Your Spaniards are as cruel in peace as they were cowardly in war. A French conquest was the moral remedy they wanted; no other tended to oust the ecclesiastics there. What a restoration of everything abject in superstition is characterizing this ridiculous peace! the value of empire is forgotten, and Pondicherry itself restored to Louis for consecrating his kingdom to the Mother of God!

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 72.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, Dec. 27, 1814.

"Though it is too long a time since you have heard from me, I hope you have duly received a proof in quarto that you are not forgotten. In course of time I shall encroach upon your shelves, if you will allow me room there. My concluding volume of Brazil is fairly in the press (the eleventh proof is before me), and I shall henceforth be constantly in printer's work, till the whole of my historical series is completed, that is, if I live to complete it. You will find in this volume more detail than accords with your taste, but much that will interest you respecting the savage and early stages of colonial society, and especially a fair account of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Upon a careful comparison of lies with lies, it is perfectly clear to me that their enemies outlied them, which may be called outheroding Herod. If any of the monastic orders are to exist, better this than any other. If I were the Pope, I would restore them; and if I were the English minister, I would not suffer them to establish themselves in Ireland. The extinction of the order was unjust in its pretext, in its manner little less cruel than the French deportations to Cayenne, and in its consequences in South America exceedingly injurious. But

the mischief is irreparable, and from their restoration I can perceive no other political good than a dispute between Portugal and Rome, which may probably tend to separate that country from its papal thraldom. Literature will gain something: we shall probably have the sequel of those important works respecting various parts of America, which were begun by the ex-Jesuits in Italy and discontinued for want of patronage.

"From the Pope to Lucien Buonaparte, the Pope's poet. His 'Charlemagne' has lowered him in my estimation, and almost induced me to think that the great difference between him and the rest of his family is merely that he has been the best political calculator. The stanza is well-constructed; for this I give him great credit. The story is perfectly free from the ordinary vice of imitation, and put together with sufficient skill; but there is little character, little passion, little interest, little poetry. We were told of his antiquarian researches for the costume, and behold, there is nothing antiquarian about the work; and his Saxons have a Druid for their priest. The philosophy of the poem is truly curious, and lamentably characteristic of the age. Never was the want of a commanding intellect likely to be so severely felt as in these our days. What a golden opportunity for re-casting Europe has been lost! With Italy in one state and the North

of Germany in another, under Prussia as its head, and Poland re-established as an independent state, we might have looked for a long peace—the indispensable precaution having been taken of paring the claws and drawing the teeth of France. Instead of this, France has been left all that Louis XIV. added to her; and the government which she has gained, after all her revolutions, is so much better than any of those by which she is surrounded, that in the common course of things she must become too strong for the divided continent. All will then be to do over again, and woe be to the continent if they do not religiously preserve their hatred of the French as a nation. For the last ten years the madness has been Buonaparte's, but the atrocities have been those of the French. He was the God Hanuman—the monkeys, whom he commanded, did the mischief.—I think of going to France about autumn next, if the state of affairs, public and private, will permit. A very little of Paris will satiate me; but I would fain see the Pyrenees, ramble in Dauphiny, and return down the Rhine. There are very few persons whom I shall be desirous of seeing; Fayette would be one, Carnot another.

"I regret that I do not see the Monthly Review. From a newspaper advertisement of Longman's, I conclude that you gave the 'Omniana'

a good word there, where otherwise it was not likely to have found one. I have not yet begun another long poem—a proof perhaps of lessening ardour, but not yet of diminished power. My story is sufficiently before me in outline; I delay the commencement, partly for want of time, more from irresolution respecting the measure. In blank verse I shall be in danger of repetitions and mannerism, and the story is of too dramatic a character for rhyme. I therefore incline at present to that form of verse which I learnt from Dr. Sayers, and which Milton calls Apolelymenon. There would be a word on a title-page!—I act the schoolmaster every day for an hour and a half —a sad expense of time; but it is bringing back my lost Greek.—Jeffrey talks of having written a crushing review of 'The Excursion.' I desired my informant would tell him, that he might as easily crush Skiddaw.—I am in the dark respecting Spain, and cannot divine who are the movers of so much folly and so much wickedness, change of men seeming to produce no change of measures. I believe I should go there, if I were not somewhat afraid of my old Guerrilla friends upon the road. God bless you!

"Affectionately yours,

"R. SOUTHEY."

The most important result of the pursuits to which William Taylor's talents were applied during the years 1813 and 1814 was unquestionably the publication of his 'English Synonyms discriminated.' This volume came before the world under many disadvantages: it was little more than a corrected collection of papers already inserted in the Monthly Magazine and Athenæum. Hence it not only contained nothing new to awaken curiosity, but it also wanted that systematic order and completeness of construction which desultory writing cannot produce, and without which a book is deficient in one of its first recommendations to general attention. It presented itself also in a most unattractive form. Inferior paper and small type seldom make their way to genteel libraries or the reading-tables of the wealthy; to this modest duodecimo they gave the character rather of a common school-book, than of a philological treatise manifesting deep research and extensive information. His publisher likewise was said not to be on those friendly terms with his brethren of the trade, by which the success of their mutual enterprizes is generally understood to be so largely promoted. Still, in despite of these difficulties, William Taylor's work made itself known by its own merits, and has secured to his name a permanent and honourable place among those who have enriched

the literature of our country. The subject is one which his pursuits and attainments peculiarly fitted him to treat with masterly skill. His German studies had laid open to him that wide range of Gothic etymologies from which so large a portion of our language derives, and this knowledge was here rendered available with the happiest effect. It enabled him not only to avoid the gross absurdities into which others had been betrayed by their deficiency in this qualification, but also to throw a new and original light upon objects which they had mystified. Equally conversant with many other languages, he was accustomed to trace their relative course through the successive stages of society, and to observe the universal principles on which their connection, divergence and application depend. He never forgot that intercourse is an essential and indispensable ingredient in the formation of tongues, and hence that no English word can be derived from a Greek or Hebrew root without the intervention of Latin, Celtic or Gothic communication. By thus following nature, he obtained those clear-sighted views of the radical meaning of words, which taught him to mark so accurately the nice shades of difference between them, and which give so high a value to this book. For conciseness of expression, terseness of definition and felicity of illustration, few can compare

with it; and if another edition had been published, in a more complete form, better arranged and freed from some occasional blemishes, little would have been left to desire in this department of our literature.

The sale of William Taylor's 'Synonyms' was but little promoted by the reviewers, and he, who in that character had rendered good service to so many authors, received in his turn but chary aid. A friendly, and, as far as it goes, a just commendation, in the Monthly Review for 1815 (vol. lxxviii. p. 313), was the only call made upon public attention in favour of this volume before the whole impression of one thousand copies was sold off. It had been already some years out of print, when it was noticed by the Quarterly Review in 1827 (vol. xxxv. p. 309), in conjunction with Mr. Crabb's 'English Synonymes explained.' In this article it is spoken of in very high terms, as "just the *kind* of work wanted;" and the reviewer expresses his admiration of the talents which so eminently qualified Mr. Taylor for such a task. Here also the "serious charge" of literary piracy was solemnly preferred against Mr. Crabb; he was accused of "having unjustly seized and converted to his own use the property of another; for what else is it, to enrich his work by inserting in it what, if collected, would prove a large portion of a contemporary's book, which

book he knows to be at the time a competitor with his own for public favour? It is true that the depredation is generally avowed,—a circumstance, however, which only exculpates from theft to convict of robbery." But as regards William Taylor the depredation was not "avowed," although carried to so great an extent. Mr. Crabb says indeed in his preface, "I have profited by everything which has been written in any language on the subject, and although I always pursued my own train of thought, yet, whenever I met with anything deserving of notice, I adopted it and referred it to the author in a note." There are accordingly references to Trusler, Girard, Roubaud, Beauzée, Eberhard; but the name of William Taylor is not once mentioned, although there are a hundred and fifty articles for which Mr. Crabb is more or less indebted to him, and in some of which entire passages are copied word for word. The following extracts from the two books will establish what has here been asserted.

Crabb.	William Taylor.
Page 453. *Gentle.*	*Tame.* Page 30.
Gentleness lies rather in the natural disposition; tameness is the effect either of art or circumstances. Gentle signifies literally well-born, and is opposed either to the fierce or the	Gentle animals are the naturally docile; tame animals are made so by the art of man. The dog, the sheep, are gentle animals; the wolf, the bear, are sometimes tame. Gentle means

CRABB.

Page 453. *Gentle.*

rude. Tame, in German *zahm*, from *zaum*, a bridle, signifies literally curbed or kept under, and is opposed either to the wild or the spirited.

Page 274. *Custom.*

Custom is a frequent repetition of the same act; habit the effect of such repetition. The custom of rising early in the morning is conducive to the health, and may in a short time become such a habit as to render it no less agreeable than it is useful.

Page 9. *Abolish.*

Abolish is a more gradual proceeding than abrogate. Disuse abolishes; a positive interference is necessary to abrogate. The former is employed with regard to customs; the latter with regard to the authorized transactions of mankind.

Page 507. *To hope.*

Anticipation of futurity is the common idea expressed by these words.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

Tame. Page 30.

well-born, as in gentleman; tame is etymologically connected with *zaum*, a bridle, and with team, yoke, or harness; it means broken in to carry or draw.

Habit. Page 52.

Custom is a frequent repetition of the same act; habit is the effect of such repetition. It is a good custom to rise early; this will produce a habit of so doing.

Abrogate. Page 68.

Abolition is a more gradual, a less sensible and formal process than abrogation. Disuse abolishes; positive interference is necessary to abrogate. Customs are abolished; laws are abrogated.

To expect. Page 78.

Anticipation of futurity is an idea common to both words; in proportion as

CRABB.

Page 507. *To hope.*

Hope is welcome; expectation is either welcome or unwelcome; expectation is a conviction that excludes doubt; we expect in proportion as that conviction is positive. The young man hopes to live many years; the old man expects to die in a few years.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

To expect. Page 78.

that anticipation is welcome, we hope; in proportion as it is certain, we expect. The young man hopes to marry, the old man expects to die.

Page 1. *Abandon.* Page 80.

Abandon, from the French *abandonner*, is a concretion of the words *donner à ban*, to give up to public ban or outlawry. To abandon, then, is to expose to every misfortune which results from a formal and public denunciation; to set out of the protection of law and government, and to deny the privileges of citizenship.

Abandon is derived from the French *abandonner*, a concretion of the words *donner à ban*, to give up to public blame. This phrase was used in early times both in a civil and religious sense; for we read of the ban of the empire for civil interdict, and of the ban of the kirk for ecclesiastic excommunication. To abandon, then, is to expose to that desertion which results from public and formal denunciation; to forsake with solemnity.

Page 782. *Thankfulness.*

Thankfulness, or a fulness of thanks, is the outward expression of a grate-

Gratitude. Page 218.

There is more of lip-service in thankfulness, and more of heartfelt remem-

CRABB.	WILLIAM TAYLOR.
Page 782. *Thankfulness.*	*Gratitude.* Page 218.
ful feeling. Gratitude is the feeling itself. Our thankfulness is measured by the number of our words; our gratitude is measured by the nature of our actions. A person appears very thankful at the time, who afterwards proves very ungrateful. Thankfulness is the beginning of gratitude; gratitude is the completion of thankfulness.	brance in gratitude. The one is full of thanks, the other may silently indulge a feeling of obligation. Thankfulness publishes, gratitude retaliates a service. Thankfulness is the beginning of gratitude; gratitude is the completion of thankfulness.
Page 808. *Entire.*	*Whole.* Page 264.
Whole excludes subtraction; entire excludes division. A whole orange has had nothing taken from it; an entire orange is not yet cut.	Entire excludes division; whole excludes subtraction. The entire orange is not yet cut; after being sliced, the whole orange is still in the plate, if none of the pieces have been withdrawn.
Page 557. *Jealousy.*	*Envy.* Page 266.
We are jealous of what is our own; we are envious of what is another's.	We are jealous of our own possessions, envious of another man's.

The bold plagiarism* here exposed is the more unpardonable, because it was perpetrated under

* William Taylor's book was published three years before Mr. Crabb's came out.

the guise of candour. Mr. Crabb professed to make a frank acknowledgment of obligation wherever it might be incurred, and the names of some authors from whom he occasionally borrowed are rather ostentatiously paraded in notes. But he never, even in a solitary instance, mentions the work to which he was so largely indebted, in which may be traced the origin of so many of those "trains of thought" claimed by him as his own, and from which he appropriated to himself, with scarcely an alteration of the language, many of the neatest definitions and most apposite illustrations. Thus early was R. Southey's prediction accomplished, that William Taylor's writings would be "a mine to any literary poacher who has just sense enough to know what is good, and put it together." Here, however, activity and skilful management seem to have weighed in the balance against talent and desert; the harvest was not reaped by the hand that sowed the field. The work, which had been thus enriched at the expense of another's labour, went through several editions, while the writer of the original did not receive even sufficient encouragement to proceed with the second volume, which he had projected. It has already been stated that the one thousand copies printed were soon sold; but when the account was made up, eleven years after they had issued from the press,

it showed a balance in William Taylor's favour of £40:18*s.* 7½*d.*, for his half of the profit; and even this poor remuneration, for such a production, was absorbed, to make good the loss incurred by the publication of the "Letter to the Editor of the Improved Version." This fact may diminish our surprize, although it cannot repress our regret, at his continued preference for devoting his labours to the service of the periodicals. Among the manuscripts which he has left there are, however, valuable materials for a new and enlarged edition of this work, which is preparing for the press, with a view to its early publication in a form more commensurate with its merits, and more worthy of the talents by which it was produced.

During the years 1813 and 1814 William Taylor was an assiduous correspondent both to the Monthly Magazine and the Monthly Review*.

* The following are among the most important of the articles which he furnished to the Monthly Magazine:—

Vol. 35.—On the Book of Genesis.

The poetical version of the tale of Cinderella, which had previously appeared in the Iris.

Two collections of Synonyms.

Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters, on 'Gall's Craniology,' 'Plums,' 'Pomegranates,' 'Dissecting and early surgical operations,' 'Hobbes's Poetry,' 'the History of St. Katharine,' 'Popery of the Anglican Church,' &c. &c.

Attention invited to an unobserved and important agent of Nature. The object of this paper is thus announced:—"The universal agent to which I now for the first time call the attention of experimentalists, is Pressure—un-

The Norwich Philosophical Society, to which William Taylor's 'Essay on Prospect Painting'

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abating and eternal Pressure—a power coeval with matter itself; which forms bodies out of atoms, and moulds, fashions and changes their external character and component parts—a power which composes and decomposes by the silent and unseen operations of ages; which effects, or is capable of effecting, every species of conversion; which penetrates the component parts of substances, and brings and forces the atoms of matter into contact and cohesion—a power which does not operate by chance or at intervals, but which acts from the surface to the centre of all planets or independent totalities of matter, necessarily and without intermission, and which is the great instrument or hand-maid of Nature, by which most of its varieties of substance are produced."

Vol. 36.—Strictures on Bernard's Work on the Relief and Regulation of the Poor.

Three Contributions to English Synonymy.

Memoir of Dupuis, the inventor of the telegraph.

A Sonnet, p. 235.

Translation of Stolberg's Song of Freedom.

Portfolio articles, on the origin of Merry Andrew, Punch, on Organic Ideas, Liveries, the competition of Sects, Christians of St. John, &c. &c.

Vol. 37.—On the meaning of the word *φαρμακεία* (Galatians, v. 20.).

On inedited MSS. in the libraries of France and Italy.

On a supposed false concord in Pope's Messiah.

Contributions to English Synonymy.

On the French verb *Orienter*.

On the history and theory of Prospect-painting,—a paper originally read to the Norwich Philosophical Society.

An account of the Lunatic Asylum at Charenton.

'The Fishes' Regatta,' a poem in imitation of 'The Butterfly's Ball.'

was read before it appeared in the Monthly Magazine, was not precisely what its name im-

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Ode to the Rainbow,
Sonnet on Drayton Lodge, } From the Iris.

In the Portfolio:—Remarks on the author of the Letters of Junius; on a fragment of Petronius; on the word 'Palmary'; on the fish called John Dory; on Tolerance and Toleration, &c.

Vol. 38.—'The Bee and the Negro,' a West Indian Idyll.
Elegy on the death of a young lady.
Translation of the German song, 'Freuet Euch des Lebens.'
'The Burnie Bee,'
Parody on verses written in the sixteenth century, } From the first volume of the Annual Anthology.
'Sir Bluebeard.' From the Iris.
Sonnet addressed to the author of 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ.'
Sonnet on a building destroyed during the Birmingham Riots.
On the original form of the Decalogue.
On the date of the extant redaction of the Book of Exodus.
The Essay on Prospect-painting, continued and concluded.
On the Reform of the Prussian Church.
Portfolio articles:—On 'Carving'; on the 'Antiquity of Bells'; on 'Snuff'; on 'Richard Simon's Scripture Criticism'; on 'Carp'; on the word 'Quaint'; on 'St. Vitus's Dance,' &c.

In the Monthly Review the following are the principal works which came under William Taylor's censorship during the same period:—

Vol. 70.—Miss Rogers's Lives of the Twelve Cæsars.
Aikin's Lives of Selden and Usher.
Bouterweck's History of Spanish Literature.
Rodd's Translation of the History of Charles the Great and Orlando.
A Selection of French Prize Eulogies.
Studies on La Fontaine.
Castellan's Memoirs, &c., of the Ottomans.

ported. Its character was more literary than scientific, and its lecture-room afforded rather

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Vol. 71.—Grave's Memoirs of Joan of Arc.
Evans's Ponderer.
Sartorius on the Condition of the Italian Nations.
Schoell's Picture of European Nations.
Marchangy's Poetic Gaul.
Vol. 72.—Foot's Life of Murphy.
Nichols's Literary Anecdotes.
Madame de Staël on Germany.
Breton's New Elements of Literature.
Sarratt's Works of Damiano and others on Chess.
Tales of Wieland and the Baron Ramdohr.
The Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin.
Biographie Universelle.
Madame de Genlis's Examination of the Biographie Universelle.
Vol. 73.—*Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs of the Reign of Charles the First.*
Madame de Staël on Germany (continued in two articles).
Berwick's Lives of Messala Corvinus, T. P. Atticus, and Apollonius of Tyana.
Salgues on Paris.
Barbazan's Fables and Tales.
Schoell's History of Greek Literature.
Breton's Elements of Literature (concluded).
Roquefort's Glossary of the Roman Tongue.
Vol. 74.—*Butler's Modern and Ancient Geography.*
Madame de Staël on Germany (concluded).
Grant's English Grammar.
Reissig's Flowerets of Solitude.
Stanfield's Essay on Biography.
Letters from the Bodleian Library.
Rippingham's Art of Public Speaking.
Miss Hamilton's Popular Essays.
De Levis's England in the Nineteenth Century.
Vol. 75.—*Mrs. Elizabeth Montague's Letters.*

an arena to the debater than a tribune to the professor. It never courted publicity, nor aspired to the honour of having copies of its transactions claimed by our national libraries. In its sphere, however, it was not useless: it set mind at work, and promoted inquiry. Some of the papers which it caused to be written have been thought not unworthy of being preserved by the aid of the press, and some of the talents which it assisted to develope have since not slumbered in inglorious ease*. William Taylor was a constant attendant on its meetings, where he never failed to take so prominent a part, and to infuse into the debate so much animation and spirit, that his occasional absence at any time produced a general feeling of disappointment and dulness. In his turn he readily furnished the dissertation with which the proceedings of the evening commenced; but his written compositions, although

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Bland's Proverbs.

Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, Vol. 8.

The Philosophy of Nature.

Madame Simons-Candeille's Bathilda.

* Dr. Rigby's 'Holkham and its Agriculture,' and Dr. Polidori's 'Essay on Positive Pleasure,' originated in the discussions of this society. Mr. Charles Austin, now so eminent as a barrister, made his first efforts in oratory here; and the two Cromes, father and son, who have been called the founders of the Norwich school of painting, were also members. The latter wrote an able paper on the connexion between his art and that of poetry.

highly appreciated, seldom equalled the vivaciousness of his unpremeditated sallies, the startling novelty of his attacks upon the propositions of others, or the dazzling ingenuity of his comments upon them. Of these there exists no record, except in the memory of his hearers, which can scarcely be relied on for a faithful transcript of them after the lapse of twenty years. One of his speeches was however committed to writing soon after it was delivered, and has been preserved; it is at once a memorial of his own powers, and a just tribute to the talents and worth of a valuable member of the society, Dr. Henry Reeve, who had been one of its most earnest supporters, and died in the year 1814, at the early age of thirty-five years. At the meeting of the 6th of October, Dr. Rigby, the president, moved, that as a mark of regret for the loss which they had sustained, the society should adjourn all business for that evening, on which Mr. William Taylor spoke nearly thus:—

"In rising to second the motion of the president, I only lend voice to a feeling already general among us. It is always a relief to the human heart to display its consciousness of departed worth. Every tribute we pay to the deserving, is not merely a debt of gratitude discharged, but some pledge of an endeavour at imitation. No mark of regret which this society in its collective capacity can show to the memory of Dr. Reeve, would be too strong or too solemn to express our just

sense of the loss of so distinguished a colleague: I might almost call him our founder. He, I think, contributed most to bring us together; his influence, his interference, eagerness and activity, overcame many a reluctance which diversities of habit opposed at first to our convenient and regular combination. If he did not originally suggest the institution itself, it was to him that the projectors of it ran at once for advice and help; and it was he alone who knew how to remove the obstacles which traversed its foundation, and at length to blend every various rank of age, station and celebrity here in the common cause of philosophical pursuit. He beckoned and ushered us, as it were, into our first and humbler common-hall, and our little code of laws is chiefly his work. We are all aware how natural it was to apply to him; placed in the zenith of life, he could but exert an approximating attraction over the setting and rising luminaries of the surrounding science. Adorned with acquirements unusually comprehensive, he could with propriety invite alike the natural historian, the erudite mathematician, the experimental inquirer, the philosophizing theorist. When we consider how much he has been to us a nucleus of crystallization, a centre of gravity, a focus of union, and how truly he might be called the keystone of our arch, we must look at the dark chasm occasioned by his removal, not merely with a heavy sigh for the attachments which are irreparably rent, but almost with an apprehension for those by which we still cohere.

"Not only our existence as a society, but its quality and shape—not only our birth, but our pupilage and education, if I may so phrase it, have been much superintended and greatly influenced by Dr. Reeve. Whatever subject of communication was analysed in the paper of the evening, whether the ensuing discussion

was to criticise facts of nature or arguments of intellect, we looked not with hope alone, but with confidence, for the benefit of Dr. Reeve's commentary. He was remarkably in the habit of engaging in our debate. Whether called on to pursue the chemical analysis of indigo, or to detect the causes which colour shadows, or to defend the prospects of the mountaineer against the citizen *, he needed no preparation. His colloquial facility, his various knowledge, his ready talent never forsook him. No subject seemed sufficiently examined in our disputations, until the light of Dr. Reeve's mind had shone and dwelt upon it; and it was a light equally the reverse of obscurity and of splendor, neither flashy nor intermittent, which cleared up without dazzling, day rather than sunshine, a steady serenity, aiming less at effect than at exhibition. The correct taste of Dr. Reeve seemed always aware how foreign to the purposes of philosophy is an ambitious and garish eloquence. His object was much more to inform than to amuse, and he constantly found some neglected side of the topic under notice which required to be explained by dilation, or corroborated by additional argument, or illustrated by analogous facts, which had perhaps escaped the very *opener's* research.

"We had but once, I believe, the pleasure of hearing Dr. Reeve in that capacity, and of receiving from him a written communication; it was about Christmas time, the year before last. The liberality of the corporation had not yet honoured us with the use of this statelier, echoing, Gothic place of meeting. I am not yet become

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* The first of these allusions referred to a paper by Mr. R. Higgins on the Properties and Use of Indigo; the next to one by Dr. Rigby on Coloured Shadows; and the last to his own on Prospect Painting.

partial to it. I still miss the characteristic simplicity of the old room, the electric conductors and batteries frowning from the cornice, the air-pump glistening in the niche, and the little library of science contributed by successive members. *There* it was that Dr. Reeve read to us his discourse on Population, which so admirably compressed the registered information published under the inspection of Mr. Rickman, and also included interesting speculative observations on the ebb and flow, on the locality and emigration, on the dispersion and condensity of human multitude.

"Among the guests of the evening, was a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had visited the lecture-room at Edinburgh, and who observed to me, that in the lucid, easy, fluent, mild, correct and tasteful delivery of Dr. Reeve, he could trace a marked resemblance of manner with that of the celebrated Dugald Stewart. Alas! we shall listen to him no more. But it cannot be indifferent to us to pursue the steps along which Dr. Reeve had ascended in life to this eminence of accomplishment. Nor is it permitted to dwell exclusively on what he was *to us*, when he was so much to others. Academical eulogy, it is said, should be executed without mispraise or dispraise; it would be difficult in this case to slide into either.

"In the eightieth year of the last century, our late colleague was born, where he died, at Hadleigh in Suffolk, near which his father has considerable property. To Dedham school in Essex he was sent for education under Dr. Grimwood, and was remarked for a ready proficiency, especially in Latin literature. That alacrity to serve, which accompanied him through life, was already discernible. A boy fell into the water, his affrighted companion came running with the news to the other scholars. Reeve was the first at the river's bank;

had plunged and saved his comrade. Always destined for the medical profession, Mr. Henry Reeve was judiciously placed under a surgeon, and passed in Norwich, with Mr. Martineau, the four years of his apprenticeship. During this period I had first the pleasure of knowing him. As might be expected from such tuition, he was already a skilful anatomist when he went in October, 1800, to Edinburgh. He was noticed there as a most assiduous attender of lectures. Those of Dr. Gregory, &c., it was perhaps matter of course that he should haunt; but he also gave attention to those of Dr. Rutherford, &c. &c. Nor were our lamented colleague's exertions for acquirement limited to the frequentation of the official schools of the University. He also inserted himself early in the societies of the students, and there handselled a talent by which we have so often profitted. There is no one academic institution which better deserves a general imitation than those debating societies of Edinburgh. With only so much of police as is requisite for the preservation of order, the young men assemble by themselves, free from the repressive overawing influence of age, or office, or established reputation. On a subject announced long enough beforehand to admit of some preparatory reading, the several members engage with one another in a competitory debate. The struggle is between those of the same age; the rivality between natural equals; praise and blame are bestowed with all the warmth and frankness of youth. At the close of the discussion, each is found to have carried some peculiar contribution to that stock of information which henceforth becomes common to them all; and each has obtained some additional facility at expressing his thoughts aloud, with order, clearness and propriety. On every-day conversation they bestow grace of diction, command of topic, and affluence of

matter. On solemn occasions they lift the citizen into a sort of national consequence. Without some use of public speaking, hardly any prayer to government can be efficaciously forwarded, hardly any institution of beneficence popularly founded and preserved. Excellence in writing may be attained under solitude and restraint, but excellence in speaking seldom results unless from the early habit of addressing those whose sympathies are quick and whose sincerity is loud. Eloquence is the nursling of society, the daughter of freedom, never of caution.

"In 1803 Mr. H. Reeve applied to the University for a diploma. His Thesis, 'De Animalibus Hyeme Sopitis,' announced the intention, which he afterwards realized, of consecrating future observation and study to a careful investigation of the causes of that torpidity which certain animals experience during winter. After the usual examinations, he graduated; and this closed honourably his career at Edinburgh.

"Much of the year 1804 was spent in London, which always offers to a professional man important opportunities of learning. The infinitesimally various circumstances of a great metropolis bestow there on every week the experimental value of a life of secluded observation; and the complete division of labour, both in art and science, renders every sort of excellence there distinct and intense. Dr. Reeve, who seemed to think nothing done whilst anything remained to be acquired, frequented the hospitals, the lectures of men of professional note in the capital; and having exhausted every source of instruction which his native country had to offer, he next determined on visiting the continent.

"The advantages of foreign travel are numerous, and Dr. Reeve was formed to reap them all. Many preju-

dices, moral, political and religious, grow out of our education in a country divided from the whole world, no less by institution than by nature. These prejudices abate more rapidly from contrast than from contradiction. Dwelling abroad insensibly confers a ready and complete use of those keys to the treasury of European information, the modern languages. The German, which is the most difficult, and to a man of letters the most important of them all, was well acquired by Dr. Reeve. The various society, the frequent and sudden revolutions of acquaintance, the short-lived, inquisitive intimacies of the traveller, usually confer on the manners a glibness, a polish, a facility in humanization, a speedy power of pleasing, which avails throughout life in conciliating complacence. By viewing the beautiful and the great, by examining whatever strikes most in the garb of mankind, in the monuments of art, in the scenery of nature, the memory becomes stocked with vivid pictures and interesting recollections, adapted alike to cheer solitude and amuse society. To see and know the eminent in different countries, connects an individual with the great family of mankind, and contributes to exalt the patriot into a cosmopolite. Few of the choicer models in art and in literature can originate in any particular country; yet without a comprehensive comparison of excellence, that highest idea of perfection is seldom formed in the mind, which is the surest prompter of the love of fame and the best guide to its attainment. In this correction and embellishment of the internal standard of perfection consists perhaps the highest privilege of the travelled man*.

"Dr. Reeve returned to England in 1806, and after

* This passage, with some alterations, was introduced in the Life of Dr. Sayers, p. 36.

visiting his father's house came to fix in Norwich. The attachments which were most efficacious in deciding his resolution, had probably been prepared during his former residence here. In 1807 he married*. His value was rapidly felt and recognized in this city. He was progressively appointed physician to the Dispensary, to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, to the Bethel, and to the Norfolk Lunatic Asylum. In 1809 Dr. Reeve gave to the press an 'Essay on the Torpidity of Animals.' This is the only literary production which he had time to bequeath to us.

"In the spring of 1811 Dr. Reeve delivered to a numerous class of subscribers a course of lectures on the animal economy. So many of us were hearers of this interesting and instructive course, consisting, if I recollect, of twenty-five lectures, that I need not dwell on the judicious selection of matter, on the omnipresent sense of proportion, on the lucid order of the exposition, on the comprehensive range of the accumulated physiologic information, on the felicity of the visual illustrations, on the winning propriety of his elocution, or on the decorous purity of his very reticences. This was the last and greatest of the scientific efforts of our friend and teacher. It retains the enduring admiration of his pupils; it deserves, it asserts, a degree of gratitude and remembrance among the citizens at large, being made at a time when every quarter of the metropolis was founding institutes and patronizing instruction. I grieve

* Dr. Reeve married the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, of whom mention has been made in the earlier part of this memoir. His widow is still living. Their son, and only surviving descendant, is advantageously known to the literary world by his translation of 'De Tocqueville on Democracy in America.'

to learn that the manuscript notes from which these lectures were delivered do not exist in a finished and publishable state. It was Dr. Reeve's misfortune, in one sense, that he could trust to his extempore eloquence for supplying the lacunes of his text, and that he was never more popular or successful in the communication of knowledge than when he was talking without his book.

"In vain were the talents and accomplishments of Dr. Reeve rewarded by a practice which was quickly increasing. A painful organic disorder, which already threatened his activity and diminished his enjoyments, was, after three years of progressive suffering, to snatch him from a life of kindness and utility. To borrow the turn of his grandfather's epitaph, while employed in prolonging the lives of others, he was cut short himself. He struggled against this lingering affliction, not merely with fortitude and hope, but with a vivacity truly remarkable. In search of cure he undertook a journey first to Worthing and then to Bath, earnestly attended by the active, watchful and soothing affection of his wife, accompanied by his elder son. He returned homewards only as far as his father's house at Hadleigh.

"To the liberality of that most affectionate of fathers Dr. Reeve was naturally indebted for the elegant comforts of his household, and well were they bestowed. The domestic virtues were there practised without ostentation or omission. His table was open to merit in every rank, and open only to merit; and his conversation, neither negligent nor obtrusive, gave amenity to his various hospitalities. His suavity of soul inspired all the attachment it bestowed, and the love of his friends was as strong as their approbation. No form of personal character is so difficult to delineate with precision

as one where there was hardly anything of excess or defect, and where a natural proportional value was set on the luxuries, on the affections, on the virtues, on the talents. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his discourse on art, observes, that the average or middle form of human nature is at once nearest to beauty and most difficult to seize with the pencil; and so it is with good sense in the human character."

CHAPTER VII.

1815 to 1819.

LETTERS TO R. SOUTHEY.—MONTHLY REVIEW.—MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—LETTER FROM R. SOUTHEY.—DEATH OF DR. SAYERS.—MONTHLY REVIEW.—MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Although William Taylor had only now entered upon his fiftieth year, he was already beginning to be sensible of bodily infirmities, which seemed to indicate the approach of premature old age, and brought on a state of enfeebled health, which disquieted his latter days. He had lived, not intemperately, but freely. The love of society almost necessarily produces the habit of indulging in the pleasures of the table; and, though he cannot be charged with having carried this to an immoderate excess, still the daily repetition of it had taxed too much the powers of nature, and exhausted them before the usual period. The first symptom of change observable in him was, that a few glasses of wine, never before sufficient to excite him, produced a remarkable flow of conversation, which, while it delighted his friends, ought to have warned them; for it showed

that the internal organs were so much weakened, that they yielded to stimulants which they had previously resisted. This was followed by cutaneous eruptions and a sharp fit of the gout. His medical attendant recommended a more abstemious diet, which was not however long adhered to, for habit was too powerful, and the attempt to contravene it caused a lassitude and depression of spirits, which were even more painful than disease itself. This was the commencement of a gradual decay, which during twenty years marked the decline of his life. Still his mental powers were as yet unimpaired, and unrestricted in their excursive activity, as will be seen in the summary of his literary labours for the years 1815 and 1816. His correspondence during that period was very limited. To Robert Southey he addressed only the two following letters, to which it does not appear that he received any answers.

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 71.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, March 1, 1815.

"I duly received and truly thank you for 'Roderick.' With eager curiosity I read and then sent it to Dr. Sayers, who chose to read the notes also, and who is become a slow reader. While he had the book, Mr. Roscoe came to Norwich, and Lady Smith begged the use of mine, the only

copy. I sent it to Sir James's, but not until they had set off with Mr. Roscoe for Holkham, and the book loitered at their house for weeks in deedless inutility, and without my being able to get a peep at the notes. I did not like to write to you without the book at my elbow, least I should misremember; and when your letter came to remind me of a delay, which I felt to be ungrateful as well as uncivil, I was fallen sick, and have been so these six weeks. I have had the gout, first in the left, then in the right foot; I have had a whitlow on my right fore-finger, which has checked the use of the pen; and I am still taking medicines for a suppuration of the ears, which Hippocrates says is a good symptom in a typhus fever, but which is so unusual a complaint in the form I have it, that the medical men can neither class nor cure it. All these things are not excusable excuses for omitting so long to write; but they will account for the series of procrastinations, in which I have wickedly indulged, keeping your letter all the while displayed under the marble weight on my table, as the very next thing to be attended to. I now believe I shall never make a book. I have however in the preceding page given you a specimen of what I conceive to be the greatest fault of yours—detaining the attention on little things, when the reader is impatient for the proper business of the

work. There is a good deal of prosing in the poem; it does not weigh on the wrist so often as Madoc, but oftener than Joan of Arc or Thalaba, or Kehama. Poets should live in cities; the leisure of the country spoils them. That bucolic contemplation of nature, which spends its ennui in watching for hours the eyelet-holes of a rill's eddies, is very well for a goat-herd, and may grace an eclogue; but where fates of empires are at stake, the attention should not be invited to settle on any phænomena, not stimulant enough to arrest the attention of a busy man. The engineer, who is sent to reconnoitre, is not to lose his time in zoologizing, entomologizing, botanizing and picturesquizing, as Pelayo does on his way to Covadonga. I can at most concede to Homer that he may get his dinner. Your heroes never travel in seven-league boots, but rather à la Humboldt. Wordsworth carries further than you the narratory manner, and the magnification of trifles, but you Wordsworthize too often. Another fault of the poem is its incessant religiosity. All the personages meet at prayers; all the heroes are monks in armour; all the speeches are pulpit exhortations; all the favourites are reconciled to the church, and die with the comfort of absolution, as if, not the deliverance of Spain, but the salvation of the court, constituted the action of the epopea. And in this religiosity

there is more of methodism and less of idolatry than marked the Spanish catholicism of that era. Thirdly, there are too many women in the poem, and none of them very attaching, except perhaps Gaudiosa; the domestic affections occupy in consequence a preposterous space. Out of a truly respectable puritanism you dislike to contemplate woman in the point of view in which she chiefly interests man. You rather carve a Vestal than a Venus, and in consequence your women want attraction; you take or mistake purity for beauty. Heroes are never very eminent for the domestic affections. While at home they have a superfluous fondness for their wives during the age of beauty; in absence they console themselves with substitutes; and in later life, if they retain their vigour, they despotize over the old woman; if they become infirm, they seek the friendship of their nurse. But all this is very excursive. I should have been glad if your topic had involved the marvellous, and had employed the hostile mythologies of the Catholics and Moslems. Attributing to you still greater scenic than dramatic force, and a more unrivalled power of picturesque than of ethic delineation, the more your opera is a *pièce à spectacle*, the better; your machinery and illumination is always magically dazzling and brilliant. The character of Roderick appears to me however the first delineation in the whole

compass of the epopea. The Achilles of the 'Iliad' is vulnerable to criticism only in his use of his heels. The Tancred of Tasso is still more unexceptionable; but, though the one is a rude and the other a polished character, they are both pictures from general nature. Roderick has more individuality than either, and more greatness. He has in common with them the effect produced by personal prowess and its example; and he has, above them, the energies of a powerful and provident intellect. Roderick works more by mind and by the example of principle; it is felt that he is the soul of the whole revolution. No other epic poet has known how to draw a truly great man; like the knights of elder days, such can only be created by their peers. I admire in the poem its originality and its raciness. Hardly any incidents are borrowed from ancient or modern art; hardly any transplanted passages occur; and the consummate knowledge of the country, historic and geographic, must endear the poem to Spanish patriotism for ever. Next to the 'Paradise Lost,' and the 'Fairy Queen,' we shall rank 'Roderick' as third among our epic poems; no single poem of Ossian surpasses it. But the Spaniards will rank it third in epic art; and if they concede priority to Homer and to Tasso, will quarrel for you against Camoens and Virgil. I read the

poem to myself aloud, and found myself frequently steeped in tears; over the tender emotions your empire is unrivalled; you are the Kotzebue of the epopea. In the lines there is often a want of metrical euphony; they are unscannable; but that higher euphony, which consists in the choice of words, abounding with long vowels and liquid letters, is delightfully audible. The wonderful beauty of your style, which has every excellence but condensation and rapidity, would have excited perpetual bursts of rapturous applause, had I any one near to whom to communicate them. The first time I read the poem, I thought that the destruction of the Moors in the twenty-third sitting (for that seems the proper name for a section of what is to be read), was accomplished too much in the manner of an earthquake, by trees and stones, and the alluvium of a deluge of insurrection; and that more of personal prowess should have been called in; and I thought that Pelayo and Alphonso are suffered to disappoint the reader, whose expectations, in the early part of the poem, were taught to cling about them. But after repeatedly studying a work of art, one generally finds, that the poet had made to himself one's very criticism, and rejected it for more important and real beauties. Roderick would have been eclipsed, or at least offuscated, at the very hour of his fine sun-

set, if these people had been suffered to come forward. Is not the destruction of the Moors (page 299), however represented as so total, that one is surprised at the after-skirmishing in the twenty-fifth book? And why the silence which ensues (page 300), a silence alike improbable and effectless? But if I were to run into local criticisms, I should tease and tire you, and advise the omission of many passages too beautiful for you to consent to part with, but which strike one as splendid sins, as impertinent, moratory and diffuse. What you ought to throw away would make the perpetual reputation of a mere descriptive poet.

"I am unlucky with my 'Synonyms;' nobody will review them. I sent a copy myself to the Monthly. Griffiths said it should be put in proper hands; but as he always sent me the grammatical articles, he did not know which way to turn. Dr. Reeve undertook to transmit a copy to Edinburgh, and took it with him from Norwich, when he made, alas! his last journey. I wrote to Henry to beg that he would induce you or Gooch to obtain some notice from the Quarterly, as I suspected you had both some interest there, Between two stools ———.

"My friend and relation, Mr. Thomas Dyson of Diss, has proposed to me to accompany him to Paris; we should have gone together last au-

tumn, but that my father was attacked with symptoms of caducity, which rendered my absence improper, at the only period of Mr. Dyson's leisure. In April probably we shall start, as my father is again remarkably well. My taste is the reverse of yours. When a boy, I saw the Pyrenees with delight; now I would not lift a leg to get within sight of them. But Paris is become to me the most covetable spectacle in the world What is select in art affords a finer prospect than what is huge in nature. The galleries of the Louvre supply a more delightful stroll than the terraces of Montserrat.

"You will do well to write the poem you announce, in regular stanzas. That sort of discipline would accustom you to throw away. In Charlemagne, what I liked was the stanza, and the bold use made of the Catholic mythology.

"Farewell! Excuse the length of my letter; but it is long since I have written to you, and indeed to any one.

"Yours affectionately,

"William Taylor, Jun."

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 72.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, Nov. 9, 1815.

"I learnt with pleasure from Mr. Rickman, that you are returned safe from your excursion to Waterloo. You will sing as well as possible

a victory justly admired, but not in its tendency and consequences satisfactory to a cosmopolite philosophy. Liberty, toleration, art, have rather to bewail than rejoice, and the banners of national glory 'mock the air with idle state,' when paraded over trophies oppressive to the interests of mankind.

"For the new edition of your minor poems I have not yet thanked you; but gratitude is so commonly lame of foot, that you must not wonder at its difficulty in overtaking the rapidity of your printed beneficence. You do not revise and correct your successive editions laboriously enough. Page 20, 'with elating pride'—surely the word *elating* is indefensible English. Why *Apame* for the name of Zorobabel's protectee? Artistona, or Esther, was the bride whom the Jews contrived to bestow on Darius. Zorobabel, who wins the prize, is not, I think, the best singer. I do not regret the suppression of the inscription about Martens, the regicide, nor do I blame the amendment of the Ermenonville inscription, which at first flung no dart against Voltaire. It is provoking that the printer has omitted the 'Old Woman of Berkeley' in the index. You will one day mend Zorobabel's *own* song, and make a quarto edition of that and the other *newer* Metrical Tales.

"I am just returned from a journey to Not-

tingham on a pious visit of condolence to my aunt, after the loss of her son, the late town-clerk. In my way back, I stopped a day at Cambridge; and at the table of the mathematician, Mr. Robert Woodhouse, had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Clarke, the traveller. He is excellent company; so lively, so fluent, so various, so intelligent a converser seldom occurs. He has been the favoured pilgrim, and has alone kneeled at the *real* sepulchre of Christ; among the tombs of the Davidical family, of the house of the holy Zion, as they are inscribed, no former traveller had sought. The son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh has been almost equally fortunate, by discovering the remains of the Tower of Babel in the Birs Nemroud. While I was staying at your brother's in the spring, I had the advantage of meeting one day at table Count Toreno, a Spanish liberale; you should see him. He would explain to you why the Spaniards think themselves ill-used by Lord Wellington and the English, who seem to have governed by means of a packed Cortes, and then to have abandoned to punishment the very persons whom they provoked to set up a claim to empire. In your 'History of the Peninsular War,' you may be able to remove much of this prejudice, either by explanation or by a severe criticism of the culprits. It never answers to a nation diplomati-

cally to turn traitor to its adherents, and to make no conditions of amnesty in behalf of its supporters. Fidelity has its recompense, and infidelity its retribution, not only in private and individual, but in public and national life.

"All this year I have been very unwell, very migratory, very idle, and now am busier about the accounts of my executorship, which are to be settled, I believe, by arbitration, than about any welcome object of attention. I am every day expecting Dr. Polidori to pass two or three weeks with me. He is an Italian poet, and has written two tragedies in that language. My father's health is amended within the last two years. Dr. Sayers is much better than he was a year ago. I should like to see you, but ——.

"Yours,

"William Taylor, Jun."

The projected visit to Paris, mentioned in the first of these letters, was prevented by the return of Bonaparte from Elba, and the consequent renewal of war. Of those to London, Nottingham, and Cambridge, there is no other record than the brief notice of them in the second letter. William Taylor's family connexions were far from numerous, and he carefully maintained with them a friendly intercourse. Indeed no one can have passed through life less disturbed than he was by

those petty quarrels which so frequently sunder the ties of kindred and social union. These little traits of character indicate that practical benevolence of the heart, of which ostentatious display would be a less convincing proof. Of all his relations, next to Mr. Dyson of Diss, he most valued and esteemed his cousin, Mr. George Coldham, "the intelligent town-clerk of Nottingham," whose death he sincerely lamented, as it was also generally deplored by the community of which that gentleman was an active and useful member*.

The allegation of idleness, with which in the foregoing letter William Taylor brands his own pursuits, was most probably a feeling of self-reproval, for his continued neglect of those higher literary aims to which his views had been directed. No proofs of the charge are to be found in the sum of his labours for the two periodicals, with which his engagement remained regular and uninterrupted. His ready pen seems to have been the never-failing resource of the editor of the Monthly Review when embarrassed by disappointments in other quarters; and the extent of his contributions may be seen in the fact that in the year 1815 he received for them £102.

The care with which the editor endeavoured to guard the "veil of seclusion," behind which his oracles were uttered to the world, is singularly

* See the Monthly Magazine, vol. xl. p. 559.

manifested in his letter of the 15th of November, 1815, in which he says: "I restore your copy of the Critical Review, Vol. 3, 1804, in which I observe you have indicated on a blank leaf the articles which, I presume, were communicated by you. If you adopt this practice with the Monthly Review, will you permit me to suggest, that it would be better to keep a *separate* and *private* index of this sort, if such be necessary for your own consultation and reference? When these marks are made in the volume, the loan of the book or the disposal of it betrays a secret—that, at least, which is a secret with me, and which I desire to be a secret to all the world, according to the established practice in the conduct of the Monthly Review, and which I believe to be the preferable mode." This secrecy may in general be favourable to the independence and impartiality of reviewers, but in the case of William Taylor it was almost impossible to preserve it; his peculiarities of style and of opinion seldom failed to betray him to those who were acquainted with his writings.

The following extracts from letters written to him by the editor, relate to some of his articles:—

6th February, 1816.—"In a late article you alluded to Schlegel's 'Essay on Dramatic Literature' as a publication of superior merit, and a translation of it has just appeared. A gentleman, of whom I know but little,

has offered me an account of this work, and I have deferred an answer to his proposition till I consulted you. In the first place it may be that you are yourself desirous of reporting Schlegel's volumes; and in the next place, if you should not be anxious to do this, I should be glad of your *sanction* of the proffered MS., since my knowledge of the writer is not sufficient to make me place implicit confidence in him. I have to request then that you will do me the favour of satisfying me on these points, and within as few days as it is possible for you to require, because I have promised as early an answer as can be given, and there are reasons which make despatch necessary on my part. Pray excuse this trouble, which I probably should not have given you, had not your mention of Schlegel seemed to demand of me a reference to you on this occasion."

13*th April*, 1816.—"After the receipt of your favour, accompanying the return of Schlegel's volumes, and a re-consideration of the MS. relative to them, of which I had requested your opinion, I determined to decline the offer of that report of them. In consequence I now propose to send the books back again to you for your analysis. Some time since you gave me an account of a French pamphlet on theatres, and when it was printed I returned the *Discours* itself. I have had an application from the editor of the periodical work called the Pamphleteer, to know whether I could furnish him with the copy of the *Discours*, which we used, as he was desirous of adopting the suggestion in the Monthly Review of translating the treatise, but could not procure it. If you still possess the copy, and do not object to lend it, will you favour me with it for this purpose*, and send

* This Essay is inserted in the 12th volume of the Pamphleteer.

it up directly, with any materials which you may have in readiness for me?"

7th Dec., 1816.—"In looking over the Monthly Magazine published 1st of August, I was much vexed to see the article on *Geese*, p. 36, of which so large a part appears in our last Appendix. Though the latter was perhaps first written, it is the last published, and the general inference will be that it was taken from the other. The most accurate and most favourable supposition, viz. the *fact* of the two proceeding from the same person, is by no means desirable; and I must seriously beg that the Monthly Review may never again appear as the copyist of any other publication or the sharer of its communications; least of all, of a work which takes every opportunity of dealing in malignant and libellous abuse of the Monthly Review. The enmity of the editor of the Monthly Magazine is as extraordinary as it is disgusting, when I consider that no cause can be suggested for it but that one of his publications was rather severely criticized a few years ago; and that up to that time he had always professed even fulsome veneration for my father and for the Monthly Review, as his letters will testify."

16*th Dec.*, 1816.—"One of *our brethren* writes me word, that he possesses a copy of Lectures on Literature, Ancient and Modern, 1815, by F. Schlegel, brother of the author of the Lectures on the Drama, and that he is willing to send me a report of it; but I have not yet answered his letter, wishing first to know whether you also have, or are likely to have, a copy of this work, and will supply me with an article on it; or whether you see any objection to the book being trusted in other hands than your own. I should in course refer my friend to the dramatic article."

The subjoined note contains as accurate a list as can be made of the works reviewed by William Taylor in the two years 1815 and 1816*.

* Vol. 76.—Northcote's Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds.
Madame D'Arblay's Wanderer.
Remarks on Madame de Staël's work on Germany.
Fontenelle's Cours de Belles Lettres.
Ferrand's Eulogy of Madame Elizabeth.
Alphonse's Essay on the Education of the Human Race.
Vol. 77.—Letter from Albion.
Dalberg's Mehalid and Sedli.
Wieland's Works, vols. 31 to 39.
Miss Benger's Klopstock and his Friends.
Kett's Flowers of Wit.
Mrs. Graham's Journal and Letters on India.
Wathen's Journal of a Voyage to Madras and China.
Malcolm on the Art of Caricaturing.
Roquefort on the French Poetry of the 12*th and* 13*th centuries.*
Garat on Moreau.
La Harpe's Commentaries on Voltaire's Dramas.
The Spirit of La Harpe.
Guillaume Le Franc-Parleur and Paris Chit-Chat.
Mehée de la Touche's Tales of Pfeffel.
Delpla on Theatres.
Vol. 78.—D'Israeli's Quarrels of Authors.
Northcote's Supplement to the Memoir of Sir J. Reynolds.
Mrs. Hamilton's Hints to Patrons of Schools.
De Levis's England in the 19th century.
Berwick's Lives of Pollio, Varro and Gallus.
Lord Clarendon's Essays.
Vol. 79.—Weston's Chinese Tale.
Jerdan's Paris Spectator.
Jamieson's Hermes Scythicus.
Heyne's Tracts on India.
Journal of a Frenchman's Tour in Great Britain.
Champollion on Egypt under the Pharaohs.

Amidst the vast variety of subjects there enumerated, the 'Life of Reynolds' presents some original observations on matters of art, which might be supposed to have been excluded from his general course of study. But that he had viewed the works of the most eminent artists with an attentive and discriminating eye, and had noted their peculiar characters with the nicety of a correct taste, is clearly shown by his

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Salaberry's History of the Ottoman Empire.
Raoul-Rochette on the Greek Colonies.
Mionnet on Roman Medals.

Vol. 80.—Alfieri's Tragedies.
Berry's History of Guernsey.
Creech's Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces.
Shepherd, Joyce and Carpenter, on Systematic Education.
Schimmelpenninck's Theory of Beauty and Deformity.
Weber's and Jamieson's Illustrations of Northern Antiquiquities.
Sarrazin's History of the War in Spain and Portugal.
Millin on Martinmas Medals.
Gilchrist's Labyrinth Demolished.
Durdent's Epochs in the History of England.

Vol. 81.—Weber and Jamieson's Illustrations of Northern Antiquities (concluded).
Schlegel's Lectures on Dramatic Art.
Walker's Memoirs of Tassoni.
Schoell's History of Roman Literature.
Frederick Schlegel's History of Ancient and Modern Literature.
Sarrazin's Picture of Great Britain.
D'Israeli's Inquiry into the character of James I.
Thorpelin, De Danorum Rebus Gestis.
Barberino on the Conduct and Manners of Women.

two articles on these Memoirs and the Supplement to them.

During the same period the Monthly Magazine received from him the articles noted below*.

* Vol. 39.—Who wrote the Wisdom? This is a sequel to the former dissertation in Volume xvi. of this work.

Several articles in the Portfolio, which are not particularly interesting, excepting some short remarks on Eichhorn's endeavour to show that the Epistles to Timothy and Titus were not written by St. Paul, but by Apollos.

Vol. 40.—Who compiled the Ecclesiasticus?

A Translation of Bürger's Prometheus.

On Emigration.

A Sketch of the Life and Character of Mr. George Coldham.

In the Portfolio the most remarkable of his contributions is that on the Xystus of the Ancients, which concludes thus:—"London stands in need of such an edifice; it might serve as a bazaar and include shops." Did this hint give rise to the arcades and bazaars, which now abound in the metropolis?

Vol. 41.—Four books of Azincour; a fragment of an intended Epic poem, founded on the victories of Henry the Fifth in France.

A Review of Dr. Southey's work on Pulmonary Consumption.

On the Fate of Joan of Arc.

Who was Homer? An Essay, the object of which is to prove that the poems, which have descended to us under that name, were composed by Thales; that "Homer is the eyeless antique mask, worn by Thales, as Ossian by Macpherson."

Vol. 42.—On the Disadvantages of a Uniform System of Representation.

Ino, a Monodrama, translated from the German of Ramler.

The Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters having been discontinued, a new collection of Anecdotes and Literary

Among his papers of the succeeding year, occurs the following letter, which appears to be in answer to one which is not preserved.

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 73.)

"My dear Friend, "Keswick, March 12, 1817.

"I hope you are mistaken in your apprehensions. In physics as in metaphysics, a *little* knowledge is a great evil to the possessor. Many are the mortal diseases of which I have observed symptoms in myself and in those with whom I am most nearly connected; for, in cases of this kind, the worst possibility is that upon which we are usually disposed to fix. Thus I hope it is with you, and that I may meet you in town

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Varieties, under the title of Cornucopia, was commenced in this volume, and chiefly supplied by William Taylor. The change appears to have reanimated his powers of research and invention, which had somewhat flagged of late in the old series. In the new one are found articles of a higher tone and more instructive character. The first portion contains some curious historical particulars respecting the Goose, which he also introduced into his review of Millin on Martinmas Medals, in Volume lxxx. of the Monthly Review, which the editor of the latter publication made a subject of complaint in one of his letters.

Among the other articles under this head, the following are worthy of notice:—Nephelology, or the Classification of Clouds; Superficiality of Addison; Literary Aphorisms; Pindar; Macpherson and Milton; Vincent de Paul; Napoleon and Wieland; Earthquakes in Spanish America.

relieved of your tumour, or satisfied that it is, like a crop of excrescences upon my scalp, not hurtful, though neither ornamental nor useful.

"I have wanted spirits to write to you, for those redundant ones which I enjoyed during so many years, have taken their flight for ever; and what I can now muster are not more than are equal to the demand upon them. In this respect, Herbert's death has produced a greater change in me than the course of time perhaps could ever have effected. This would not surprize you, if you had seen my manner of life with him. But no more of this.

"I am going to the Continent in May, purposing to be seven or eight weeks absent from England. My companions, unless I should be disappointed in either of them, are a Cumberland friend (Humphrey Senhouse, of Netherhall) and Nash, an artist, who was with me at Waterloo and made the drawings there. Switzerland and the Rhine are our objects; and our present plan is to reach Turin and Milan, and turn back to Geneva, for the purpose of seeing as much of the Alps as we can. I shall be in London the last week in April, and return to it the first in July.

"You will see that I have noticed the impudent plagiarism of M. Alphonse de Beauchamp, whose book I purchased at Brussels, where it put my

friend Koster, who happened to be thoroughly well acquainted with the original, in a fever of indignation. This man is a notorious thief. M. De Puisaye accuses him of having stolen about one hundred pages from him in his 'History of La Vendée.' General Turreau has plucked a few more feathers out of his tail; and in the same book I tracked him in like manner to other authors. My third volume is gone to the press: far the greater part will be from unprinted documents.

"As soon as I return home in the summer, my 'History of the Peninsular War' will go to the printer. For this I have ample materials and the best sources of information. When you read it, I do not despair of convincing you that philosophy and freedom have suffered much more from their inconsistent friends than from their bigotted enemies. In spite of both, I hope they will prosper. But we shall not agree so well in our definition of philosophy as we shall of freedom. In my judgment, any philosophy that weakens our belief of immortality is a curse to mankind. Of this I am assured, that, were it not for that belief, the burthen of life would be heavier than I could bear, although no man has more reason to be thankful for his lot.

"In poetry I have done little of late; yet in the course of the year I expect to bring forth a

'Tale of Paruguay,' about some 1500 lines in length, and in Spencer's stanza. I have begun a desultory poem in blank verse, pitched in a higher key than Cowper's, and in a wiser strain of philosophy than Young's; but as yet I have not recovered heart enough to proceed with it; nor is it likely that it will be published during my life. Too much of my time is occupied in reviewing. Of this I must not complain, because thence it is that I draw by far the larger part of my ways and means; this kind of literary labour being, in my case, as largely overpaid as every other has been inadequately remunerated. You probably will know my hand in the Quarterly; yet it is often ridiculously mistaken there. They give me credit at Cambridge for writing upon Baptismal Regeneration—a subject upon which I should think it no credit to bestow even a thought; and Hunt, of the Examiner, supposes that I reviewed his 'Rimini,' whereas I wrote an indignant letter to Murray to express my utter disapprobation of the reviewal.

"France, if she should escape any further commotions, is in danger of relapsing into her old despotism, not from any desire on the part of the king to re-establish it, but from the utter unfitness of the people for a representative government. In the present state of the most civilized nations, it seems clear, that there can be

no other good form of government; and yet how to fit a people for this, who have been entirely unaccustomed to it, or to anything approaching, is a problem which has not yet been solved. France might have taught me this truth; but I did not learn it till my hopes from the Cortes were disappointed.

"God bless you! To say how I should rejoice to see you here, I hope, is needless; but I beseech you, whenever you have no tie to prevent you from so long a journey, remember that for fourteen years I have earnestly desired it.

"Yours affectionately,

"Robert Southey."

William Taylor's early friend and literary associate, Dr. Sayers, died on the 16th August 1817, having only completed his fifty-fourth year in the preceding March. Although their friendship continued unbroken to the last, their intercourse had for several years lost much of its pristine vivacity, and had been attended by no occurrence to be marked as an event in the life of either. The ever-widening divergence of their political and religious opinions may have produced insensibly some degree of estrangement, which neither would have admitted, had it been imputed to them. Dr. Sayers's adopted creed was certainly less tolerant of dissent, less forgiving of opposi-

tion, less charitable to presumed error, than his friend's unsectarian and self-attained convictions; and the severity with which he condemned, and sought to obliterate, every trace of his own youthful heresies, can scarcely fail to have influenced his judgement and feelings towards a similar, but unrepented free-thinking spirit, wherever it might be encountered by him*. Habits of indolence, either the cause or the effect of stealthily advancing disease, had long assumed the mastery over him. Since the first publication of his 'Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology' and his 'Disquisitions' he had made no literary effort worthy of the promise of excellence which those productions afforded. During his latter years his chief employment seems to have been the correction of these works, with a sensitive fastidiousness, directed more particularly to the suppression of every word which a perverse ingenuity might imagine to be an emanation of his discarded early opinions. But although the suc-

* "One day Dr. Sayers told William Taylor that he had just executed his will, by which he had bequeathed his library to the Dean and Chapter; and, unwilling to consign to such a body any heretical books, he was about to burn some writings of Voltaire, Hume's 'Natural History of Religion,' and his (W. T.'s) pamphlet on the first two chapters of Luke. William Taylor assured him that he had no objection to being a victim in such respectable company."—*Mr. Barron's MS. Reminiscences.*

cessive editions through which they passed attested his popularity as a writer, still even these, which would have encouraged less talented authors to pursue with increased alacrity the career of fame, did not stimulate him to any new labours. His appears to have been one of those natures, which by an excess of sensibility are betrayed into acts of seeming unkindness, and whose anxiety to shrink from collision with contradiction, carries them out of the world into the solitude of an apparently misanthrophic asceticism. In this frame of mind, and with this predisposition to seclusion increased by the growth of bodily infirmity, it was with difficulty that Dr. Sayers could be drawn, even by his regard for William Taylor, out of that circle within which he had retired, and where no sentiment was ever uttered at variance with his own. But when, in the year 1811, his friend experienced those reverses of fortune, which compelled him to change his residence, from that time Dr. Sayers never again dined at William Taylor's table. The pain of witnessing the altered circumstances of those whom he had been accustomed to visit in a better house and surrounded by greater elegance, was the assigned cause for a line of conduct which was at first attributed to other motives, and William Taylor felt keenly for a time the

supposed loss of a friendship which had been the pride and solace of his life. While his mind was suffering under this impression, it happened that at one of his dinner-parties the absence of Dr. Sayers became casually the subject of conversation; unable to restrain his emotions, William Taylor burst into tears and rushed out of the room. He was, however, afterwards convinced that he had formed a wrong conclusion, and that no such alienation of regard had taken place; and this was more fully confirmed, when after Dr. Sayers's decease it was found that he had appointed him one of his executors, bequeathing to him all his papers, and a legacy of five hundred pounds. On the loss of his friend, William Taylor inserted in the Norwich papers the following short sketch of his life and character:—

"On Monday se'nnight was buried, in the south aisle of our cathedral, the late Dr. Sayers. The funeral procession took place on foot, and was attended by about twelve of the resident friends with whom he chiefly associated. His loss will not only be felt in the private circle of his acquaintance, to whom he was very dear, but in the entire British literary world, of which he was a conspicuous ornament. Frank Sayers was born in London the 3rd of March 1763. His father died shortly after, and the widow with her infant returned to the house of her father, Mr. Morris of Great Yarmouth, under whose roof the son grew up till 1774, when he was sent to Palgrave school, which he quitted at the

close of 1777. Somewhat indecisive about his destination, it was not until 1783 that he entered himself at Edinburgh as a general student. In 1785 he went to study physic in London, and the year after returned to Edinburgh, where he continued as a medical student from November 1786 to August 1788. In 1789 he graduated at Harderwyck in Holland, and in 1790 came to settle at Norwich, where he has since been always resident, declining, however, to accept medical practice, from acute sensibility of nature. Of his poems, the first edition appeared in 1790, and the fourth or latest in 1807. They may be ranked with those of Gray for polish of diction, range of fancy and beauty of sentiment. Of his 'Disquisitions' the first edition appeared in 1793 and the last in 1808. His prose may be ranked with that of Berkeley, for simplicity and unobtrusive grace of manner, for sound erudition, and for habitual cogency of argument.

"The literary exertions of Dr. Sayers form, however, but a part of his merit; his conversational powers are well known here; they leave a blank no more to be supplied; they were of the highest order, handling every variety of graver human topic with excellent discrimination, and with a geniality full of sympathy, condescending to mingle in our petty joys and cares. Yet his learning was displayed without pedantry, his humour without grossness, his wit without sarcasm, and his eloquence without overbearance; an ever-present good taste kept down every exertion within the limits of a gentlemanly urbanity. Exquisite tenderness of feeling, a singular reluctance to give offence, a ready beneficence characterized his moral disposition.

"Dr. Sayers has bequeathed 100*l.* to the Society for the Reform of corrupt Youth; 100*l.* to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital; and 50*l.* to the Blind Asylum,

to which he rendered a still more efficacious service by writing the beautiful address which announced its institution. His curious and valuable collection of books is given to the library of the Dean and Chapter, and was transferred to their custody on Wednesday last. It is to be hoped that some permanent monumental inscription will indicate his burial-place—it will be sacred to the friends of learning, taste, genius and virtue."

This tribute was but preparatory to a complete biographical memoir, which William Taylor undertook but did not publish till the year 1823. In his other literary pursuits, the multifarious subjects brought within the range of his attention furnished welcome themes for speculation. On these he gave free scope to his natural disposition to theorize, sometimes prompted by curiosity or the playfulness of fanciful ingenuity, sometimes by a desire to amuse or excite, sometimes putting forth all his powers to enlighten and instruct. In attempts so various he was not always equally sound or successful; but even in his wildest flights he collected some new facts, disclosed some new views, and made learning subservient to benevolence. It appears from his correspondence with the editor of the 'Monthly Review' during the years 1817 and 1818, that two of the articles which he had prepared for that work, viz. the reviewals of 'Nicholls's Literary Anecdotes,' (vol. 85) and of 'Naylor's Civil and Military History of Germany' (vol. 84), contained,

as originally written, theories, to the publication of which objections were raised. On a point so much debated as the authorship of Junius's Letters, William Taylor was likely to think differently from most of those by whom it had been publicly discussed. His opinion was, that they had proceeded from the pen of Wilkes. But a question, on which no positive decision can now be expected, may well be left undisturbed in its own obscurity. It has already been observed, that William Taylor's attacks upon the Reformation may be thought to comport but little with the general liberality of his sentiments. In his abhorrence of the sour, starched, repulsive bigotry of Protestant sectarianism, his arguments overlooked the leading features and real benefits of the great event, to which they attributed the growth and influence of so hateful a spirit. Not only did he regard it as having produced this evil, but also as having obstructed the progress of an esoteric scepticism in the Catholic priesthood, by which he contended that a change, favourable to the best interests of mankind, would have been wrought in the very bosom of the dominant church. Such an internal revolution, however, would have been far less valuable than the principle established by the successful struggle of the earliest Reformers in defence of the rights of conscience. Although they retained most of the popu-

lar superstitions of the age, and perpetuated but too willingly the tenets of intolerance, still they called into existence at the same time that new power by which the one and the other have already been modified and counteracted, and will no doubt eventually be made to yield to purer truths. The lesson is invaluable; it cannot be cancelled; and in its progressive influence, by a series of such changes, it will finally accomplish what the impatient philanthropy of William Taylor was dissatisfied that it did not at once effect.

The following are the remarks of the editor of the 'Monthly Review' in his letter on these subjects:—

"I am sorry to trouble you with a return of two of your articles, viz. on Nicholls's last volume of 'Literary Anecdotes' and Naylor's 'History of Germany.' With regard to the former, I think that the account of Wilkes occupies a share of attention that seems disproportionate to the multifarious contents of the volume. But my chief objection to it relates to the hypothesis, that Wilkes was Junius. I cannot coincide in this opinion; and it is at variance with a late article in our Number for January last, p. 69, on the question whether Horne Tooke was Junius. It would be inconsistent, therefore, to maintain the argument which you have so strongly urged; and, at any rate, I think, not allowable to recommend the reception of it as established, as you have done in p. 18 of the MS. I must beg you to reconsider this matter, and in the event of omitting this hypothesis, to select new *excerpts* from this bulky volume.

Would not some of the materials furnished by the late Judge, George Hardinge, be worth notice?

"As to Naylor's article, I decidedly object to the whole of the observations on the Reformation with which it commences. They are not required; they tend not (as far as I see) to any good purpose; and I am sure that they would give such great offence as would be extremely prejudicial to the work in which they appeared. Many occasions occur in which I have to wish that this idea were more present to your mind. It is not for a work like ours to be answerable for every *peculiarity of opinion* which an individual may form, especially on points on which the feelings, the faith, and the prejudices of the community would be shocked by such peculiarity; nor would it be possible, on the plan of admitting such peculiarities, to preserve that consistency of sentiment, without which the work would be disgustingly at variance with itself."

In a subsequent letter from the same hand, written about this time, the following passage occurs:—

"With regard to the Catholic work, I must beg leave to decline the suggestion of Sir George Jerningham. It will I think be obvious to you, and it should be intelligible to Sir George, that any interference or dictation of the kind in question must tend to destroy the reputation of a critical work for independence and impartiality—which reputation has long been the aim and the boast of the Monthly Review—but which could not be maintained if individuals interested about a particular work, or a particular question, had it in their power to say, that they could procure, and did procure, especial notice of either in its pages, and from the hands of a person whom

they named and solicited. I have not met with the publication itself; but if it came into my possession, I should have no objection to give it a place in the Monthly Review under the report of such a coadjutor as I should select. One of my objects in endeavouring to keep my correspondence unknown, is to prevent applications of this nature; and I am sorry that Sir George Jerningham has been enabled, by report or by knowledge, to make to you the request which he has preferred. Mr. Edward Jerningham the poet, (Sir George's uncle I believe,) whom I had the pleasure of knowing, would not have asked for such a deviation from customary and wholesome rules."

It does not appear what "Catholic work" was here referred to. The wish to preserve criticism from the bias of personal or party considerations was creditable to the editor of the 'Monthly Review;' but it may excite some surprise that he should have thought it possible to throw an impenetrable veil over the names of the writers who composed his secret tribunal: any attempt to conceal William Taylor's participation in it would have been utterly useless. It was a subject to which he rarely alluded in conversation; but Sir George Jerningham, residing in the immediate vicinity of Norwich, would not be ignorant of a circumstance so notorious in all the literary circles of that city. William Taylor was at this time a large contributor to the work in question, as will be seen by the subjoined list of the publi-

cations which appear to have been reviewed by him during the years 1817 and 1818*.

* Vol. 82.—*Richardson's Illustrations of English Philology.*
The Life of William Hutton.
History of the House of Romanoff.
Vol. 83.—Elphinstone's Account of Caubul.
Enclytica; or Outlines of Universal Grammar.
Pottinger's Travels in Beloochistan.
Buhle's History of Modern Philosophy.
Gruber's Wieland delineated (First Part).
Shoberl's Historical Account of the House of Saxony.
Vol. 84.—Gilchrist's Philosophic Etymology.
Naylor's Civil and Military History of Germany.
Gruber's Wieland delineated (concluded).
Vol. 85.—Nicholls's Literary Anecdotes.
Wilks's Historical Sketches of the South of India.
Beauchamp's History of Brazil.
Sarrazin's History of the War of the Restoration.
La Verité sur l'Angleterre.
Eichhorn—Antiqua Historia.
Crombie's Observations on English Etymology and Syntax.
Butler on Formularies.
Heeren's Ideas on Nations of the Ancient World.
Chenier's Fragments of a Course of Lectures.
De Jouy's Hermit in the Provinces.
Naudet on the Changes of the Roman Empire.
Vol. 86.—Kemble's Macbeth and Richard III.
Biographie Universelle.
Dubois on the Character and Customs of the People of India.
Mrs. Plumtre's Residence in Ireland.
Sir T. S. Raffles's History of Java.
Morellet's Miscellanies of Literature.
Vol. 87.—Koster's Travels in Brazil.
Miss Aikin's Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth.
Le Montey's Essay on Louis XIV.
Bignon's Survey of the differences between the Courts of Bavaria and Baden.

Among the papers which he furnished during the same period for the 'Monthly Magazine'*, there

Recollections of the Antilles.
Regnier on the Economy of the Celts.
Supplement to Diderot's Works.
Essay on the History of Political Economy.
Rey's Essays on Richard III.
Viller's Summary of the Confession of Augsburg.
De Maleville's Benjamites re-established in Israel.
Memoir on the present situation of Germany.

* Vol. 43.—Translation of Haller's 'Doris.' This was afterwards introduced in the 'Historic Survey of German Poetry,' vol. i. p. 193.

Continuation of the poem of 'Azincour.'

Various articles in the Cornucopia, among which may be particularly noticed those on Lemons and Oranges, on the poem of Beowulf, on Catholic Puritanism, and on the Religion of Wise Men.

Vol. 44.—Three papers, entitled 'Autobiographic particulars of Jesus, the Son of Sirach.'

In the Cornucopia the first eight articles, p. 234, in one of which he notices that the 7th of November, his own birthday, was also the day on which Plato, Sir Isaac Newton, and Count Frederick Stolberg, were born; nine articles, p. 325; and at p. 433, the account of the intercourse between Voltaire and Frederic, king of Prussia.

Vol. 45.—The German Student, Nos. 1 & 2, being the commencement of his 'Historic Survey of German Poetry.'

On the treatment of Sir J. E. Smith at Cambridge, where the tutors of the colleges protested against his lecturing on botany.

Vol. 46.—The German Student, Nos. 3, 4 and 5.

Two short papers, supplementary to those in vol. 44, on Jesus, the Son of Sirach.

On the Exclusion of Nonconformists from the Universities.

On the Union of the Lutheran and Calvinist Churches in Bavaria.

Various articles in the Cornucopia.

are three entitled 'Autobiographic Particulars of Jesus, the Son of Sirach.' These are a continuation of the inquiry respecting the books of The Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus in vols. 39 and 40, and endeavour to establish, by the internal evidence which those writings afford, the hypothesis stated in the letter to Robert Southey of the 10th of February, 1812 (No. 67). The last of them concludes thus:—"But one inference is possible. There cannot have been two Menechmi at Jerusalem both named Jesus, both born of a virgin, to whom a miraculous conception was imputed; both educated in the Temple; both sent into Egypt; both undertaking a mission to reform the Jewish Church, and lecturing to that effect in Solomon's porch; both claiming to be the Son of God at Jerusalem; both arraigned for blasphemy, both crucified, both interred, and both reserved for resurrection from the sepulchre. Yet all these things are true of the Son of Sirach, by his own showing. It follows that he is the Jesus of the Evangelists. And with this important discovery let us for the moment be content; let a solemn pause intervene before we apply it, in all its bearings, to the most solemn concerns of mankind."

CHAPTER VIII.

1819 to 1823.

DEATH OF MR. TAYLOR, SEN.—LETTER TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.—MONTHLY REVIEW.—MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—LETTERS TO MR. PAYNE.—MEMOIR OF DR. SAYERS.

In the year 1819 William Taylor lost his surviving parent. To the last they continued to reside together, making of their property one common fund, and maintaining one common household. Notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their tastes, habits and pursuits, they lived together in the most undisturbed harmony. The father could not indeed participate in the son's studies and intellectual recreations, but he looked up to and was proud of his talents, and felt confidence in his judgement ; while the son assiduously watched over his father's comfort, and soothed the infirmities of declining age. These duties claimed for some years a large share of his attention. His father, who in the meridian of life had been a man of indefatigable activity, was afflicted before its close with a debility of the lower extremities, which prevented his moving about without

assistance. This unwonted dependence upon others, and total deprivation of habitual exercise, were trials beneath which the most placid temper might have succumbed. To soothe into equanimity the irritations of encroaching disease, and minister to the wants of slowly decaying strength, require a lenient and delicate treatment, which affection alone can judiciously apply. This task William Taylor performed skilfully and kindly, till it was terminated by the death of his father, who had attained the advanced age of 87 years. Never was the precept, "Honour thy father and mother," more beautifully illustrated than in the whole tenor of his conduct. Equally remote from the craven submission of timidity and the selfish fawning of dependence, it presented the interesting spectacle of a superior mind gracefully obeying the dictates of nature, gratitude and piety. The quiet, unobtrusive, domestic virtues are the loveliest offspring of the religion of the heart. What can creeds or doctrines show, to be compared with them?

The ties by which William Taylor was attached to his home having been thus severed, some of his friends urged him strongly, and his own inclination seemed to second the proposal, to revisit Germany, and make himself acquainted with its more modern literature. Having acted so prominent a part in introducing among us the

works of those writers who had distinguished themselves in that country during the last century, no pursuit could be more appropriate or inviting than that which was thus recommended to him. For a season the project was seriously entertained; the time was named for his departure, and Heidelberg selected as the place of his sojourning. He even contemplated, on his return from this excursion, the possibility of fixing his residence in London, where, in daily intercourse with the most talented and enlightened men of the age, his own abilities and acquirements might be stimulated to nobler exertions, and find a more extensive field both for research and display. But these plans were only formed to be abandoned. Local attachments and inveterate habits prevailed against them; the raised foot was weighed down, the first step never accomplished, and settling again into his usual routine, his pipe, his books and his pen, the noon-tide walk, the social dinner-table, and the cheerful after-dinner conversation, filled, with little variation, the round of each succeeding day. Some symptoms too began to manifest themselves of that indolence which marks the approach of age, and sighs for repose. His biographical memoir of his friend Dr. Sayers advanced with slow progress, and the expostulations of the editor of the 'Monthly Review', on account of a dilatory

supply of articles, became more frequent, and assumed a more earnest tone. The subjoined extracts from his letters furnish some details that may still be found interesting with regard to the literary works and plans of that period:—

"31*st July*, 1819.—I am afraid that you will rather shrink from the large cargo which I have now sent, particularly as your hands are not freed from former supplies, and as many of the works now transmitted are extensive. Time and perseverance, however, will, I doubt not, enable you to conquer them. Several of them relate to India and Persia, such as Fitzclarence's Journal, Heude's Voyage, Johnson's Journey, Kotzebue's Journey, and Morier's Second Journey, and should, I think, be considered in some connection, though their size will probably require that each should have a separate article. I have from good private authority that Fitzclarence's book has been *written for him*, and I could name the person who has done it; but I suppose that in the article we must do no more than hint at this fact, and *that*, I think, we must do for our own sakes."

"19*th Sept.*, 1820.—A Baron La Motte Fouqué has published two small romances in German, called *Undine* and *Sintram*, which have been translated here and much noticed, particularly the former. I have heard of a project to give a new translation of *Undine*, if not also of *Sintram*, to be better done than that which has been published, to be printed in a handsome form, and to be ornamented with engravings from good designs; but it was intimated that an able translator was wanted, and I thought of you. The works are each small duodecimo volumes, and would soon be accomplished by a practised German reader. If the design be carried on, would you

like to undertake the translation of one or both of them for a handsome compensation, according to the quantity? Pray inform me by the next post."

"*4th December*, 1820.—You will have observed that *I* excused *ourselves* with regard to a specific notice of the letter from Camberwell, on the subject of your conjecture about the Persian monarchs. The truth is, that I fear the whole hypothesis is indefensible; and I must beg you to advert to the difference between the 'Monthly Review' and a Magazine, as to the propriety of throwing out such adventurous conjectures. The Review ought to be always consistent; and one writer should not advance opinions on established points which he may deem just, but which others are not prepared to maintain, and may even be disposed to contradict; while in a Magazine there is no necessity for homogeneity, and each writer may *sport* what he pleases, without reference to other papers, past, present, or future. An accomplished scholar in my neighbourhood, with whom I have conversed on the subject, is decidedly adverse to the ideas which we have promulgated; and he communicated to me in writing his arguments against them, which I intended to enclose in the parcel, but which were accidentally omitted: I will forward them for your consideration. The notion of the identity of Marlowe and Shakspeare has, I find, excited similar dissent; and I hear of a proposed attack upon it in a projected republication of Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander.' I believe that the design of re-translating *Undine* and *Sintram* is abandoned, owing partly to your unfavourable opinion of the books."

"14*th April*, 1821.—You will find a No. of a periodical pamphlet called 'The British Stage,' which I send for your perusal of the paper which it contains relative to Marlowe; and which, by giving the register

of his death, proves the reality of his life, and the fact of his non-identity with Shakspeare. I believe I sent you some manuscript remarks on your theory respecting the Persian kings: may I ask whether you allow any weight to them?"

Many passages complaining of a tardy supply of articles for the 'Review' have not been included in this selection, as William Taylor has himself stated the fact of his growing disinclination for writing, and the cause of it, in the following letter to Robert Southey, which is the last of the long series that has been preserved.

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 73.)

"My dear Friend, "Norwich, March 12, 1821.

"It is not permitted to receive a presentation-copy of your 'Vision of Judgement' without thanking you at least, for the polite manner in which you have mentioned me at the end of the preface. I enjoyed the book exceedingly, and have been reading it with peals of laughter. The idea is ingenious and happy, in writing the apotheosis of a king, to convert his red book into the book of life; and though there may be in this a little lurking profaneness, neither you nor I are likely to be shocked at that. Perhaps the irony is too covert; but probably you mean the Tories should be taken in. Apparently it is from Monti's elegy on the death of Ugo Basse-

ville that you borrowed the general plan of the machinery, which accords sufficiently with received ideas for interesting effect. The versification is to my ear usually pleasing; most so when spondees mingle in the lines, which have else too many light syllables. Thus I like the following:—

"While in the west beyond was the last pale tint of the twilight."

"Neither man was heard, bird, beast, nor the humming of insect."

"Sent forth its note again, toll toll, through the silence of evening."

and am least pleased with those which begin with a weak or unaccented syllable. 'The Odyssey,' Theocritus, or Goethe's 'Herman and Dorothea,' would well bear translating into this new metre; and there is always one advantage in novel forms of versification,—that words require to be stationed in new combinations, and thus produce original associations of idea—it is like changing partners at the end of a country-dance, or sowing flower-seeds on the paths of triviality.

I trust we are approximating again in political opinion, and can agree to sympathize in the regeneration of Spain, of Portugal, of Naples, and in abhorring the tigers of Laybach. O that 'Roderick' were translated into Italian and Spanish, and contributing to warm the invaded to resistance, and prophetically foreboding the catastrophe

of the aggressors! The Spaniards should offer to the king of Brazil the right bank of the Plata in exchange for Portugal, and incorporate the whole peninsula under one government, with Toledo for the metropolis. The Tagus would then be the chief river, and Cadiz would remove to Lisbon; the languages could easily coalesce under a new system of orthography; and as all the forms of instruction will require new elementary books adapted to the liberal ideas which are disseminating, this is a convenient moment for the innovation.—Your friend, the Rev. Mr. Walpole, told me last year he hoped you were coming to Scole. I trust you will not approach Norwich so near without giving me a look. I shall always have an apartment at your service, although not the same you slept in when you came to see Henry. I am removed out of Surrey-street, and live within a few doors of his old master Mr. Martineau, in King-street. You would find me altered; my teeth, my eyes decay; and by the time I am sixty, which will happen this olympiad, I shall be full threescore.

A Norwich young man is construing with me Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell,' with the view of translating it for the press. His name is George Henry Borrow, and he has learnt German with extraordinary rapidity; indeed, he has the gift of tongues, and, though not yet eighteen, under-

stands twelve languages—English, Welsh, Erse, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese; he would like to get into the Office for Foreign Affairs, but does not know how.

"I am writing a biography of Dr. Sayers, to prefix to his 'Collective Works,' with which I hope to present you in the summer; but I feel a morbid reluctance to application, and cannot see to read and write by candle-light, so that I advance more slowly than I ought. Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting you this summer in London, as there is a probability of my wandering so far. Meanwhile farewell! and believe me,

"Truly yours,

"William Taylor."

Those who are conversant with the writings of William Taylor and accustomed to distinguish the peculiarity of his style, will not fail to perceive in the articles which he at this time contributed to the 'Monthly Magazine' and 'Monthly Review,' that the "reluctance to application," which he has here avowed, manifested itself still further by an occasional languidness in the compositions themselves, which had never before been discernible in them. Although many of these papers exhibit his usual vivacity and ingenuity, and some of them even still display that

sagacious foresight, which, as in instances already pointed out, anticipated changes that have since been commenced or effected; still, such is their inequality, that there are others, in which the workings of his mind can with difficulty be traced, and which, without positive evidence, would not have been ascribed to his pen. In some of them too will be seen his boldness of conjecture in hazarding strange hypotheses, such as those referred to in the letters of the editor of the Monthly Review, which, however, elicited replies or discussions, sufficient to make him acknowledge, that the energy of fancy had led him to erroneous conclusions*.

* During the four years, 1819 to 1822, the following works were examined by him for the Monthly Review:—

Vol. 88.—*Sir Wm. Drummond's Odin, a Poem.*
Burney's History of the Buccaneers of America.
Müller's Universal History.
Segur's Moral and Political Gallery.
Histoire de l'Esprit revolutionnaire des Nobles en France.
Tancoigne's Letters on Persia.
Voyages and Travels from New York to New Orleans.
Landon's Numismatics of Anacharsis.
The Upstarts, by Mad. de Genlis.
Vol. 89.—Brown's Northern Courts.
D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, vol. iii.
——— The Literary Character.
Nichols's Illustrations of Literary History.
Bonnycastle's Spanish America.
Drake's Shakspeare and his Times.
Catteau-Calleville's Revolutions of Norway.
Feldborg's History of Norway.

In the review of Johnson's 'Journey from India' (Monthly Review, vol. xcii.), the following

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St. Martin's Memoirs on Armenia.
Ballanche on Social Institutions.
Biographie Universelle, vols. xi.–xiv.
Vol. 90.—*Horace Walpole's Letters.*
Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron.
Chalmers's Life of Mary, Queen of Scots.
Schlegel's Lectures on the History of Literature.
Young's History of Whitby.
Gilchrist's Intellectual Patrimony.
Daru's History of Venice.
Forbin's Travels in the Levant.
Metallic History of Napoleon.
Vol. 91.—Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay.
Taylor's Translation of Lilawati.
Roscoe's Discourse on the Origin of Literature.
Memoir of Sand; Goerres on Germany.
Fitzclarence's Journal in India.
Mills's History of Mohammedanism.
Heude's Voyage up the Persian Gulf.
Origin of the Pindarries.
Kotzebue's Journey into Persia.
Craufurd's Researches concerning India.
Mackenzie's Essay on Taste.
Thomson on English Etymology.
Lumsden's Letter on General Grammar.
Parga; a Poem.
Karamsin's History of Russia.
Peret's Histoire Explanatoire.
Mad. De la Recke's Travels in Germany.
Vol. 92.—Johnson's Journey from India.
Berwick's Memoirs of Scipio Africanus.
Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays.
———— Lectures on English Poets.
———— ———— on English Comic Writers.

passage, on the importance and probable course of an overland communication with our Asiatic

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Morier's Second Journey through Persia.
Ram Mohun Roy's Translation of the Vedant.
Sketches of India.
Mad. de Stael's Life and Treasures of Thought.
Inedited Correspondence of Bonaparte.
Mad. de Grafigny's Private Life of Voltaire.
St. Donat's and Roquefort's Memoir of Charles John King of Sweden.
Jamieson's Grammar of Rhetoric.
Barbier's Examination of Historical Dictionaries.
Ebert's Universal Bibliographical Lexicon.
Vol. 93.—Hazlitt's Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth.
Narrative of a Voyage to the Spanish Main.
Hackett's Narrative of a Voyage to join the South American Patriots.
Sketch of a Tour in the Highlands.
Roscoe on Penal Jurisprudence.
Thomson on English Etymology.
Goerres's Translation of Ferdoosi's Hero-book.
Europe and its Colonies.
Moir's Inquiry into curious subjects.
Vialla de Sommière's Tour in Montenegro.
Chronological Review of French History.
Inedited Pieces of Voltaire.
Vol. 94.—*Collier's Poetical Decameron.*
Chesterton's Narrative of Proceedings in Venezuela.
Summary of the Mahratta and Pindarree Campaign.
Memoirs of the Marquis de Valori.
Necker's Life and Works.
Unpublished Letters from Voltaire, &c.
Political Considerations on Germany.
Bignon on the Congress of Troppau.
On the Projects of Austria respecting Italy.
Arnault's New Biography.

colonies, evinces that acuteness of perception, that provident tracing of future events likely to

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Vol. 95.—*Hamilton's Description of Hindostan.*
Boileau on the Nature and Genius of the German Language.
Gunn's Historia Brittonum.
Beauchamp's History of the Revolution in Piedmont.
Summary of the Revolution in Naples.
Necker's Works.
History of the Wars of the French Revolution.
Orloff's Memoirs relative to Naples.
De Rouillon's Elementary Course of General Literature.
Vol. 96.—*Luccock's Notes on Rio de Janeiro.*
Hughes's Horæ Britannicæ.
Greswell's Annals of Parisian Typography.
Wentworth's Description of New South Wales.
History of the Three Dismemberments of Poland.
Biographie Universelle.
Jullian on Events in Spain.
Vol. 97.—Wilkinson's Account of Wallachia and Moldavia.
Robinson's Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution.
The Hermit in London.
Orloff's Memoirs relative to Naples. (*Concluded.*)
Valori's Journal of Henry IV.
Sismonde de Sismondi's History of the French.
De Segur's Universal History.
Madame de Stael's Complete Works.
Vol. 98.—*Cox's Residence in the Burmhan Empire.*
Wilhelm Meister's Peregrinations.
Vol. 99.—*Maurice's Memoirs.*
Lumsden's Journey from India.
Drake's Evenings in Autumn.
Remusat's Elements of Chinese Grammar.
Bibliographical Essay on the Elzevir Editions.
Jouy's Morality applied to Politics.
Garcin de Tassy's Translation of the Koran.
Arnault's New Biography, vols. iii.—vi.

arise out of existing circumstances, whose prophetic speculations we already behold nearly accomplished :—

"The number of persons who go out from this country to Hindostan is very considerable, and we apprehend that much economy of time, of expense, and of *ennui* could be accomplished by crossing the Continent instead of doubling the Cape. Might not a negotiation with the governments of Russia and Persia suffice to open regular relays of horses from Riga to Odessa; to obtain leave for establishing packet-boats between Odessa and Trebizond; to open relays and guard the roads between Trebizond and Mosul; and to run a steam-boat down the Tigris to Bashire, whence the passage by sea to the coast of Malabar is short and easy? If a systematic and periodical conveyance of this mixed kind were once established, a regular flow of travellers along the new channel would presently appear, and curiosity would reinforce the numbers which ambition puts in motion. For British accommodation, British caravanserays would be founded along the whole road; and our arts of life, our manners and customs, our habits of dress and furniture, our ways of eating and drinking, would first be exemplified, then copied, in the principal towns of the East; thus in no slight degree contributing to the progress of civilization and to the consumption of our manufactures. The heavy hours spent in a sea-voyage are nearly lost to observation and to useful industry, while the time passed in a journey overland stocks the mind with agreeable, rich and instructive impressions, adapted to enliven the recollections of solitude, to adorn the narratives of conversation, to confer a knowledge of human nature, to excite a tolerance of its discordant usages and doctrines, and to domesticate a man (as it were) in every part of the earth."

This subject was again taken up and more largely discussed at the close of the article on Mill's 'British India' (vol. xcvi. p. 165); but it seems to have been the work of some other writer for this periodical, who had adopted and amplified the ideas of William Taylor. It is not to be supposed that the projectors of the route already established by way of Egypt, and the explorers of the navigation of the Euphrates, were set to work by hints suggested so long ago in a literary periodical; but to the writer of them must be conceded the merit of having foreseen what the force of circumstances would produce, to serve the obvious interests of a mighty empire, and promote a speedier intercommunication with its distant provinces.

In a somewhat similar spirit he predicted also the separation of Belgium from Holland in his review of 'Europe and its Colonies' (vol. xciv.):—

"The king of the Netherlands is not likely to succeed in ever consolidating with the bands of reciprocal affection and patriotic loyalty his Catholic and his Protestant, his French and his Dutch subjects; since the language and literature of France prevail in his metropolis, undermine the allegiance of his court, and will once more, as at the beginning of the anti-jacobin war, detach his fairest provinces from a sway which is rather despised than abhorred."

This article contains also some just reflections on our colonial power which are worthy of being more widely disseminated.

In the same volume, his comments upon Mr. Hazlitt's encomium of Spenser, and his sketch of the character of Voltaire, are made in a strain of criticism so just, and with a tact of appreciation so nice*, that they will at all times be read with an interest as lasting as the subjects of which they treat.

In the Monthly Magazine (vol. liii.), his account

* The eight volumes of the Monthly Magazine, which appeared during the same period, contained the following papers by William Taylor:—

Vol. 47.—The German Student, Nos. 6 to 8, the subjects of which are the works of Hagedorn, Haller and Gellert.

On the Union of Protestant Sects in Germany.

On the Character and Writings of Horace; from the German of Sulzer.

A Translation of Wieland's Dialogue between Hecate, Luna, and Diana.

On the party designations of Tory, Whig and Roundhead.

A Defence of Sir J. E. Smith's Creed.

On a Proposal for a Convocation.

On Toland's Pantheisticon.

In the Cornucopia—the articles on Fairfax's Eclogues, on the Funeral Service of George II., on Omelets, on Tobacco, &c.

Vol. 48.—The German Student, Nos. 9 and 10, containing an account of the works of Gleim, Kleist and Bodmer. From the second a translation is given of the *Sehnsucht nach Ruhe* (Sighs for Rest), which afterwards appeared in the 'Historic Survey,' vol. i. p. 312.

On the original reading of Gray's Elegy.

On the Identity of Christopher Marlowe. In the Monthly Review, William Taylor advanced the theory, noticed in two of the editor's letters to him, that Shakspeare made his first appearance in London under the assumed name

of Von Hammer's 'Constantinople and the Bosphorus' is enlivened by amusing speculations, which, however highly embellished by imaginative sketches, still bespeak a penetrating intuitive glance into the bearings and tendencies of political design. The late transactions in Syria, on which the regards of Europe have been so intently fixed, evince the importance attached by

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of Christopher Marlowe. This conjecture excited some attention, and documents were produced by which it was shown to have no solid foundation. In the present paper he replies to himself and disproves his own theory.

In the Cornucopia — Charles Blount's *Animus Mundi*; The New Prussian Liturgy; on the Solemnization of Matrimony; on Drunkenness; an account of Giardini, the composer of the music in the opera of Love in a Village.

Vol. 49.—The German Student, Nos. 11 and 17, of which the writings of Gesner and Klopstock supply the materials.

Wieland's Dialogue between Brutus and Charlotte Corday.

L'Ape Italiana. Anecdotes of Dante.

In the Cornucopia—The Somnial Hercules; Plato's Atlantis; Apoleutheros, &c.

Vol. 50.—The German Student, No. 18. Bürger's works, with a translation of the "Wild Hunter."

The Apocryphal New Testament.

In the Cornucopia—the articles on Tobacco, and on Clarke's Christiados, which "had the great merit of suggesting to Klopstock the plan of the Messiah."

Vol. 51.—The German Student, Nos. 18 and 19. The first of these is a general review of Herder's works; and the second is a translation of his 'Critical Dissertation on the Genius of Shakspeare,' of whose writings he takes that view in which they have since been regarded by Schlegel.

the guardians of British interests to that avenue of overland communication with our oriental possessions. Twenty years ago public opinion was unimpressed with that conviction; but William Taylor, as is shown in this article, perceived that events were working in that direction, and had the merit of turning thitherward the feelers of the national mind. This is another instance of that prescience of intellect which on several occasions has been already noticed. Had such powers been

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In the Cornucopia—Hot Cross Buns; Sour Kraut; Hops; Abyssinian Sacrament; the Etymology of the names Saracens and Maugrebins.

Vol. 52.—The German Student, Nos. 20 and 21. An account of the Life and Writings of Schiller.

Eichhorn on the Jewish Poets, an article in the Cornucopia.

A parody on Pope's "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame," under the title of "Soliloquy of a Winter Bather."

Vol. 53.—A supposed chapter in Gulliver's Travels,—a satirical description of the British Constitution.

The German Student, Nos. 22 to 24, which are occupied by the other works of Schiller.

Niemeyer's Travels.

Von Hammer's Constantinople and the Bosphorus.

On the Jewish Extraction and Religion of the Persian Sovereigns from Cyrus to Darius III. This is a defence of another theory which he had put forth in the Monthly Review, and which is also noticed in some of the editor's letters. In support of it, he endeavoured to prove that the Jewish feast of Purim, and the Magophonia of the Persians, mentioned by Herodotus, refer to the same event.

Vol. 54.—The German Student, Nos. 25 and 26, of which Wieland's works are the subject.

trained in the schools of office, and inured to practical application, how eminently useful might they have been to their country and to mankind!

Several occasions have already presented themselves of noticing the lively interest taken by William Taylor in promoting the welfare of young men entering upon the world. Another instance of the same occurred about this time in the case of Mr. James Henry Payne, for whom, after previously receiving him into his house and assisting him with advice and instruction, he obtained admission into the college at York for the education of Unitarian ministers. During Mr. Payne's absence from Norwich they maintained a correspondence, from William Taylor's part of which the following extracts are truly characteristic of his mind and heart.

"*4th January*, 1820.—I received with pleasure your letter of the 28th December; not that I suspected you of having wholly forgotten me, but that one likes once in a while to interchange the verbal assurance of reminiscence. Odin says in his Haava-mahl, 'Never let the grass grow in the path to the house of your friend;' and when friends are absent from each other, it is expedient that they should now and then use the pen to keep the track open for one another's sympathies. You do not tell me enough how you like York, and what you are doing there. I am very glad you read the German Bible, and know your *Unservater* by heart; but I should like also to know whether you attend the lectures on theology and ecclesiastical history; or whether your

tutors confine you to studies not strictly professional, and of which you are no longer in need. It always seemed to me in T——'s time, that there was too much of routine and too little of personal adaptation in the discipline of your Manchester College; that he was muddled with mathematics, to whom they were always a sentence of intellectual demersion; and not allowed to attend merely to the essentials of his profession, which was the utmost that he had any chance of acquiring."

"23*rd March*, 1820.—Your friend T. has undertaken German under my tuition, and will have got before you very soon; he is the quickest learner of languages whom I ever instructed, and I have had illustrious pupils, such as Dr. Sayers, Mr. Barron, Mr. Pitchford, all good scholars and clever men. He takes three lessons in a week, has attended me but a fort'night; it is true he fags at home, but he already construes the 'Messiah' nearly as well as myself.

"I think you are a skaiter, and must know the shallow pool in the meadows which usually afforded the first bearing ice. Near that pool, and between it and the river, was, as you remember, a mound of earth, which had the appearance of having been thrown up for a windmill to stand on, and was called the hoe or hough. This mound has lately been spread over the meadows by the new lessee, in order to fertilize them. In its centre was found a circular flint wall, like the rim of a well, and within this enclosure a vase of coarse pottery containing fragments of burnt bones. Some chips of rusty iron found below seem to indicate that weapons were buried beneath the urn. The surrounding earth, which entirely concealed this tumulus, consisted of gravel brought apparently from Mosswold. Now whose barrow or sepulchre was this? It is not Roman, solitary burial being unusual among that people, and also

the interment of weapons. It is not Saxon, for the Saxons adopted Christianity from the Romans, and with their Christianity the practice of burying in cemeteries. It is then Danish, and must be referred to the period of Danish pagan ascendancy among the East Angles. Now then what eminent pagan Dane was slain near Norwich, and can have been buried in this island of the Wensum; for such the spot seems once to have been? I decide for Ulfkytel, who, when king Sweyn came in 1004 and plundered Norwich and Thetford, tried to intercept that king's return to his ships, and fought him (according to the Saxon Chronicle in 1006) at the Asses' Down (which I suppose to be Tuck's Wood) and was killed*. This Ulfkytel was a pagan Dane, but, being in the employ of king Ethelred II., must have been suffered to be buried by his followers after the manner of his country, although Norwich was then Christian. Yet a certain feeling of profanation is indicated by his being exiled into the shoal of the river. Have you any better theory to propose?"

"5*th October*, 1820.—I now turn to your table of topics. What do the architectural remains of Egypt prove with respect to its intellectual advancement? They are of three classes. (1.) The Coptic prior to the invasion of Cambyses, such as the pyramids, the lake Mœris, and the Nilometers. (2.) The Persian, such as the temple of Tentyra, &c. (3.) The Greek, which are subsequent to the conquests of Alexander, such as the remains of the Serapeum, the obelisks of Cleopatra, the pillar of Dioclesian, &c.—I. No Coptic monuments were

* This mound was probably the island-tomb of some Danish chieftain who was killed at the time of Sweyn's invasion. But Ulfkytel survived that event twelve years, and was one of the Saxon nobles slain in 1016, at the disastrous battle of Assandune in Essex, where Canute defeated Edmund Ironside.

extant in the time of Joseph, or they would have been mentioned in the book of Genesis. The oldest pyramid was probably erected in honour of Joseph, and the next oldest in honour of Sesostris or Joshua. They attest the labour of numbers, not high mechanical skill. That sort of geometry which we call mensuration must have been well understood; the lands were unenclosed, and annually measured out to the different nests of population, in proportion to the use of the Nilometers. II. The roof of the temple at Tentyra is inscribed with a zodiac, which indicates the solstice by a crab, the equinox by a balance, &c. This zodiac must be of Persian origin, for in Egypt, as everywhere between the tropics, the equinox is perpetual. The astronomy of the Egyptians, therefore, came from Persia. But hieroglyphic writing was prior to the Persian invasion, because Syncellus says, that Otanes the Mede sent at that time into Egypt Democritus of Abdera, who learnt at Memphis of a Jewish woman, named Mary, to correspond in hieroglyphs. Consequently the monuments inscribed with hieroglyphs are to be classed as works of native art, and not of Persian origin. III. The Greeks introduced the use of arches in Egyptian architecture. Every temple prior to the Ptolemies was roofed with broad flat stones, if roofed at all. The statue of Serapis was imported from Sinope, so that to cast bronze statues was unknown in Egypt before the Ptolemaic dynasty. Euclid probably learnt at Alexandria the geometry which he taught to the Greeks. Whatever may have happened in the sea-ports, the mass of Egyptians does not appear to have been polytheistic, but rather pantheistic. The making of a public provision to feed certain animals during the inundation is not an idolatrous worship of those animals. If you wish to be referred to lengthier notices of these matters, specify which."

"*24th October*, 1820.—You ask about the religious opinions of the Egyptians. Jablonski's *Pantheon Egyptiacum* passes for the best account of their idolatry; but, like the people of Canaan, those of Egypt were divided in religious opinion, and certainly included a numerous sect of fire-worshippers, monotheists, allied in persuasion to the Persian church and to the Jewish priesthood. You also ask about the causes of the pleasure derived from the contemplation of ruins. In this there may be something of idiosyncracy, and you may delight in them more than I do. Unless a ruin be the remain of some celebrated edifice, of whose history I am aware, or whose magnificent utility I can infer from the fragments in being, the sight of a misshapen wreck gives me no strong delight. Still, as all the knowledge which comes to us in words makes a feebler impression than that which comes to us from visible objects, we are always glad to have some visible token, some sensible nucleus of association with which to connect important clusters of idea. If we read about Cromwell or Bonaparte, we desire to possess a coin, a bust, a portrait, with which to embody, as it were, the reminiscence, and to preserve a keepsake of celebrity. The worship of relics is a taste of this kind, and so is, I think, the veneration for ruins. They call back and concentre on one token long trains of thought. Before the ruinous gate of St. Benedict's Abbey* spectres of the past rise in the mind,—the rudeness of our courageous heathen ancestors, whom these monks came over to convert, to instruct, and to civilize, —the pompous ceremonies of the Catholic church, which were guided in slow solemnity under this archway,—the solemn chant of the white-robed fathers seems to echo

* For an account of this abbey see Taylor's 'Index Monasticus,' and Stark's 'Scenery of the Rivers of Norfolk.'

anew along the aisle,—we follow them in fancy to the book-room, in which they compiled their Saxon chronicles, and preserved for us all the little we know of their dark age,—we pursue their occupations into the meadow,

'..... where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,'

and thank them for introducing the esculent plants of France into our climate,—we admire the rich Italian architecture of which they brought us specimens, and which they taught us to substitute for the log-house temples of Thor and Odin,—and thus we are pleased and delighted in the presence of the ruin, not by any inherent power of arousing the feelings, which broken and deciduous objects possess, but because certain interesting ideas are necessarily associated with peculiar remains of antiquity. A striking ruin is Drayton Lodge; but because nobody knows for what purpose it was designed, or when it was constructed, we do not approach it with half the warmth of internal agitation with which more imperfect buildings whose destinies we know are visited."

"15*th December*, 1820.—I am glad you are resuming the study of German, and are comparing the style of Herman and Dorothea with that of the Odyssey and of Theocritus; but there is a tenderness of feeling in Goethe to which the rudeness of Homer and the roguery of Theocritus did not tend, and which may lend to your future sermons sweet touches of pathos; for instance, in the passage—

'Der Glückliche glaubt nicht
Dass noch Wunder geschehn; denn nur im Elend erkennt man
Gottes Hand und Finger, der gute Menschen zum Guten
Leitet. Was er durch Euch an uns thut, thu' er Euch selber.'"

"1*st March*, 1821.—The most important point about

which you consult me, is the topic to be chosen for your oration in June next before the assembled friends of the institution. And the first observation I would interpose is, that you ought to select some topic connected with your professional destination. When young men write on subjects which have nothing to do with their ostensible pursuits, an idea is excited in society that they do not mind their proper business; that they have other inclinations than those which appertain to their official employment, and consequently that they are not likely to excel in this, for want of the requisite exclusive industry. One man can do but one thing well. Hence I am for throwing aside, as irrelevant, any discussion of the causes of the pleasure we derive from ruins, and for preferring a topic which you can afterwards enlarge upon in the pulpit, such as the expediency of frequenting stage-plays. You will naturally avoid any extreme opinion, and recommend an occasional and temperate attention to the theatre when plays are exhibited of acknowledged classical rank and strictly moral tendency. An evangelical or methodist minister, of the name of Styles, published in 1807 an 'Essay on the Immoral and Antichristian Tendency of the Stage.' This book I reviewed in the fifth volume of the Annual Review and opposed his arguments. He attached my article, which is a remarkable one, to his Essay, and appended a long reply to my criticism at the end of a second edition. Were you to get this second edition, you would find in one place the principal arguments on both sides of the question, and could select the most prominent and convenient."

"28*th March*, 1821.—I do not recollect to have discussed with you the credibility of early Roman history. There is a good book on the subject in French by M. de Beaufort. He observes that Livy is our fundamental

authority; that Livy admits the uncertainty of the early traditions, and admits (lib. vi. c. 1.) that on the taking of Rome by the Gauls, the comments of the priests, which were the only regular annals, perished in the conflagration of the temples. The Romans were five hundred years without an historian, and so little addicted to letters, that their public chronology was kept by driving a nail into a wall annually. (See Livy's seventh book, and compare Festus under the word *Clavus*.) Plutarch, in Numa, adduces the further authority of Clodius's *Chronological Abridgement*, that all the genuine records were burnt by the Gauls, and the subsequent chronicles forged. Even Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who patronized the system of believing in the early traditional history, is obliged to acknowledge the lack of evidence. Cicero, in discussing with Atticus the expediency of undertaking a Roman history, hesitates how late to begin, on account of the fabulous character of the early story. Yet it appears, from the first epistle of the second book of Horace, that some *Pontificum libri* were preserved, and it is not unlikely that temples occasionally furnished one another with copies of old chronicles. The laws of the twelve tables and several treaties of peace must have been in the custody of more than one party; and these Livy, in his sixth book, states to have been diligently sought after and examined. Polybius has preserved what purports to be the earliest treaty between the Romans and Carthaginians; but Beaufort has well dissected this document, and shows it to be untrustworthy; so again that of Porsenna. Statues, inscriptions, monuments throw very little light on early Roman history, there being hardly any remains of ancient date; the age of architecture was not arrived. The acts of the people and the senate were first collected by Murianus, as Cicero says in Dialogue De Orat.

c. 37. Yet none of these acts go back to above the year 585. There were linen books and memoirs of the Censors, kept ultimately by public authority. There were also family-memoirs, which great men left in writing for the instruction of their own descendants; and hence, Beaufort thinks, the principal mass of the trustworthy intelligence which remains. When all these are marshalled and analysed, it becomes evident that they could not supply satisfactory proof of the great mass of detail which has been built upon them."

"10*th December*, 1821.--You no doubt continue to cultivate German. If you have a copy of Klopstock's 'Spiritual Songs,' read *Die Höheren Stufen*; it is a beautiful dream of immortality, and realizes to the imagination the most probable form of a future state; it is vexatious that the Scriptures should be so reserved about its nature."

"25*th November*, 1822.—Ram Mohun Roy's theology I have adopted, and read at the Philosophic Society, a week or two ago, a paper in defence of pantheism, which I contended was also the theology of Philo, and of Jesus the son of Sirach. But I did not say that I thought the son of Sirach to be the Jesus of the Gospels; for although this is my peculiar heresy, yet the controversy would hardly have been thought to come within the range of our agreed topics.

"You ask me for a list of eloquent sermons. There are two fast-day sermons, preached during the American war or earlier, by the late Newcome Cappe, which seem to me so masterly in point of eloquence, that they ought to have been reprinted in the more recent volume of his sermons. Mr. Houghton's sermon for the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, George Walker's sermon to the Nottinghamshire Militia, Fawcett's sermon on the Omnipresence, are good specimens. Jeremy Tay-

lor's writings may be prolix, but they contain a vast number of beautiful passages, which you will do well to transcribe on loose sheets of paper, so as to insert them every now and then in an adapted composition of your own. Barrow is a good sermon-maker. In general, you would do well to study foreign models of pulpit eloquence, because you can translate from them long passages without the reproach of plagiarism. But it is wiser still, perhaps, to plunder philosophers, essayists, moralists and others, who have not written for the pulpit, but who, like Seneca, contain a vast mass of matter entirely fit to be delivered there."

In the year 1823 William Taylor published his 'Life of Dr. Sayers.' By prefixing this memoir to the printed copies of his friend's 'Poems,' which had come into his possession, and by adding to the 'Disquisitions' an appendix, containing some reviewals, sermons, &c., he made up two octavo volumes, entitled 'Collective Works of the late Dr. Sayers, to which have been prefixed some Biographic Particulars.' The seclusion in which Dr. Sayers passed much of his life, and the scanty materials which it afforded to his biographer, have been already noticed; still the completion of this memoir, although it fills no more than one hundred and twenty-eight pages, occupied William Taylor six years. This delay did not proceed from indolence alone. The total and extreme change which Dr. Sayers's religious and political opinions had undergone, required to be touched by a tender and delicate

hand. Not that such changes, when they result from conviction, are in themselves reprehensible; but that they are usually accompanied by an acrimonious and intolerant spirit, which arouses counter-enmity and has brought them into general disrepute. Conversion may be a proof of laudable inquiry; but the convert who turns with rabid fierceness upon the friends whom he has forsaken, excites a suspicion that he is more dissatisfied with his present than with his former self. Dr. Sayers was of too gentle a nature to be actuated by such feelings in their more repulsive violence, but his general deportment was certainly in some degree influenced by them. His personal regard for William Taylor was not abated, but he did not seek his society with the same eagerness of delight as before, and on various occasions manifested that his opinions were more than distasteful to him. On this topic his biographer had the difficult task of stating the truth, without lowering his friend's character or compromising his own unalterable principles. This task William Taylor performed with a judiciousness, a felicity, and a kindness which have been acknowledged by those who were most attached to Dr. Sayers, and which raised himself in the estimation of those who were best able to appreciate his work. This effort to place facts in the softest light, and to throw a veil of apolo-

gizing forgiveness over displeasing truths, cost much time and consideration; many parts of the memoir were written and re-written before William Taylor could satisfy his own judgement; and the alterations and cancellings of the original manuscript show how the delay of six years occurred before it was fitted for the press*. It is, however, a very interesting composition, especially to all who knew the parties and witnessed their intercourse. The details of the narrative are seldom of public importance; but they exhibit beautiful delineations of private character, of warm friendship, and of quiet literary pursuits.

* "To the slow completion of this memoir of his friend, Mr. Taylor alludes in the work itself. Their former close intimacy and similarity of sentiment, and the extreme change that had taken place in Dr. Sayers's opinions, political and religious, rendered the composition of the memoir a task of no little delicacy and difficulty. After several pauses of hesitation he at length completed it, if not to his own satisfaction at least, to that of the friends and admirers of Dr. Sayers. It is such an exquisite piece of biography, that one hears unwillingly any imperfections attributed to it. A friend, however, told Mr. Taylor he thought his Life of Dr. Sayers was a *perfidious* life. 'This,' said Mr. Taylor to me, 'was said in good humour, and in like manner was taken. It was however said in sincerity;' and Mr. Taylor proceeded to make some admissions, which might excuse, though not quite justify, the strong term of reproach. He acknowledged that some part of the original manuscript had been suppressed; that he might have said more respecting Dr Sayers's early opinions; and also more of the intolerance that accompanied his change to an opposite way of thinking."—*Mr. Barron's MS. Reminiscences.*

The study by which these materials were wrought into so pleasing a form is skilfully hidden under a great appearance of natural simplicity; the art of concealing art has rarely been carried further, and has here produced a most highly finished cabinet picture of still life*.

* From William Taylor's long connexion with the Monthly Review, it may be inferred that his work would be there favourably noticed. The following extracts show the impression which it made on the writer of that article. "That the accomplished and intelligent editor of these volumes should, while thus occupied, attribute a seeming dignity to circumstances, which the cold calculations of reason would not allow them, is a pleasing and amiable delusion; and if it be not likely that his work will force its way far beyond the immediate circle of Dr. Sayers, on those friends it confers an invaluable obligation. It is adorned with the kindred goodness of heart, which the biographer infuses into every page. It is indeed marked by some of his peculiarities of style; and not without a share of those innovations which the German privilege of coining a new word where the old one is not adapted to the writer's fancy, seems to have suggested to him—neologisms that sometimes appear to surprise and terrify every other word in the sentence. But Mr. Taylor has made his own affections ours, and this is a great thing for a writer to effect. We take delight in his feelings, as he portrays them to us simply and honestly, without the slightest sentimental exaggeration. We see him busily at work in the kind office of setting in order all his fond recollections of his departed companion—ticketing, labelling and assorting them, and all this with a minuteness that undeniably asserts the genuineness and *naïveté* of his own feelings."—*Monthly Review*, vol. civ. p. 405.

CHAPTER IX.

1823 to 1836.

CLOSE OF WILLIAM TAYLOR'S PERIODICAL WRITINGS.—JOURNEY TO EDINBURGH AND KESWICK.—HISTORIC SURVEY OF GERMAN POETRY.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.—MR. CARLYLE'S REVIEWAL.—LETTERS FROM MR. CHARLES BUTLER.—CORRESPONDENCE.—DEATH OF WILLIAM TAYLOR.—MISS AIKIN'S SUMMARY OF HIS CHARACTER AND ACQUIREMENTS.

We are now approaching towards the close of William Taylor's connexion with the two periodicals in which he had for many years been so assiduous and able a coadjutor. In 1825 Mr. Griffiths disposed of his property in the Monthly Review, and the management of it was transferred to other hands. After this change William Taylor appears to have altogether discontinued writing for the work; and this seems to have been his own act, as he at the same time seceded also from the Monthly Magazine. The cause of this is not to be traced in any preserved memoranda. Whether he began to be secretly conscious that his powers were on the wane,—whether growing habits of indolence craved indulgence,—or whe-

ther an investment made of part of his property, which had hitherto been unproductive, now yielded him an annual revenue,—each of these circumstances perhaps influenced more or less the determination which he formed. In the letters of the editor of the Monthly Review there is nothing indicative of, or preparatory to, the alteration that ensued. Occasional complaints of ill-health occur, but none so serious as to evince any disposition to withdraw from his labours. The only portions of the correspondence which still retain any interest are the following, in which it will be seen that William Taylor's theories and conceits to the last provoked comments either from the authors of the works criticised, or from others who had paid attention to the subjects discussed.

"*August 6th*, 1823.—In sending you *Hone on Mysteries*, you will allow me to bespeak caution in reporting this book. I have no taste for the honour of martyrdom, or even of government-prosecution. Inclosed in the parcel is a letter from Mr. D'Israeli, which I beg you to return to me in the first packet, with your remarks in reply to it for the correspondence of this month. You will perceive the *landmarks* by which he has discovered you; but we must take no notice of his conjecture."

"*November 2nd*, 1823.—I have had a note from some reader of the Monthly Review, who makes objections, in the form of queries, to two or three statements in your article on Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, viz. 'How could the Anglo-Saxon alphabet have been borrowed from modern Italy, as the reviewer asserts in p. 148? The Saxons were completely established in En-

gland in the middle of the fifth century, and the dialect, called Anglo-Saxon, was then in use. But the modern Italian was not in existence till the latter part of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth century. See Hallam's 'Observations on the Formation of the Italian Language,' vol. ii. 8vo, and also Muratori 'De Scriptoribus Italicis,' passim.

"'Again, how can London be Longtown, p. 152? According to this etymology, the word must have been combined of two languages—of the *longus* of the Latin, and the *ton*, or town, of the Saxon.'

"Thus you see that critics are liable to be hyper-criticised, and that they must not say what they cannot prove or defend; but perhaps, in turn, you will show to me that the hyper-critic is wrong."

The concluding list of William Taylor's critical and periodical writings will be found in the note*. One short extract from them will close

* Monthly Review, 1823, vol. 100:—
Booth's Analytical English Dictionary.
Henderson's History of the Brazil.
The Life of Ali Pacha.
Champollion on Hieroglyphics.
The Hermit in the Provinces.
Voltaire in one volume.
Necker's works, vols. ix. and x.
Le Normand's Recollections of Belgium.
Vol. 101.—Hazlitt's Table-Talk.
Downes's Letters from Mecklenburg.
D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature. Series 2nd.
Collet's Relics of Literature.
Foscolo's Essays on Petrarch.
Oliver on the Antiquities of Free-Masonry.
Arnault's New Biography, vols. vii.–ix.
Vol. 102.—Bosworth's Elements of Anglo-Saxon Grammar.
Madame de Stael's Ten Years' Exile, and Dramatic works.

the specimens selected for this memoir. His active mind was ever on the stretch to devise the means of social improvement. As in some lately inserted passages we have seen him earnestly reconnoitring new routes of intercourse with the East, so in the article on Colombia (Monthly

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The Hermit Abroad.
The Graces, translated from the German of Wieland.
Turner and Stothard's Account of Normandy.
De Soligny's Letters on England.
Maggi's French Grammar.
Kigan's Remarks on the Practice of Grammarians.
Clias on Gymnastic Exercises.
Beauchamp's Life of Cæsar.
Llorente's Observations on Gil Blas.
———— Portrait of the Popes.
Vol. 103.—Miss Aikin's Memoir of Dr. Aikin.
German Popular Stories.
Ranken's History of France.
Colombia.
State of the Cape of Good Hope in 1823.
Felice's Essay on Bible Societies.
Vol. 104.—*Faulkner's History of Kensington.*
Champollion on the Hieroglyphic System.
Jouy's Hermit in Italy.
Arnault's New Biography, vols. x.–xv.
Vol. 105.—State of Colombia.
Letters from Colombia.
Moor's Suffolk Words and Phrases.
Hone on Ancient Mysteries.
Kaummacher's Parables.
Sharon Turner's History of England, vol. iii.
Roscoe's Translation of De Sismondi's Historical view of Literature.
Skottowe's Life of Shakspeare.
Duplessis-Mornay's Memoirs and Correspondence.

Review, vol. ciii. p. 244) we find him projecting in the West a canal through the Isthmus of Darien, and urging the establishment of a company to accomplish that object, and purchase the line of country through which the navigation must pass. After describing the immense importance

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Vol. 106.—Tour in Germany.
Capt. Basil Hall's Journal at Chili, &c.
Mrs. Graham's Voyage to Brazil.
———— Residence in Chili.
Memoirs of Jeanne d'Arc.
Gilly's Excursion to Piémont.
Lord F. Egerton Gower's Translations and Original Poems.
Arnault's New Biography, vols. xvi. and xvii.
Pougens's French Archæology.
Duplessis-Mornay's Memoirs and Correspondence, vols. vii.–x.
The Hermit in Italy.
Translation of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.
Translation of Memoirs of Goethe.
Monthly Magazine, vol. 55 :—
The German Student, Nos. 27 and 28. Wieland's works.
Who was Appollonius of Tyana?
Ancient History of Persia.
Iliad, ix. 308. in English Hexameters.
Vol. 56.—The German Student, No. 29. Wicland's works.
Ancient History of Persia (*concluded*).
On the use of the letter N in the word contemporary, &c.
On some passages in Josephus supposed to refer to St. Paul, &c.
Vol. 57.—The German Student, Nos. 30 and 31. Wieland's Giron le Courtois.
Vol. 58.—On the Ascension, according to St. Paul.
Translation of a Dirge to the Memory of Körner. See the Historic Survey of German Poetry, vol. iii. p. 428.

of so magnificent an undertaking, he concludes with this splendid prophetic view of its results.

"The district would thus become a sacred territory of commerce; a seat of perpetual peace; neutral, like the dominions of the Pope, in all the mad warfare of contiguous principalities, but without an Inquisition to fetter literary, religious or political liberty. It would be an asylum open to the refugees from every soil and every persecution, and a residence preferred by the conductors of the most magnificent commercial speculations. With Europe at his head, Asia at his feet, North America in his right hand, and South America in his left, the Genius of the Canal would best collect in his empire the news of all the quarters of the earth, and become, as it were, to the world the organ of contemporary perception. There would beat the heart of the living earth. A navigation, of which the estuary of the Thames offers but a prelude, and a prosperity, of which London exhibits but a strip, would float along his waters, enrich his banks with dwellings, and distribute in all directions the productions of every climate, the efforts of every sort of industry, the refinements of every degree of civilization, and the creations of all branches of literature."

In the reviewal of Skottowe's 'Life of Shakspeare' (vol. cv.), he formally retracted his erroneous supposition respecting Marlowe; and in that of Duplessis-Mornay's 'Memoirs' (vol. cvi.), he drew a striking parallel between Catholics and Calvinists, which is curious, as being one of the latest of his original compositions; for from this time nothing new seems to have flowed from a pen, which for nearly forty years had been the

exuberant fountain of ingenious speculation and valuable instruction.

Late in the summer of the year 1826, William Taylor with his valued relative Mr. Dyson undertook a journey into Scotland, and on their return visited his friend Robert Southey at Keswick. It was during this excursion, and while on their passage in the steam-packet to Edinburgh, that as William Taylor was smoking his pipe on the deck, an incidental conversation arose between him and a gentleman seated near him. His information and intelligence soon began to display themselves; their colloquy was continued with so much vivacity, and with such evident satisfaction on the part of the stranger, that others were attracted to listen, and by degrees all the passengers were gathered round, like a cluster of disciples, eagerly catching every word from the lips of a revered teacher. Should this page ever meet the eye of one of those who were his fellow-travellers on that occasion, it will no doubt call to mind one of those transient meetings which sometimes brighten the course of life, enjoyed intensely while they last, and ever afterwards remembered with delight—they are the cheap pleasures which intellect of the highest order may, almost without an effort, scatter in the path of others, but only when divested, as it was in William Taylor, of the moroseness, reserve

and superciliousness with which it is but too generally associated. It is to be regretted that the only preserved memorial of this excursion is the following passage in a letter written by William Taylor to Dr. Henry Southey soon after his return :—

"I have had a most delightful journey to Edinburgh, to the Scotch lakes, to Glasgow, and the Falls of Clyde, and lastly to Lake Keswick, where I spent my happiest day with your brother—the morning on the water and the hills, and the afternoon at his attaching table. Mr. Dyson of Diss was with me*. We talked about you, and rejoiced in your splendid success."

In the year 1827, when the Foreign Quarterly Review first appeared, the nature and objects of the undertaking seemed to be so identical with his tastes and pursuits, that it was expected by his friends to be largely assisted by him. He wrote for it one article on "*Deutschland, oder Briefe eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen.*" But it was a tame composition ; the usual energy of his mind animated neither the style nor the matter, and he wrote no more for the work. His only literary effort during the remainder of his life was the publication of the 'Historic Survey

* "William Taylor often spoke with grateful pleasure of Mr. Dyson's ready compliance with all his wishes and whims, his kind indulgence towards his habits and peculiarities, and his friendly and generous conduct throughout the journey."—*Mr. Barron's MS. Reminiscences.*

of German Poetry,' the three volumes of which issued from the press successively from the year 1828 to 1830. It has already been stated that this is a collection of the papers and translations by which he had long been diffusing through various channels a knowledge of the German muse. No one could be better qualified for such a task. His thorough acquaintance with the subject, the interest which he took in displaying it, his ability for the investigation, his command of language, both as a translator and an original writer, and the congeniality of his own mind and sentiments with those of most of the authors whose career and works he undertook to illustrate—all these qualifications for the biographer and the critic were his in an eminent degree. Still, with all these advantages, it must be confessed that the book does not satisfy the expectations which its title awakens. However beautiful the separate portions may be, they do not blend complacently together. As 'Lives of the German Poets,' they would have performed the promise held out by such a designation; but as an 'Historic Survey of German Poetry,' they do not present that luminous and connected view of a national literature which they authorize the reader to look for.

In the annals of letters and whole progress of intellect, there never perhaps was a more singular phænomenon than the sudden impulse given to

the public mind of Germany in the last century. A language, till that time despised alike by foreigners and natives, was found at once to be nervous, rich and expressive; a people, who had been previously regarded as laboriously studious indeed, but also as phlegmatic, dull and pedantic, was seen rising at once in the loftiest flights of poetry, and excited by the wildest dreams of sentimental and enthusiastic romance. Such a revolution was a subject of inquiry worthy of William Taylor, and it was naturally expected that its causes would be discussed in the course of an historic survey like that which he announced. To those interested in the question, it was therefore a grievous disappointment to find it altogether overlooked, while digressions were admitted totally irrelevant to the main object of the work. This want of unity and cohesion must be the inherent defect in such a mode of composition as that by which these volumes were formed. Detached papers, written at various times during a period of thirty years without any combination of view or design, constituted their materials; and portions of them appear to have been somewhat forcibly introduced, for no other good reason than that they were already prepared and conveniently at hand. Ingenious and excellent as many of these are in themselves, still they weaken the effect of a whole in which

they are misplaced, and do not supply what is felt to be wanting. Of this kind are the digressions "Concerning the origin of romantic fiction and chivalry," "Who was Homer?" and "The date of the Zend-avesta," &c. Although they display a rare combination of erudition, acuteness and fancy—of erudition diverging into very opposite paths, of acuteness penetrating into the most recondite mysteries of by-gone ages, and of fancy revelling in the very empyrean of invention,—still they lose half their value through their incongruent conjunction with subjects to which they bear so equivocal or remote a relation. Had William Taylor undertaken this collection while his faculties were in their full vigour, he would no doubt have conformed to the rules which he had been accustomed to prescribe to others, by suppressing the irrelevant, and giving to the pertinent a more connected and appropriate form.

Nevertheless this is an eminently useful and valuable work. During the last fifty years the literature of Germany has gradually engaged more and more the attention of our educated classes; and the daily increasing numbers of those by whom it is cultivated will here find collected, for their amusement and instruction, a mass of information, such as they may seek elsewhere in vain. Nor should it be the less accept-

able to them because it is provided by him, who may without exaggeration be styled the Father of their studies, for he certainly led the way, and has contributed more than any other English writer to the formation of the taste from the indulgence of which they now derive so much pleasure. The 'Survey' does not profess to include the writers of the present age; but of the standard poets of Germany's brightest æra, and of their various productions, both in prose and verse, it furnishes an ample and correct account. The biographies are in general concise and plain, presenting, from authentic sources, succinct information relative to each individual. The criticisms are elaborate and just, sketching with a masterly hand the characteristic peculiarities of style, matter and sentiment remarkable in different authors*. Of each of their most important works a brief analysis is given, with translated specimens of striking passages and of some entire compositions. These translations have been deservedly admired; they have clothed the spirit of the originals in another idiom, with a fidelity and felicity rarely equalled, never excelled. Most of them have been already noticed in their various

* These two sections of his work are thus described by William Taylor himself (vol. iii. p. 2):—"The somewhat ambitious phraseology of the criticisms, if too abundant, has been relieved at least by intervals of simple biography."

forms of earlier publication. They comprise the 'Lenore' of Bürger, the 'Iphigenia' of Gœthe, the 'Nathan' of Lessing, together with the odes and other detached and minor pieces which had previously occupied the pages of the Monthly Review and Monthly Magazine. The only translation which had not been before published is that of Wieland's 'Winter Tale,' a poetical narrative founded on the 'King of the Black Isles,' so familiar to the readers of the 'Arabian Nights.' The works of this writer are exhibited and examined with a "partial amplitude," which shows, that of all his countrymen he held the first place in the estimation of William Taylor, who regarded him as "the ready pupil of all the coeval philosophy," and his life as "an epitome of the general history" of the public mind of Germany.

"By the calm wisdom of his disinterested philanthropy he had insensibly acquired the confidence of the entire party of continental liberalists, whether writers or statesmen. The genius of Europe visited in his book-room, and delivered oracles from the lips of his bust; hostile sovereigns became competitors for his approbation; and Napoleon and Alexander equally courted his sanction of their views. Raised by a voluntary and informal, but efficacious and understood delegation into the papal chair of philosophy, he almost swayed nations by the pure influence of preaching to them their real interests."

Gœthe, on the contrary, and his writings (ex-

cept the translation of his 'Iphigenia') are dismissed with remarkable brevity. This neglect of so voluminous and celebrated an author displeased his friends, and dissatisfied many who expected and wished for a more detailed recital. In an 'Historic Survey of German Poetry' this is certainly a grave defect, which may be traced to the same cause as those already pointed out. In the amassed materials for the work, Gœthe had been much overlooked. The translation of the 'Iphigenia' was one of William Taylor's earliest productions, and he eagerly presented a copy of it to the author, through Mr. Benzler*, the receipt of which was not even acknowledged. This want of common courtesy was resented as a rudeness by a young man, who was himself punctilious in such matters, and who felt that the manner in which he had executed his task merited, if not a testimony of approbation, at least a letter of thanks from him whose reputation he had thus attempted to extend. Wieland did not so requite Mr. Sotheby's aid. In addition to this cause of alienation, there is also in most of Gœthe's writings a tone which did not harmonize with William Taylor's mind. His characters are indeed naturally and forcibly drawn, but he invents for them situations so

* See Mr. Benzler's letter of the 15th of June, 1795, vol. i. pp. 116 and 118.

extravagant as to be repugnant to our habits, nature and reason. The Epicureanism of the disciple of Wieland turned with distaste from such exhibitions. Slightly noticed, for these reasons, in William Taylor's early reviews of German literature, Gœthe occupies in this collective assemblage of them a less prominent station than many think him entitled to hold; and they will also probably find indications of the "*alte Groll*" still lingering in the few short comments on his more recent works, and on the approbation awarded to them by a writer in the Foreign Review.

The somewhat inconsiderate, but not altogether indefensible, conjecture hazarded by William Taylor respecting the translation of 'Gœtz von Berlichingen,' drew the following remonstrance from Sir Walter Scott :—

"Abbotsford (Post Town, Melrose),
"Sir, Sunday, 23rd April, 1832.

"I have been rendered unable by a severe indisposition, otherwise I would have previously solicited your attention to an inaccurate statement in your second [third] volume upon German poetry, with which you have obliged the British public. 'It was translated into English,' you say, 'in 1799 at Edinburgh, by William Scott, Advocate, no doubt the same person who, under the poetical but assumed name of Walter, has

since become the most extensively popular of the British writers.'

"I am sensible, Sir, that in other parts of the United Kingdom the eulogy in this passage may make amends for its error; but to a native of Scotland there are few things accounted more dishonourable than abandoning his own name, unless it be adopting that of another person. With the bard in the Critic I can safely say,

'My name's Tom Jenkins, alias have I none.'

My father's name was Walter; his grandfather's name was the same; and I could go back into a much longer detail of persons of respectable descent, known both in history and record, although pretending to no peculiar distinction of birth beyond that of gentleman. How you have been led into the mistake I cannot guess. Gœtz, whom you call Godfred, was a character nearly resembling the more ancient of this lineage; they would have meddled with no man's name, though his property might have been in some danger had it fed near these pastures and called an Englishman its master. The lineal representative of the family is Hugh Scott, Esq., of Harden, with whom I have been always in the closest intimacy. I do not know in what shape the translation was given to the public. The late Mat. Lewis, commonly called Monk Lewis, managed the publication with John Bell, the bookseller. Both per-

sons corresponded with me under my well-known name of Walter Scott; nor had they any right or apology for changing it into William; nor did I ever see a copy of the book in which I was so transmuted.

"I must not forget, Sir, that I am addressing a person to whom I owe a literary favour of some consequence. I think it is from you, and by your obliging permission, that I borrowed, with my acknowledgment, the lines in your translation of Lenore,

'Tramp, tramp along the land,
Splash, splash across the sea,'

which a friend had caught up from a spirited version, recited at Edinburgh, at the celebrated Dugald Stewart's, by Mrs. Letitia Barbauld*. Assure yourself, Sir, my recollection of the obligation is infinitely stronger than that of the mistake; and if you have preserved, which I have little reason to expect, the letters I wrote at so early a period, you will find that they are subscribed by my baptismal name of, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Walter Scott."

"P.S. This letter is written by the hand of a friend."

"To William Taylor, Esq., Author of
'A Survey of German Poetry,' Norwich."

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* See vol. i. p. 93.

This letter fully acquits William Taylor of any mistake in identifying the translator of the drama in question. In the title-page he is announced as *William* Scott; there stands the name in plain and undeniable characters; and as that of *Walter* Scott had never been previously affixed to any publication, but was always used afterwards, the supposition of a change of name was the natural and allowable explanation of the difficulty. The most singular circumstance in the case is, that Sir Walter Scott remained thirty-three years in total ignorance of a misnomer, to which, when brought under his cognizance, he attached so much importance. The following was William Taylor's reply to his letter on this subject:—

"Sir,

"I duly received your letter of the 23rd of April, which the distractions of our elections prevented my answering sooner.

"If you had seen the title-page of 'Gœtz von Berlichingen,' printed at London in 1799 for Bell, 148 Oxford Street, you would not be surprised at my blunder. It states the play to have been translated from the German by William Scott, Esq., Advocate, of Edinburgh. The 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' has the name Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate, of Edinburgh, prefixed. That there should be two W. Scotts, both advocates,

both of Edinburgh, and both skilled in German, at a time when the study of that language was uncommon, appeared to me improbable, and I therefore inferred that the historic or baptismal name of this individual was William, and his romantic or Arcadian name was Walter. Your letter has disabused me. A variation of name has nothing very shocking to my feelings, as I have often meditated to collect my preservable works under the denomination Wilhelm Taylor, by which appellation I was first onymously mentioned to the literary world in an article of the 'Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung,' respecting my translation of 'Iphigenia in Tauris.' This would answer the purpose of distinctive designation, and conveniently discriminate me from three or four living authors who severally bear the name of William Taylor. Indeed it was my regular signature to a German letter which accompanied the presentation copy I forwarded to a friend at Wernigerode.

"If I have called the play 'Godfred of Berlichingen' it is because Gœtz is the German familiar abbreviation of Godfred: now though his comrades properly call him so, yet in the historic style we speak of Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth, although his comrades may in like manner call the hero Hal.

"It remains to inquire in what manner you

wish me to set right the fact. If a second edition of my 'Historic Survey' should become requisite, I will either expunge the passage altogether, or leave the mistake on record, and attach to it as a corrective note an exact copy of your letter. If you desire an earlier acknowledgment of error, I will, without delay, insert your complaint and this reply in the East Anglian newspaper, which is printed by my publishers.

"Sorry to have occasioned you a moment of displeasure, obliged by many kind recollections in your note, and steadily impressed with sentiments of high admiration,

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR."

With all its imperfections, and in spite of the formidable hostility provoked by some of its observations in reference to religion, still the 'Historic Survey' was favourably received. It could not boast of an extensive or rapid sale, but its value was appreciated by that class of readers for whom it was designed, and it was noticed with approbation by many of the periodical critics of that day. The Edinburgh Review devoted to it an article of so mixed a character, that it is difficult to divine the real object of the writer. While professing admiration of William Taylor's talents,

and acknowledging him as the patriarch of German literature in this country, still there is a lurking something, a dissatisfied humour, which seems with difficulty to restrain itself from breaking out into vulgar personalities. The calm judgement of the literary censor appears at times scarcely able to hold the mastery over a disposition to indulge in sarcastic carpings and ill-natured allusions. Did this proceed from secret jealousy of an eminent rival, from soreness at some supposed slight, or from intolerant impatience of dissentient opinion? The nature of the struggle indicates rather a succumbency to private feelings than a sense of public duty.

By a fanciful calculation, on assumed data, the writer computes that, "in round numbers, fifteen hundred may be given as the approximate amount, not of errors indeed, yet of mistakes and misstatements, in these three octavos." Out of this formidable array, the most flagrant are of course called forth, as proofs and specimens of the whole. A brief examination of these will test the nature and character of the charge thus boldly advanced. First, the birth of Professor Gœrres is inadvertently stated to have occurred in 1804 instead of 1776; but this is admitted to be "harmless enough." Next, Werner's epitaph is erroneously said to beg Mary Magdalene to pray for his soul; but this again no one cares about. Then comes forward

the misnomer of the translator of 'Gœtz von Berlichingen;' of which, if the accuser had consulted the title-page of the work in question, he might have found there, without the aid of "railways and newspapers," the explanation already given. The fourth count in this indictment is more serious, inasmuch as it prefers a charge of "culpable ignorance," in stating that "Gœthe's 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' is literally meant to be a fictitious narrative, and no genuine biography." This attack will be best repelled by quoting William Taylor's words, which will be found not to bear the construction here put upon them. He says (vol. iii. p. 376):—

"Next follows a work, still unfinished, entitled 'Fact and Fiction concerning my Life.' This is not an autobiography, but rather a biographical novel, in which many things are related of the hero which never happened to him. It is a household epopeia, which, like the Waverley novels, mingles history and invention in a manner interesting to the reader, but dangerous to his distinctness of memory, particularly as, in this instance, he cannot turn to the pure chronicle of the historian. . . . . It contains, however, a lively picture of the house and family in which he spent his early years; an excellent geographical description of his native city . . . many valuable particulars of his early literary acquaintance, &c. &c. &c.; but as I know not how to separate the fiction from the fact, I prefer not to attempt founding upon it a regular biography."

The advocate of the accused may fearlessly

appeal to the most enthusiastic of Gœthe's admirers to decide if these passages contain an expression not warranted both by the title of the work and the nature of the narrative itself. If the entire composition be "genuine biography," why was any part of it designated as "Fiction?" Or can it be shown that this is an incorrect translation of 'Dichtung'? Gœthe himself, in his preface, describes this work as a "half-poetical, half-historical treatise" (*die halb-poetische, halb-historische Behandlung*), and in the course of it confesses that he had an incorrigible propensity to "brighten up the dulness of real life by the varnish of fiction*." Connected with these declarations, we have two closely printed octavo volumes, of nearly 400 pages each, filled with the recollections of his childhood and youth. Such materials could never have been so expanded, without having recourse both to invention and to that garrulous amplification which William Taylor has aptly denominated "prate." While the sanguine admirer receives the whole as oracles of truth, the cautious reader must rise from the perusal of its pages, impressed with the

* This is the apology offered for a gross fabrication, the particulars of which are related in the second volume, pp. 252, 254, and concluded in the following remarkable words: "Das wirkliche Leben verliert oft dergestalt seinen Glanz, dass man es manchmal mit dem Firniss der Fiction wieder auffrischen muss."

difficulty of distinguishing the fabulous adventures from the real events in the life of the writer.

The next allegation against the 'Historic Survey' is, that it makes "Gœthe's 'Stella' end quietly in bigamy (to Mr. Taylor's satisfaction), which, however the French translation may run, in the original it certainly does not." This short and pithy sentence first accuses William Taylor of misrepresenting the termination of this comedy; secondly, it reproaches him with deriving satisfaction from his supposititious catastrophe, which contravenes the habits, the moral feelings, the legislatorial provisions and religious sanctions of our times; and lastly, it insinuates that he—confessedly the first German scholar of his day—arrived at this false conclusion by consulting, not the original work itself, but a "French translation." To this monstrous triad of charges it will be sufficient to oppose the passage itself as it stands in William Taylor's work, and the concluding scene of Gœthe's play, according to the Leipzig edition of 1787.

The following is the required extract from the 'Historic Survey*':—

"*Stella* was translated into English in 1798, was reviewed with moral reprehension, and satirically caricatured by Mr. Canning in his *Antijacobin*. It is, however, as a work of art, one of Gœthe's best plays, full of

* Vol. iii. pp. 310, 311.

natural, new, pathetic and well-painted situations. The characters are various, distinct, and notwithstanding their several faults, amiable. Fernando, an officer, was separated by professional causes from Cecilia, the wife of his youth, and has become acquainted with Stella, a female, whom he seduced, eloped with, and also deserted, in quest of his legal wife, by whom he has a daughter about fifteen. Cecilia, reduced in her circumstances, comes to place this daughter as a companion with Stella, who lives as a widow, in a genteel rural retreat, and asserts a high character for beneficence and propriety. The females are become attached to each other when Fernando returns. Successive embarrassments and recognitions give rise to interesting scenes. The solution is accomplished by both ladies agreeing to live together along with Fernando."

In this brief analysis of the plot, which is the only notice of the play, there is not an expression which indicates approbation of the story. It is indeed commended "*as a work of art*;" but the unvarnished terms in which the actions of the hero of the piece are designated, and the several faults of the characters alluded to, imply anything but dissent from the "moral reprehension" with which it is stated to have been reviewed in this country.

The charge of having misrepresented the *dénouement* of this drama is certainly one of the most extraordinary ever brought by a reviewer against an author; no common mind can even imagine how it was first conceived, or can possi-

bly be sustained. It is one of those bold assertions which stun into credulity, but shrink from investigation. That the play ends in "both ladies agreeing to live together along with Fernando," has always been the notorious and standing reproach of the piece. For this it was "reviewed with moral reprehension and satirically caricatured." Nor is it less publicly known, that in the composition of it Gœthe had in mind the story recorded by Bayle* of Count Gleichen, who obtained from the Pope a dispensation to marry two wives. This anecdote is even introduced into the drama itself, being circumstantially narrated by Cecilia to her husband, as a preparatory prelude to the closing scene. So powerfully is his mind affected by the history of the Count and his two consorts, "whose love and happiness had one home, one bed, and one grave," that all previous visions of separation and suicide, of convent seclusion and Eloisa epistles, are at once dissipated. Cecilia, seizing the favourable moment, calls Stella from an adjoining apartment, and thus addresses her: "Take the half of that, which is all thine—thou hast saved him—hast saved him from himself—and restored him to me." After a few more exclamations from the three, the piece thus closes:—

* Dictionnaire Historique et Critique, tom. ii. p. 1336, art. 'Gleichen.'

"Fernando (*embracing both*)—Mine! Mine!

"Stella (*taking his hand and hanging on him*)—I am thine!

"Cecilia (*taking his hand and embracing him*)—We are thine*!"

Whatever hidden meaning the initiated in Gœthean mysteries may discover in all this, plain common sense, if allowed to have any jurisdiction in the case, can perceive no other than that which William Taylor found in it, and in that court at least he will be honourably acquitted.

Such are the selected specimens of the "fifteen hundred mistakes and mis-statements," which the reviewer assumes that he has detected in the 'Historic Survey of German Poetry.' Taking these as a fair sample of the whole, and following his own principles of calculation, this mass of imputed misprisions may be divided into five sections of three hundred each;—the first "harmless enough"; the second "no one will care about"; the third easily admitting of satisfactory explanation; while the fourth and fifth will convict the reviewer himself either of "culpable ignorance," of bold misrepresentation, or of a knack of mystical interpretation which bids

* See the original scene, as it may be found in "Gœthes Schriften. Leipzig, bey Georg Joachim Göschen, 1787." Vierter Band. pp. 98—102.

defiance to common sense. The real defect of the work is thrown into the back-ground in his eager pursuit of these *nugæ criticæ*; yet even these sink at last into insignificance, compared with the prominent importance given to every passage which affords an opportunity of insinuating against William Taylor the charge of indulging in habits of intemperance. The impressive italics and inverted commas by which the reader's attention is fixed upon such expressions as serve to "hint *the* fault," and the ever-recurring pointed allusions to "sensual philosophy" and "the stimulant theory," are all designed as personal attacks, repugnant alike to good taste and to good feeling. Had these sarcasms been left veiled in the anonymous obscurity of a Review, albeit of so high and conspicuous a standing as the Edinburgh, they would scarcely have deserved to be noticed seriously here; but when, after a lapse of ten years, during which "the sacred stillness of the tomb" ought to have guarded from such disturbance the ashes committed to its care, these revilings are reproduced to the public gaze under the sanction of no less a name than that of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, they assume a shape in which the biographer of the departed is bound to question them.

The 'Miscellanies' of Mr. Carlyle comprise a variety of unconnected papers which had pre-

viously appeared in different periodicals, and which are here collected and re-published*. Among them is to be found his critique on the 'Historic Survey of German Poetry,' in its original form, unmodified and unchanged. German literature has furnished the subjects of a large part of these papers; indeed the author of them appears to be the successor of William Taylor in that line of study. With the mantle which has thus fallen upon him, it is to be wished that he had inherited some portion of the benevolent spirit of its first owner; he would then have abstained from the personalities which at least in this instance deface his pages; or if in the *furor* of composition they had inadvertently escaped from his pen, after ten years of deliberation the tear of regret would have blotted them out from a second edition.

It is sufficiently evident that the opinions of William Taylor and Mr. Carlyle differ widely on many subjects, but on none more than on the value and influence of the works of Gœthe, of which the admiration expressed by the latter bursts forth occasionally into extravagance and hyperbole. The first volume of the 'Miscella-

* Mr. Carlyle says of the 'Historic Survey of German Poetry,' that its authentic title might be, 'General Jail-delivery of all Publications and Manuscripts, original or translated, composed or borrowed, on the subject of German Poetry; by, &c.' What then are his 'Miscellanies'?

nies ' shows that he was the writer of those articles in the second and third numbers of the Foreign Review, to which William Taylor referred in the following passage :—

" The more recent works of Gœthe have been surveyed with copious eloquence and exuberance of detail by a contributor to the early numbers of the Foreign Review. To me they do not appear to merit so unqualified a panegyric, such lofty praise, as is there given. Without wishing to hold them forth as works of supererogation, much less of superannuation, they have surely a character of alloy rather than of precious metal, displaying more prate than thought, more reminiscence than observation. However, they hardly belong to my topic. The irruption of Bonaparte into Germany plunged that country into five years of anarchy, and greatly altered the political distribution of its component parts. This revolutionary period terminated the Augustan age of Germany, by diverting for several years the public attention from the pursuits of literature to the cares of safety*."

The reviewer can scarcely complain of any want of urbanity towards himself in these remarks ; but his favourite author is mentioned in disparaging terms, and his own opinions are controverted as to the comparative merits of the past and present age of German literature. The amicable differences of generous minds edify and improve our race ; but intolerance of dissentient opinion, whether in religion, in politics or in literature, is a melancholy triumph of passion over

* Historic Survey of German Poetry, vol. iii. pp. 378, 379.

reason. To this intolerance Mr. Carlyle seems to be but too prone; and it has in this instance prompted him first to countenance, and afterwards with deliberate coolness to endeavour to perpetuate, a calumny, to which, even if it had been unquestionable truth, the laws of candid discussion, fair criticism and courteous decorum would have forbidden the most distant allusion in a literary essay.

That the indulgence of intemperate habits was alleged against William Taylor in the latter years of his life must be admitted; but the real facts of the case were grossly and unjustly exaggerated. It has already been stated, in the early part of this memoir, that from his youth upwards he had been accustomed to a generous hospitality and the social pleasures of the table; in these however the limits of rational enjoyment were rarely, if ever, exceeded. So confirmed in him were these habits by fifty years of indulgence, that he was not aware of the greater degree of excitement which they produced in a weakened frame of body, and of the changes and restrictions which approaching age demanded. There were those who at the time of his reverses withdrew from intercourse with him, and made his *infidelity* the ostensible excuse for their conduct. This rendered him obnoxious to the squeamish and the bigoted, who are ever on the watch to connect, if possible,

some charge of immorality with the holders of opinions which they condemn. Intemperance was that which they had here a pretext for bringing against William Taylor. His heresies were the same before as after the diminution of his fortune; nor was he more addicted to wine during his later than in his earlier years; but the habits of free living, which in youth and manhood produced no apparent effect, the weakness of advancing age could not bear; and this decay of nature was misrepresented as a moral offence. The working of all this may be deduced from the change in his circumstances. We see daily in the world that a man can be guilty of no greater crime than that of proving to be not so rich as he was supposed to be; the worshipers of wealth can never forgive him for having received from them a homage, to which, according to their estimate of worth, he was not entitled. He has obtained goods under false pretences, and merits the severest punishment that selfishness and pride can inflict. In such characters there is little hope of producing shame or reformation; but there are many, who on such representation never heard of William Taylor but as an infidel and a drunkard; before them it is the wish and the duty of his biographer to place his conduct and the motives of his defamers in their true light. That Mr. Carlyle should have aided and abetted such

an outrage is a stigma upon criticism, and one of those foul blots on the annals of literature which no repentance or atonement can wipe out.

With this may be contrasted the two following letters written by a gentleman, a scholar and man of talent, himself the author of works which evince the coolly-judging head and reflective mind:—

"Dear Sir, "Lincoln's Inn, May 18, 1829.

"I was duly favoured with the second volume of your 'History of German Poetry'; the first volume reached me in due time. It found me at Brighton, and was immediately snatched up by a gentleman, who did not return it me till a few days ago; the consequence was, that I had forgotten the receipt of it. I now return you many thanks for the great instruction that I have received from the two volumes. I owe to them all the information I possess of German poetry. Many of my acquaintance, who know the German language, mention your work with great approbation. I long to see the third volume; but I suspect that the golden age of German poetry expired with Wieland. Mr. Sotheby's translation of the Oberon is generally admired. I suppose that much of the beauty of the original disappears in the translation.

"I am obliged to you for your congratulations of Catholic emancipation. A singular combina-

tion of fortuitous circumstances made the bill for it pass this year. If these had not occurred, it would have been delayed for several years; but the progress of liberality will not stop here; the axe is now at the root of every illiberal opinion. Mr. Hugh Rose, a high-church divine, has attacked the rationalism of the German theologians, and thus given rise to a controversy, the consequences of which it is not easy to foresee. I wish we had a good account of the biblical systems of Eichhorn and Paulus.

"The Unitarians are an increasing sect, and will, I think, swallow up every other denomination of Protestantism; they have already made great havoc among them; they are not to be computed by their separate congregations.

"Have you read Cobbett's 'History of the Reformation'? It is a strange, but a very curious work,—full of original views and important information. I think it very long since we have had any literary chat. I remember with great pleasure the days we spent at Norwich. I hope that whenever you come to London you will give us a day.

"I am, dear Sir,

"With the highest respect and regard,

"Your most obedient and

"Most obliged humble servant,

"CHARLES BUTLER."

"Dear Sir, "Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 31, 1830.

"The third volume of your 'History of German Poetry' duly reached me, but it was at a time when I was out of London. It did not come under my eye till very lately. It contains the same pleasing, interesting and important information as the two former volumes. The work is a valuable addition to the literature of this country.

"We live in appalling times, and I think the prospect does not brighten. No person wished better to the Wellington administration than I did; but it is impossible to excuse several things that found their way into the King's speech, or the Duke's general and unqualified declaration against all reform. I think all well-wishers to order and good government should rally round the present ministry, and not pass judgement upon them till they produce the whole of their project. I am sorry to say that some things they have done have given great dissatisfaction.

"Have you seen an article in a former number of the Westminster Review upon Buddhism? It is written by a Mr. Ritchie, an Oriental scholar. I wish you would turn your thoughts to the subject. I understand the German presses teem with publications upon it. I hope, when you

come to London, you will do me the favour to call upon me.

"I am, dear Sir,

"With the greatest respect,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"CHARLES BUTLER."

From this time the health of William Taylor rapidly declined; not only his bodily strength, but his mental powers also appeared to droop; and the few remaining years of his life present little more than a melancholy blank. His animating conversation, his stimulating eloquence, had passed away; and he who was wont to entertain and instruct circles of admiring friends, would sit for hours absorbed in a dull lethargic silence, even amid the discussion of topics that would once have aroused his inmost soul to pour forth its richest stores. The first striking manifestation of incipient imbecility took place at a meeting of the members of the Public Library in the month of September 1833, at which he had announced his intention of moving a new law. When called upon to state his proposition, to the surprise and grief of those who had been accustomed to the brilliant fluency of his discourse, he could scarcely utter a connected sentence; but after a few disjointed, faltering re-

marks, he abruptly moved his resolution and sat down. The effect upon the meeting was truly painful; and the member who rose to oppose the motion was so much overpowered by the general feeling which pervaded all present, that he could scarcely command sufficient self-possession to perform his part.

A short time after this occurrence, William Taylor thus alluded to it when writing to a friend in London:—

"To my ever-dearest Barron say, if you please, that I miss him more than I regret him,—that I acquiesce in his retreat from Norwich, because I could ill brook his observation of my increasing debility of mind, which has been going on all this summer, although its first public disclosure took place in the Public Library Room on the 5th of September."

Mr. Barron, whose unshaken attachment and acceptable society had for many years contributed largely to William Taylor's happiness, had left Norwich in April 1833, and fixed his residence in London. For nearly forty years they had maintained an uninterrupted friendly intercourse, still animated by the spirit which gifted with so many attractions the early circles of Surrey Street. While the casualties of life had separated William Taylor from most of the other friends of his youthful days, Mr. Barron still remained; and as they discussed, in the free interchange of unpremeditated sentiments, the literary topics that sug-

gested themselves, the glow which brightened the dawn and meridian of his life still illumined its evening shades. But this last remaining tie was now broken, and it is to this separation that the above-quoted extract feelingly alludes.

The following letter, which he afterwards addressed to Mr. Barron, records the substance of a conversation which passed at one of their latest meetings, the memory of which seems to have recalled and reinvigorated for a time his sinking powers.

"My dear Sir, "Norwich, August 31, 1834.

"Your letter of the 31st of March arrived so nearly at the time I was about to begin preparing for the operation on my left eye, that I postponed a reply until I hoped to have been able to tell you of the complete success of Frederic Mills's lancet, and that I had recovered my vision as before, and was quite a new creature; but hope is like the first blush of dawn, roseately beautiful, though apt to disappear before the day acquires a settled character. I now think that some inconvenience remains behind, that my eye waters more than formerly, and that the old equality or balance of sight is no longer so much the same in both eyes as to favour the use of an exact pair of spectacles. Still I manage very tolerably, but am not so persevering a reader as of yore, require many pauses

of study, and have adopted the otium without the dignity of *fainéantise*.

"The salmon which you sent me so anonymously nearly two months ago was referred by me to the right quarter, the fishmonger's card differing from those of other friends: it was a magnificent fish and very fresh. My thanks to you and your daughter-housekeeper.

"Since writing the foregoing page I have received your kind note of the 30th of July, inquiring very particularly after my health. The state of my health is a state-secret which I do not like to divulge, because it impairs my command of appearances to be definite about it. My hacknied answer to inquiring friends is, I am much as usual; and with this I have gone on since Theobald came last autumn to see me, and left me for his prescription air and exercise: air I have perseveringly taken in colder weather than you would approve, but exercise I can no longer take with the old freedom, in consequence of the veins in my legs having progressively become varicose, and obliging me to rest often and much. In July last and the beginning of August I was many times at Yarmouth, sea-bathing; but after twelve submersions, my usual stint, I did not find the glow of recovery come on, as it used to do, and am gradually acquiescing in a permanently varicose state of the legs, which will get worse

every winter. If I live to turn the corner of seventy, surely I ought to be content, particularly if I am led to remark any decay of memory, the usual precursor of end.

"Allow me to quit an unwelcome subject and to return to a catchword in the preceding page, which will recall to me my original plan of letter, and which is—your daughter-housekeeper, who must not devote her talents exclusively to culinary cares, but also allot two or three hours daily to the entertainment of posterity. It was on one of the last days I spent at your house—Warden Robberds was of the party, and we had been talking about the eleventh chapter of Gibbon, when the ladies summoned us to tea in the contiguous book-room: by degrees the former topic revived, with an inflection towards gallantry. Your daughter-housekeeper was invited to personate Zenobia, and in her imaginary memoirs to fill up the voids of history with probable invention. *Le père* might assist in this delineation of an accession to royalty which began probably at sixteen in about the year 267, when Longinus was delivering lectures on the sublime and beautiful, comparing the more prominent passages of Hebrew, Greek and Roman literature, perhaps in Sanscrit;—when Paul of Samosata was expounding in the temple of Mithria the natural origin of Christianity to a Jewish or Giaour audience, who

were in a few centuries to become the basis of the Mahometan sect;—when Lucian, the fellow-citizen of Paul, was illustrating his lectures on heads with marble busts of his own sculpture, more gracefully than our George Alexander Steevens, even with Hogarth's paintings;—when the Egyptian mathematicians—but let me not range into the regions of conjecture to complete the picture of Palmyra. Still the mathematicians of Alexandria may well have been consulted, and have unrolled before the assembled people the plans of that canal which brought the waters of Lebanon into an eastern channel, carrying them under-ground to the mineral springs near Palmyra, and thence in visible magnificence to the city itself. Alexandria was an unwholesome place: from the cessation of the increments of the Nile, until its desiccation about the autumnal equinox, it was annually visited with a pestilential disorder, which induced the richer inhabitants to emigrate for a time, as we go to Bath, Malvern, and Cheltenham. Their places of refuge were Palmyra, Balbec.

"It was at some one of these places that the conspiracy was hatched which enrolled Firmius among the enemies of Rome, and made him the zealous servant of Zenobia and Longinus. There are few traces preserved of the negotiation and its progress. The inventor of arithmetical figures

was probably engaged in it. Villoison, in his 'Anecdota Græca,' names him, and there are scattered notices in the Augustan history of several. But it is time to say farewell. I have three or four letters to inclose, which you will have the kindness to forward.

"Yours,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR."

About the same time he received the following letter from the son of the late Dr. Reeve, now Clerk to the Appeal Court of the Privy Council, and known to the literary public as the translator of De Tocqueville's work on Democracy in America:—

"No. 3, Well Walk, Hampstead,
March 13th, 1834.

"My dear Sir,

"I was dining last night at Mr. Barron's, when a discussion arose on a point, which you, of all our countrymen, are most able to decide with accuracy and judgement. Small as may be my personal claim on your attention, I trust that the name which you will see at the bottom of this sheet may suggest a reminiscence of past days, and, let me hope, an unforgotten friendship, which may urge an hereditary plea in my favour. I would fain believe, Sir, that one who spoke as you did by the empty seat of the father, may listen for a moment with indulgence to the son.

"The question I proposed was simply this—

what is the precise distinction to be drawn between the words *allegory*, *symbol*, and *emblem*, which are used as synonyms in vulgar discourse? We are accustomed to attach the name of *allegory* to a tale in which invisibles are designated by typical, symbolical, and visible shapes or signs. Thus the moral virtues, the ground-ideas of the transcendental philosophy, &c., are *embodied* under ordinary material forms. Thus, as far as the words are substantively concerned, an allegory is perhaps nothing more than a series of congested symbols, and a symbol (συν and βάλλω) is a whole composed of several parts, called emblems, thrown together. But if these words be taken in their predicative or qualitive sense, it seems to me to be exceedingly difficult to distinguish allegorical, symbolical, emblematical, metaphorical, typical. In the substantive forms the words seem to be separated by little more than a difference of extensiveness; but, as predicates, their very nature must be shown to be distinct. Here then, Sir, we appeal to your judgement. It would ill become me, who am standing upon the very threshold of life and language, to suggest any views to so distinguished a philologist as yourself; but I may be allowed to mention, that somebody observed last night that the word *symbol* seems to be restricted to an object *really* connected with the idea which is represented;

whereas an allegory or emblem has a purely ideal existence. The bread and wine used at the Lord's Supper are symbols, because they are actually used to represent a peculiar doctrine; the olive-branch of Peace is emblematical, because it is only conceived to belong to peace. But I am far from being satisfied with the distinction which I at present dimly discern between *allegorical* and *symbolical*. The meditations in which this question originated were twofold; first, I was anxious to discover whether (if we adopt the systems of Creuzer and Schelling) the ancient cosmogonical and theogonical doctrines are allegorical or symbolical? Secondly, a metaphysical question of much greater extent is involved, namely, whether it is by allegory, symbol, or emblem, that the 'invisible is made clear in the visible' (Romans i. v. 20), and that the relation of form to essence, of the real to the ideal, exists? This, you will say, is extending *Symbolik-Lehre* a great way; perhaps it is more prudent to confine oneself with Schelling to the axiomatical identity of the real and the ideal; but still it is desirable to know how far the words in common use may with propriety be pressed into the service of philosophy.

"Thus far have I written in the confidence of a seeker after a truth, and in the spirit of one who delights to honour a friend of his father's, and a distinguished member of what Gœthe called 'die

stille Gemeinschaft der *Philo-Germanen*.' It remains for me to crave your indulgence, and to subscribe myself,

"Your most obedient servant,

"HENRY REEVE."

"P.S. The derivation of emblem from ἐμβάλλω is not satisfactory. It is remarkable that we have no English word of Teutonic origin to represent these ideas. The German *Sinnbild* is the correctest term of all perhaps."

The following is William Taylor's reply to this letter:—

"Norwich, 31st July, 1834.

"My dear Henry Reeve,

"Your favour of the 13th March reached me the day before an operation was to be performed on my left eye. Going out to purchase a pair of spectacles, I caught cold in the fresh wound, and have been laid up or laid by in a muffled state for about six weeks, debarred the use of pens and ink. Now that I am convalescent, I feel able to write somewhat as before, but not so willing. During my compulsory leisure, a *Trägheit*, a slothfulness, has come upon me, and I have deferred from day to day a reply, which has much the appearance of rudeness and neglect. Though I do not recollect to have seen you the last time you were in Norwich, yet I well remember your

coming to Heigham some years ago in company with Mr. Enfield Barron, so that I can form a tolerable guess at your appearance even now, although I was not then aware that the shell was destined to evolve a pearl of so sympathetic a hue as your German studies have supplied. Allow me, however, to proffer you the *symbolic* embrace of ancient affectionate reminiscence, and to hope that a friendship is not likely to remain *emblematic* which has not a merely *allegorical* foundation, but has been prepared by the realities of a long and deep regard for your parents, and by a curiosity to know and to profit by your pervasive attention to German writers, who, first and last, detained my predilections.

"This brings us to your topic. There must be something casual or fortuitous in the proper meaning of the word *symbol*—a token or badge—one of many things assembled by being thrown together like dice. We call blue the symbol of fidelity; we have symbolic books, and Isidore uses 'symbol of the Apostles' Creed.' Type, though not named in your catalogue, approaches the same signification, but differs in that it has always a material substratum. The rainbow, according to the Jewish books, is a symbol that there shall be no more universal deluges, but is not a type. It results, that I do not know the meaning of the word *symbol*, and cannot follow up, from its pri-

mæval use, its successive metaphorical applications; for I hold with Wakefield, that a word has but two meanings: 1st, the proper, and 2nd, the figurative, which, if the root be understood, is of easy though various application.

"*Emblem* means inlay. In this there is purpose and design. A man buys a bow—he carves upon it a chase; but the bow breaks on trial. It was emblematically adorned, but unfitted for its use. Emblem has lost its etymologic meaning. We say of a painting that it is emblematic, as of many vases and dishes, which are not inlaid. When we make darkness an emblem of death, we retain only its allegoric sense. Yet I seem to understand the word *emblem*, and think it might be defined—an allusive representation, a *Sinnbild*. Allegory means saying something else than is expressed, and differs from emblem in that it does not include the idea of any image or representation; as when we say—wealth is the parent of authority. Yet I gradually become aware that much may be said against this definition, and feel but too sensibly that I am not able now sharply to discriminate.

"To your aunt Austin present my grateful respects for the kind notice she has taken of me in her translation of (may I say?) *Gœthe's* Tale without an end. How fortunate that lady is in conveying to the English reader the exact mean-

ing of a German word, by taking the radical syllable and inflecting it in a manner analogous to the German derivative, recoining in the legal die of domestic parallelism the word deficient in our present usage!

"How long it is since I began this letter, and have continued it by successive procrastinations till it is verging to a close! But notwithstanding the fatigue it is to me to write, the employment of an amanuensis would abolish all real confidentiality in our correspondence. To dictate, is not to speak from the heart: so you will I trust prefer it as it is, and believe me always glad to hear from you, though unable to correspond with any approach to regularity. Commend me to your honoured mother, and allow me to subscribe myself,

"Your obliged friend,

"WILLIAM TAYLOR."

These letters exhibit some marks of impaired powers; still memory, imagination and judgement are beheld in them at intervals actively at work. Does not this indicate that mind itself—the internal treasury of ideas stored up, arranged and amplified—knows no decay; and that when it seems to fail, it is only the external faculty of expression which is weakened by casual affections? Influencing circumstances may close or

open the doors—may restrict or enlarge the issues —but the treasury itself, the "plenished jewelry," remains unbroken. The human frame is the machine by which mind is evolved from matter; the machine may be obstructed or destroyed, but that which it has produced shares not its fate. The printing-press may be dislocated or worn out, but the work which it has consigned to immortality has its own independent and enduring existence.

Thus in William Taylor the facility of imparting his ideas to others may have been varied by the increasing debility of the outward organs of communication; and this in common parlance is designated as "a decay of mind;" but the transient gleams of vigorous intellect which at intervals still broke forth, can only have proceeded from an unexhausted source of inward light, "*in omne volubilis ævum.*" The few remaining months of his life present nothing to record. Undarkened by regrets for the past or apprehensions for the future, its closing hours were tranquillized by that habitual benevolence, which in its active periods had so often cheered and benefited others. He had enjoyed the world, even though for a season under a frowning aspect; he had turned its gifts to good for himself and those around him; he had accomplished "the ends of being," and calmly awaited the moment

of dissolution. Death-bed scenes have often been graphically delineated, in order to attest the efficacy of modes of faith, or the merit of conversion on the verge of the tomb. There would not be much harm in this, and even the embellishments, which some have allowed themselves to use on such occasions, might be pardoned, if, satisfied with their own creed, they abstained from imputing irreligion and impiety to those who have entertained different opinions and adhered to them to the end. Those views of human nature, and of its relation to the Supreme Intelligence, which result in duties performed, talents improved, and virtues cultivated, in whatever form of words they may be exhibited, are not to be lightly contemned;—they cannot be dissipated by a sneer or a taunt,—they are the best preparatives for "the awful hour of change," and the unknown future beyond. It was from views like these that William Taylor derived usefulness in life and peace in death. He died on the 5th of March, 1836, and his remains were consigned to the same grave in which he had laid those of his parents, in the cemetery of the Octagon Chapel in Norwich.

This work was nearly concluded, when the following letter, addressed to the Rev. Jerom Murch of Bath by the elegant historian of Eli-

zabeth and the first two Stuarts, was communicated to the Editor, with the writer's unrestricted permission to avail himself of it in any form which he might consider most promotive of his object. It is highly gratifying to him to find her views of William Taylor's mind and abilities so coincident with his own, that there is scarcely a passage in her letter which does not agree with and corroborate some of his statements. He therefore inserts it entire, not only as an elegant tribute to the memory of his friend, but also as a concise summary of his character and acquirements, forming an appropriate close and comprehensive recapitulation of the present Memoir.

From Miss Aikin to Mr. Murch.

"Hampstead, Dec. 20, 1841.

"Dear Sir,

"You ask me for some recollections of Mr. William Taylor in the freshness and vigour of his powers; and the melancholy plea with which you urge your request, that there are very few now left competent to speak on the subject, ensures my compliance. I feel it a duty not to withhold the little it is in my power to contribute towards the posthumous reputation of a man of merit and of genius, to whom, while he yet lived, the reading public was so much a niggard of its favour.

"Of his youth I can only speak traditionally; but I know that high hopes were conceived of him in his boyhood, especially by her whom I have heard him name with gratitude 'the mother of his mind,' Mrs. Barbauld. His talent for poetry was early discovered by her. It was deeply regretted by some that his father did not educate him for the law. He possessed indeed that union of method and perseverance in study, with subtlety of discrimination—of inexhaustible fertility in the invention of arguments on all topics, with eminent skill and facility in the statement of them—which could scarcely have failed of appreciation at the bar. At the same time, that strong stamp of individuality which rendered him so much an object of curiosity and interest to those who enjoyed his society, must soon have lost of its sharpness under the friction of London life and professional collision.

"During his meridian, which might be loosely reckoned to comprise about ten years of the last century, and fifteen or twenty of the present, Norwich contained within her walls a lettered and inquiring circle, fully capable both of appreciating and of being stimulated by his genius; and he was constantly attended by a youthful band of admiring disciples. His conversation was inexpressibly attractive, by its richness, variety and originality. So copious were the ma-

terials which his wide range of general knowledge and his stores of many-languaged literature offered to the choice of his busy, constructive fancy, that not the most familiar associate could anticipate on any topic, his ready information, his novel inference, his strange hypothesis, his ingenious illustration, his ironical suggestion, or his playful banter. The peculiarity of his diction, always interspersed with words of his own coinage, added to the zest of his sayings by its admirable aptness and significance.

"With these rare endowments, he was no engrossing or overbearing talker, but a true *converser*. He was without vanity, and his manners, deficient in ease, were yet free from affectation. 'That unnaturalness,' said an excellent judge of men, after closely observing him, 'is natural to him.' His imperturbable calmness of temper, his perfect candour, and an urbanity which never deserted him, conciliated general esteem, and certainly were his protection from much of acrimonious dispute and social persecution. But for this, attached as he was by philosophy to the broadest principles of civil and religious liberty, and by habit to the unbounded range of discussion indulged in a German university, he could not with impunity have so constantly exerted that privilege of free utterance of opinion which all bigots, seizing it for themselves, deny to others.

Often, indeed, it was matter of great doubt how far he could be serious in the bold speculations which he would advance as admitted principles, and the startling paradoxes that he uttered with the air of truisms. In any case, there was such an absence of all idea of offence in his demeanour, that it was scarcely possible to meet him with angry invective or rude contradiction.

"He had other qualities which conspired to the same effect. In hospitality, generosity, sincerity and warmth of friendship, probity and honour,—the moral part of the gentleman,—he had no superior; and the filial devotion with which he made himself eyes to an excellent mother deprived of sight, claimed for him the love and reverence of every feeling heart.

"In reference to Mr. Taylor's mintage of words, it is right to observe, that it was not arbitrary or capricious; they were always learnedly, at least, and analogically formed; a few have crept into general use, and others might perhaps be adopted with advantage. Of his profound knowledge of the English tongue, indeed, and fine tact in the employment of words, he has raised an enduring monument in his 'Synonymy'—a work which cannot be too diligently perused by the student in the art of English composition.

"To what extent he was indebted for his literary stores, or for the cast of his thoughts and

style, to German models, it is not for one unacquainted with that language to determine; but whatever may here have been his obligations, they were assuredly not unrequited. When his acquaintance with this literature began, there was probably no English translation of any German author but through the medium of the French, and he is very likely to have been the first English man of letters to read Gœthe, Wieland, Lessing and Bürger in the originals. He hastened to spread the fame of his new favourites, and from this time, translations, or imitations, more or less close, from the German, formed the bulk of his writings in verse; although he has left us specimens enow to prove, that the fame of an original poet of great vigour of thought and vividness of style was completely within his powers of attainment.

"How far Mr. Taylor was instrumental in kindling that violent, but transient passion for the lighter literature of Germany which raged among us about forty years ago, it is difficult to say. None of the dramas which then became so celebrated, or notorious, were introduced to the English public by him; but he had some years earlier begun to enrich the pages of the Monthly Magazine with a portion of the more valuable materials afterwards included in his 'Survey of

German Literature.' He had likewise published in a separate volume 'Nathan the Wise,' and that exquisitely graceful and interesting drama, 'Iphigenia in Tauris,' which he has rendered into blank verse of the most finished beauty.

"A remarkable anecdote belongs to his incomparable version of 'Lenora,' which I heard from the lips of Sir Walter Scott himself, as he was relating it to Mrs. Barbauld. After reminding her that long before the ballad was printed she had carried it with her to Edinburgh, and read it to Mr. Dugald Stewart, 'He,' said Scott, 'repeated all he could remember of it to me; and this, madam, was what made me a poet. I had several times attempted the more regular kinds of poetry without success, but here was something that I thought I could do.' A translation capable of lighting up such a flame, certainly deserves all the praise of an original; indeed no one could guess it to be any other; so racy and idiomatical is the old English in which he has clothed it.

"For very many years, Mr. Taylor was a frequent magazine correspondent, and a diligent reviewer. For this office he possessed in large measure the leading qualifications of extensive knowledge, critical acumen, always sheathed by him in the courtesy of the gentleman, and a

forcible and often eloquent style of dissertation; but mingled with peculiarities which never failed to betray their authorship to the discerning reader. His articles are thus admirably characterized in one of the published letters of Sir James Mackintosh, written from Bombay:—

"'I can still trace William Taylor by his Armenian dress gliding through the crowd in Annual Reviews, Monthly Magazines, Athenæums, &c., rousing the stupid public by paradox, or correcting it by useful and seasonable truth. It is true that he does not speak the Armenian, or any other language but the Taylorian; but I am so fond of his vigour and originality, that for his sake I have studied and learnt the language. As the Hebrew is studied for one book, so is the Taylorian by me for one author. . . . . I doubt whether he has many readers who so much understand, relish, and tolerate him *.'

"It does not occur to me that I have anything more to write; for although many details of the life, writings and opinions of him who was my own friend and my father's friend, and not a few of his remarkable sayings, live in my memory, they might prove neither interesting nor even intelligible to a new generation and an altered world.

* See vol. i. p. 62.

"No person has ever come within the scope of my observation of whom I could so emphatically say—

'We ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"LUCY AIKIN."

THE END.

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